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THE NEW YORKER

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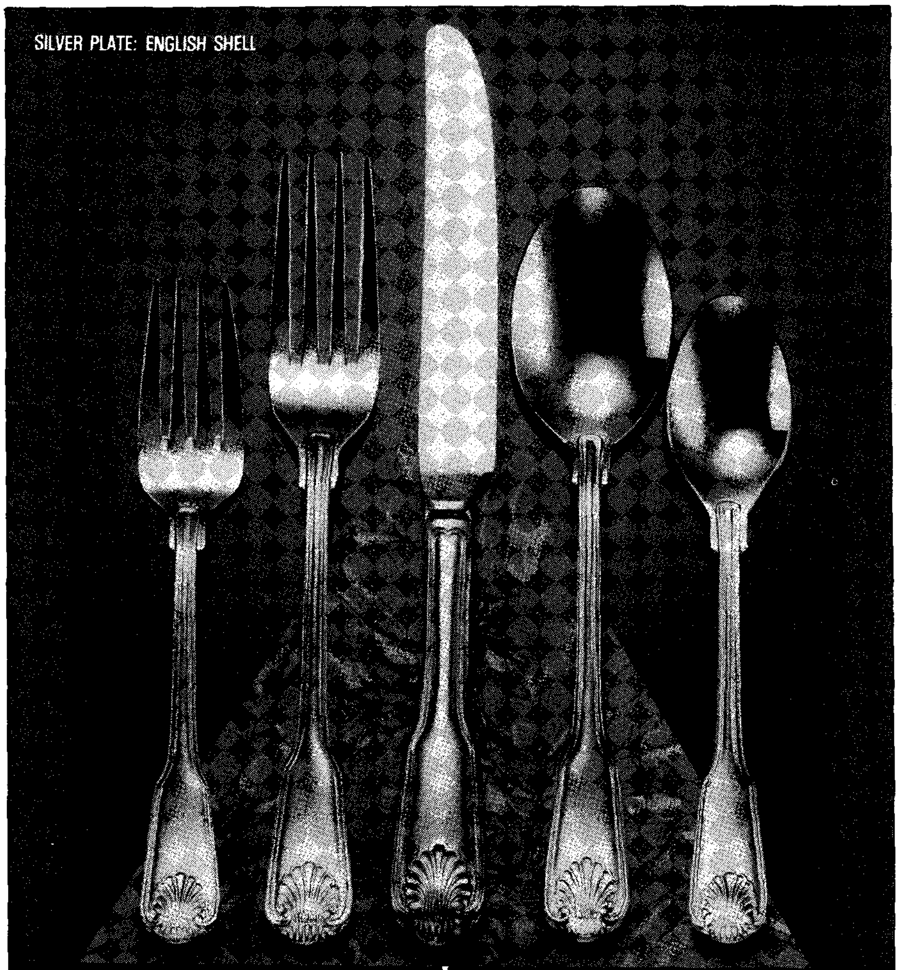

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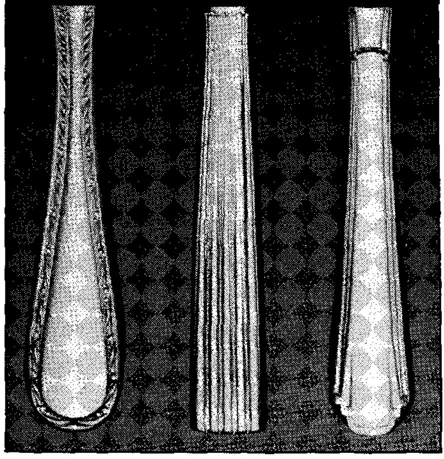

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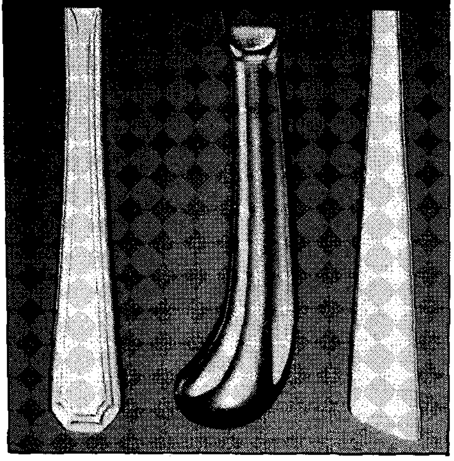

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/25/85.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A debate on the nature of good and evil, by Wallace Shawn, acted to perfection by Kathryn Pogson, Linda Hunt, Linda Bassett, Lynsey Baxter, and the author himself. The director is Max Stafford-Clark. (11/4/85) Closes Thursday, Dec. 19, for a week's vacation. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Big River—William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—A further chapter in the life story of Eugene Morris Jerome, a literary stand-in for the author, Neil Simon. The time is 1943, Eugene is in the Army, and his adventures in Biloxi are truly not to be believed. The director, Gene Saks, has worked hard to squeeze the last drop of humor out of this peculiar fruit. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Blood Knot—The Yale Repertory Theatre production of Athol Fugard's drama, with Zakes Mokae and Mr. Fugard, who also directed. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play. (9/2/85) (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 533-8834. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Doubles—A number of coarse jokes about Jewish husbands and Jewish wives fill an evening that purports to be about four middle-aged tennis players in Connecticut. Written by David Wiltse and starring Keir Dullea, Cliff Gorman, Robert Reed, and Charles Repole. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Lillian Hellman's 1946 drama, **another part of the forest**, is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 22. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Festival of One-Act Comedies—The Manhattan Punch Line presentation of two programs of five one-act plays each, running in repertory. Program A: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 11-12; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 17-18; and Saturday, Dec. 21, all at 8. . . . ¶ Program B: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 15, at 3; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 21, at 3. (Intar, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Through Sunday, Jan. 5.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

Hay Fever—A revival of Noël Coward's comedy, starring Rosemary Harris and Roy Dotrice and directed by Brian Murray. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 12. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A revival of the 1895 Oscar Wilde comedy. With Dina Merrill. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Inside Out—A drama written and directed by James Van Lare. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8. Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In the Boom Boom Room—A newly rewritten version of David Rabe's 1973 play, with Liz McDonald. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

In the House of the Blues—A musical with a book by David Charles and a score made up

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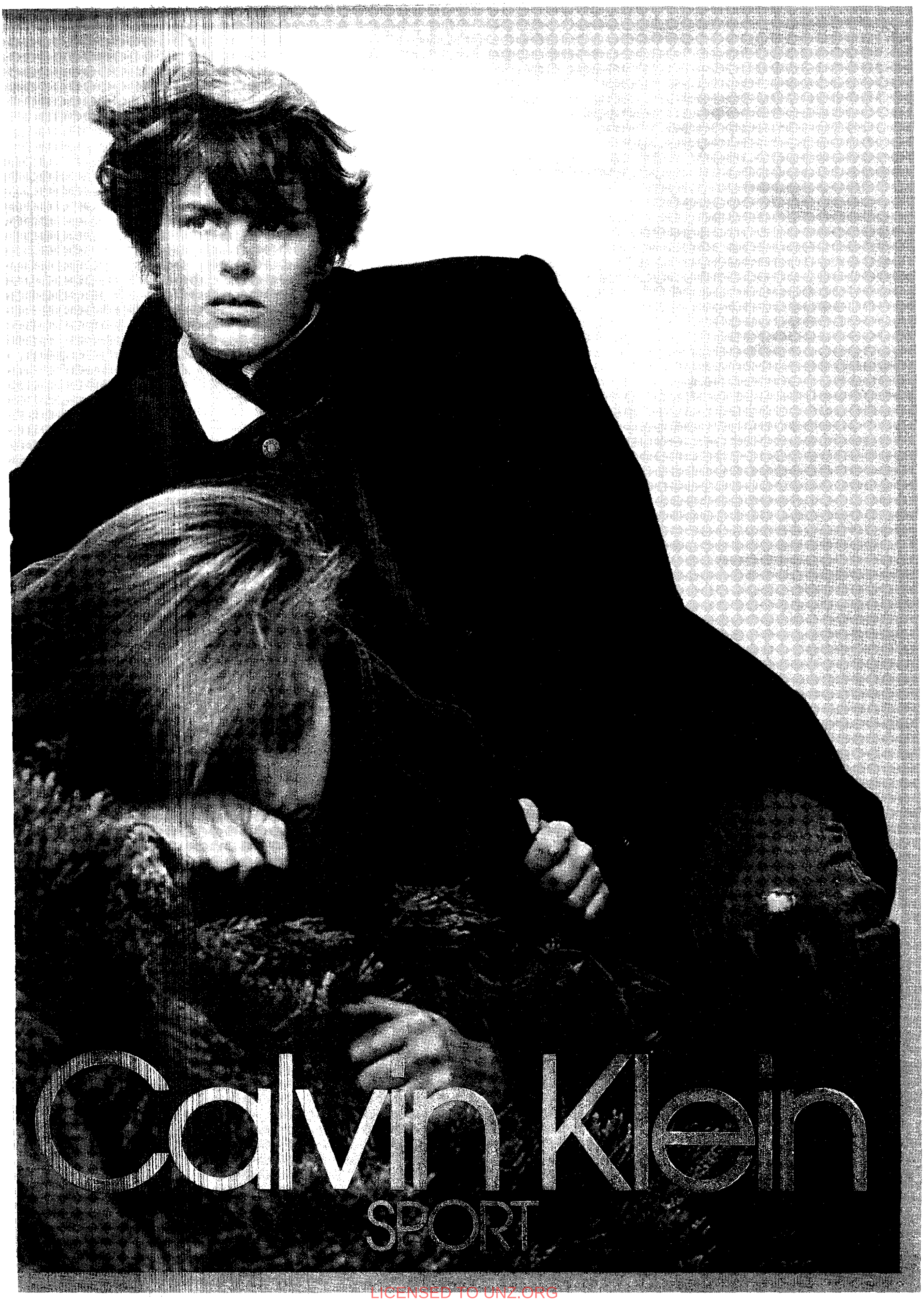
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of classic blues songs, by Fats Waller, Eubie Blake, Johnny Mercer, and others. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Jerry's Girls—A musical revue of show tunes written by Jerry Herman, with Dorothy Loudon, Chita Rivera, and Leslie Uggams. Staged by Larry Alford. Previews Friday through Tuesday, Dec. 13-17. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 18. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lambs Theatre Company—A return engagement of **THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI**, a musical adapted from two short stories by O. Henry. Randy Courts composed the music and Mark St. Germain provided the book and lyrics. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lemon Sky—*Jeff Daniels in a revival of the Lan*ford Wilson play. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 11. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised a masterful comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. The performances, under Mr. Shepard's direction, are extremely good, especially those by Amanda Plummer, Geraldine Page, Harvey Keitel, and Ann Wedgeworth. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** (Norman Thomas, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Fridays at 8, Saturdays at 3:30 and 8, and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Marriage of Figaro—The director Andrei Serban has a way of freshening up the classics which leaves them hanging on the ropes, and Beaumarchais's comedy is no exception. (10/28/85) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 15.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3905. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—The novel that Dickens left unfinished at the time of his sudden death has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The American of **EYES OF THE AMERICAN** is a C.I.A. man who comes to a newly independent island in the West Indies. The role is portrayed by the stalwart Graham Brown, who also doubles as a dictator; the other actors—just as good—are Eugene Lee and Seret Scott. The play, by Samm-Art Williams, is always absorbing but not always clear. (11/11/85) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Normal Heart—An interminable non-play about the victims of AIDS in the homosexual community of this city. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 12, at 7. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon has turned his comedy about a pair of ill-matched men into a non-comedy about a pair of women the like of which has never been seen on earth, much less on Riverside Drive. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays, except Dec. 21, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, except Dec. 21, and Sundays at 3.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A one-person vaudeville show, starring the antic and frantic Lily Tomlin in a series of impersonations—some harsh, some tender—written for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Singin' in the Rain—An unwelcome curiosity, which attempts to translate an immortal movie musical into a Broadway show; everyone concerned has labored hard, always in vain. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Song and Dance—Imported from England and tricked up for the American trade, this uneasy linking of song (first act) and dance (second act) is redeemed in part by the attractiveness of the chief performers, Bernadette Peters and Christopher d'Amboise. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Times and Appetites of Toulouse-Lautrec—Jeff Wanshel's delightful musical fantasy takes off from the life of the painter. The songs are those of the music halls and cabarets of the period (with English lyrics by Michael Feingold). The performance, under the direction of John Ferraro, is all it should be. With Lonny Price, in the title role, Nicholas Kepros, Ron Faber, June Gable, and Priscilla Lopez as La Goulue. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 15.)

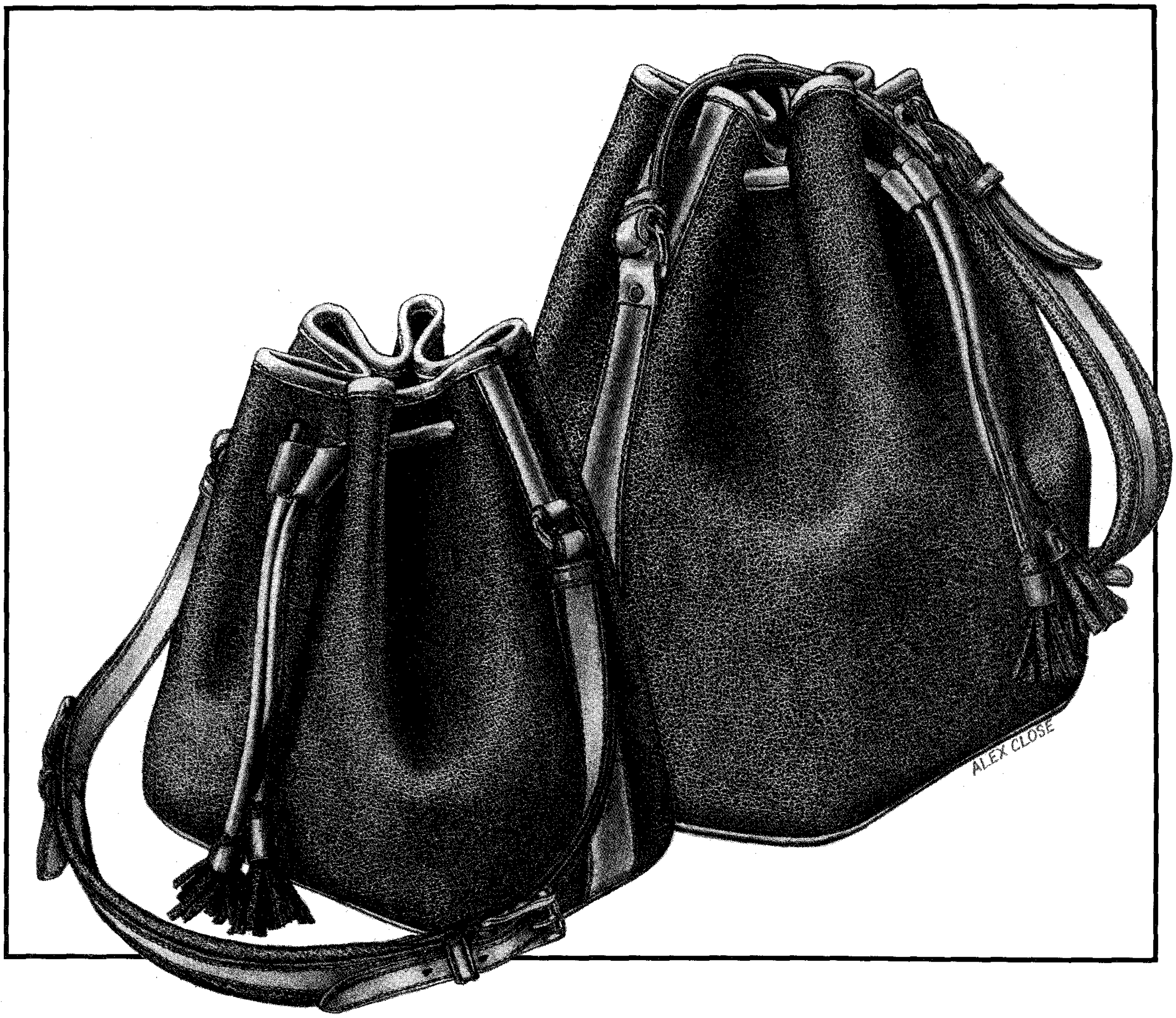
What's a Nice Country Like You . . . Doing in a State Like This?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Wind in the Willows—A musical based on Kenneth Grahame's classic. The book is by Jane Iredale, the score by William Perry, and the lyrics by Roger McGough and Mr. Perry. The director is Edward Berkeley. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 18. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 19. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,664 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—The annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 11,



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2:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 15, at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; and Monday, Dec. 16, at 11 and 2:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 9.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 11-12, at 6; Friday, Dec. 13, at 11 and 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 14-15, at 12:30 and 4; Monday, Dec. 16, at 7:30; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 17-19, at 11 and 7:30; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, at 2 and 7:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 5. For information about tickets, call 860-7320.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 5. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 6; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5. Through Sunday, Feb. 23.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8: "Memoria," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Speeds." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "For Bird with Love," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Concerto in F," "Lament," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2: "Isba," "Treading," "How to Walk an Elephant," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Divining," "For Bird with Love," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 15, at 3: "Night Creature," "Treading," "Lament," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Memoria," "For Bird with Love," and "Speeds." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Pigs & Fishes," "Fever Swamp," "Night Shade," and "How to Walk an Elephant." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Isba," "Cry," "Night Shade," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2: "Pigs & Fishes," "Fever Swamp," "Divining," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Concerto in F," "Treading," "Portrait of Billie," and "Speeds." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Dec. 29.)

Tango Argentino—A troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Mark Morris Dance Group—Programs of contemporary dance. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Dec. 22.)

Bill T. Jones / Arnie Zane & Co.—Wednesday, Dec. 11, and Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2 and 8: "Shared Distance," "Fever Swamp" (company première), "Black Room" (American première), "Rotary Action," "The Lotus Eaters" (première), and "Continuous Replay." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 15, at 7:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Freedom of Information." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 13, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2; and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 8: "Secret Pastures." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8: A program of solo works by Bill T. Jones. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, Dec. 22.)

Anna Sokolow's Players' Project—Programs of modern dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 11-14, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer, concentrates on Kurt Weill songs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen in the Oak Room. Dining.

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Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautical bar and restaurant and music haunt. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 11-12, High Society, with saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE;** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, the Richie Vitale quartet; Sunday, Dec. 15, the Sweet Hots; Monday, Dec. 16, Dorothy Parks; Tuesday, Dec. 17, Tad Shull; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 18-19, the John Richmond quartet; and Friday and Saturday, Dec 20-21, pianist **DUKE JORDAN.** Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

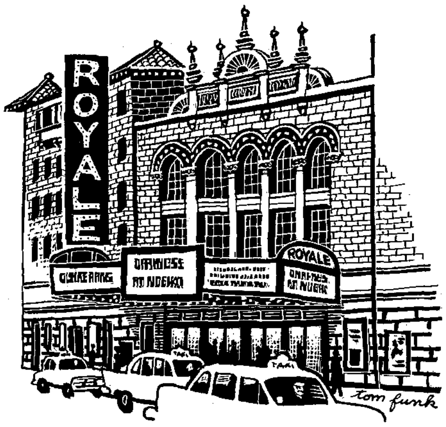
Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The jazz: Wednesday, Dec. 11, the **BUDDY RICH** big band; Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 12-15, the **LIONEL HAMPTON** big band; Monday, Dec. 16, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his group; and starting Tuesday, Dec. 17, **TANIA MARIA,** the vivacious Brazilian pop-jazz singer and pianist, will perform with bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** and drummer **AL FOSTER.** Music from nine. **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours jams nightly, except Mondays, following the last set and lasting until about four. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 11, the **DAVID BROMBERG** band; Thursday, Dec. 12, guitarists **LARRY CORYELL, LAURINDO ALMEIDA,** and Sharon Isbin; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 13-15, drummer **BILLY COBHAM'S** band; Monday, Dec. 16, Bagatelle and Jack Swersie; Wednesday, Dec. 18, **TOM PAXTON** and **CHRISTINE LAVIN;** and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, Soupy Sales. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A convivial, dark-panelled, real New York bar with live jazz, in the form of pianist **BARRY HARRIS** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, Dec. 14; **RED MITCHELL** and pianist **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** on Sundays; and **MR. MITCHELL** and pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** starting Monday, Dec. 16. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** is back in action (except on Tuesday, Dec. 17) with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ And over in the Bemelmans Bar you will find singer and pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** performing from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Behind a dark, unprepossessing, easy-to-miss front door, down a corridor with industrial-strength corrugated-metal walls (the kind that would tempt any kid with a stick), and down a flight of stairs, there is this snazzy, cozy jazz room. Tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a young, big-voiced, swing-era-styled player, heads a quintet that backs singer **MAXINE SULLIVAN** through Sunday, Dec. 15, and on Tuesday, Dec. 17, pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** will arrive with his trio. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.



Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Dec. 11, Winter Hours; Thursday, Dec. 12, Lori Carson and Betsy Straton; Friday, Dec. 13, **TAJ MAHAL;** Saturdays, Dec. 14 and 21, **MELANIE;** Wednesday, Dec. 18, the **DB'S,** Dreams So Real, and Yo La Tengo; and Friday, Dec. 20, Ronee Blakley. Shows are usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Sundays are comedy nights.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with Peter Madsen and Phil Bowler through Saturday, Dec. 14; starting Wednesday, Dec. 18, Kitt Moran will come in; Mondays are claimed by Stan Edwards, Larry Intorella, and John Belzaguy; Tuesdays belong to **CHUCK WAYNE** and his trio; and on Sundays **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy bar and back-room restaurant with a piano in it. **ROGER KELLAWAY** can be found at the piano through Saturday, Dec. 14, and beginning Tuesday, Dec. 17, **JUDY CARMICHAEL** will play it. Sundays, Keith MacDonald owns the keyboard, and on Mondays you can hear **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and bassist **RON CARTER** Tuesdays through Saturdays from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Houston or Dallas. The folk, country, blues, and rock: Wednesday, Dec. 11, Gary U.S. Bonds; Thursday, Dec. 12, New Orleans producer, composer, and pianist **ALLEN TOUSSAINT;** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, another New Orleans luminary pianist, **DR. JOHN;** Sunday, Dec. 15, the Mo Jo Blue Review and Cheater Jones; Monday, Dec. 16, **WHO IT IS;** Tuesday, Dec. 17, nuevo-wavo singer and guitarist **JOE (KING) CARRASCO;** Wednesday, Dec. 18, **NRBQ;** Thursday, Dec. 19, blues musicians **BUDDY GUY** and **JOHNNY COPELAND;** and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, bassist **JACO PASTORIUS.** Music after nine. Dining.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The music scene here is cooler than a Columbus Avenue gelato and the music hotter than a Columbus Avenue taco. The lineup: Wednesdays, Dec. 11 and 18, trumpeter **BRUCE PURSE;** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, pianist **MC COY TYNER;** Monday, Dec. 16, **JUMP STREET;** Tuesday, Dec. 17, Frank Canino; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** and his sextet. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** swing it Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from the fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom: Friday, Dec. 13, the Romantics and Revo Bop; Saturday, Dec. 14, Mr. Mister and Smash Palace; Thursday, Dec. 19, Midge Ure; Friday, Dec. 20, Oingo Boingo; Saturday, Dec. 21, Motorhead and Wendy O. Williams. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz, blues, and sambas upstairs in a simple, basic, music-first club. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 11-12, guitarist **CHUCK LOEB**; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK** and bassist **JACO PASTORIUS**; Sunday, Dec. 15, pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.**; Monday, Dec. 16, the Jens Wendelboe big band; Tuesday, Dec. 17, Satisfied Souls; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 18-19, Leni Stern; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, the **DON GROLNICK** band. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian, Caribbean, and African music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggaeists, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. Thursday, Dec. 12, Tabou Combo; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Sunday, Dec. 15, the Mighty Duke; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 17-18, **GIL SCOTT-HERON**; Thursday, Dec. 19, the **MIGHTY DIAMONDS**; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, **LOREMIL MACHADO.** Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist and singer **PHAROAH SANDERS,** who sounds wonderful whether he's playing spiritual-enlightenment music or good old regular hard bop, leads a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 15; Monday, Dec. 16, has been reserved for singer **DAKOTA STATON**; and Tuesday, Dec. 17, is the day trumpeter **NAT ADDERLEY** and his crackling-sharp quintet will arrive. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A blues and rock club. The schedule: Wednesdays, Dec. 11 and 18, **ELLIOTT MURPHY**; Thursday, Dec. 12, Cakewalk; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, **BUSTER POINDEXTER**; Sunday, Dec. 15, Lew Willie & the Snapdragons; and Tuesday, Dec. 17, the Alter Boys and Leslie Chase. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Fridays and Saturdays become swing-music-and-jitterbug nights, with the **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND** and others performing at nine and eleven. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, **MIKE LONGO** and **BEN BROWN** perform piano-bass duets through Sunday, Dec. 15, and on Tuesday, Dec. 17, pianist **JAKI BYARD** will take over. Music nightly, except Mondays, from nine-thirty. And, in addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this famous, unpretentious basement establishment, fifty years old this year. The **DAVID MURRAY** quintet is on the stand through Sunday, Dec. 15, and on Tuesday, Dec. 17, hard-bop and delicate-ballad guitar master **KENNY BURRELL** will come in with his trio. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** nights. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of live jazz. The **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** quintet is in residence through Sunday, Dec. 15, and on Wednesday, Dec. 18, alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON** will bring in his quartet. Music nightly, except Mondays, from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists or guitarists and bassists in it. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** work together through Saturday, Dec. 14; starting Tuesday, Dec. 17, **JOHN HICKS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** will provide piano-bass music; Sundays are given over to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI**; and Mondays are the property of pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Holly Near—With John Bucchino. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Highlights in Jazz—Dakota Staton, Doc Cheatham, George Kelly and the Jazz Sultans, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

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George Winston—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Dec. 13, at 6 and 11.

Thompson Twins—With Orchestral Maneuvres in the Dark. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Todd Rundgren—Beacon Theatre. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.

dB's, Mr. Thing, and **Alex Chilton**—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Friday, Dec. 13, at 9.

Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, at 10 and *midnight.*

Inxs—With the Jon Butcher Axis. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

C'est What!—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 9:30.

Kiss—With Black n' Blue. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Maxine Sullivan—In a program called "The Jazz Nativity." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Boys of the Lough and **the Irish Tradition**—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8.

Roches—Town *Hall. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8 and* 11.

Jazz on Television—A series of programs featuring jazz performers on TV during the past thirty years is being given at the Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St., through Thursday, Jan. 30. (For information about scheduling, call 752-4690.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Luis Benedit—Paintings and objects in which *crudely executed figures are engaged in such* activities as knife-fighting or lovemaking. Through Dec. 31. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

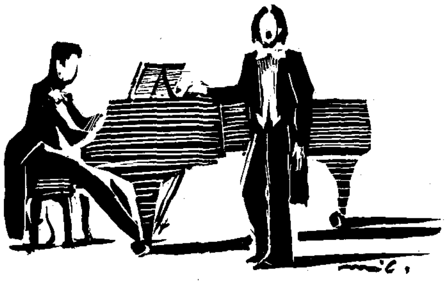
Julius Bissier (1893-1965)—Abstractions in miniature, usually applied with egg-and-oil tempera. Through Jan. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—*Constructions* using brass mannequins, antique play blocks, and so forth; also, paper collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Ralston Crawford (1906-78)—Prints. Through Jan. 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. A retrospective is at the Whitney Museum.)

Stuart Davis *(1892-1964)—Line drawings on* canvas and paper. Through Dec. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, *22* E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Glenn Goldberg—Paintings in whch small squiggles, for the most part, stand out sharply against large fields of white. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)



Nancy Graves—Colorful new metal sculptures, many with movable parts. Through Jan. 8. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Oskar Kokoschka (1886-1980)—Paintings and drawings from the early part of the artist's career. Through Feb. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Robert M. Kulicke—Oils and monotypes, plus jewelry designed by Mr. Kulicke and Bessie Jamieson. Through Jan. 4. (Davis & Langdale, which has moved to 231 E. 60th St.)

André Masson—Eighteen drawings and a handful of paintings spanning the twenties to the fifties. Through Jan. 11. (Simon-Neuman, 42 E. 76th St.)

Catherine Murphy—Homey scenes (the back yard, the cellar stairs) painted with painstaking exactitude in the past six years. Through Friday, Dec. 20. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Hunt Slonem—Two shows. Paintings of lush jungle scenes crowded with jaguars, parrots, monkeys, fish, turtles, and an occasional furtive human. Through Jan. 15. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.) . . . ¶ Paintings incorporating Incan imagery. Through Dec. 28. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Bill Traylor (1854-1947)—Drawings made on cardboard scraps by an Alabama naïf. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Through Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Ross, 162 W. 56th St. Through Dec. 28. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: From Bolivia and Peru, devotional paintings of the Virgin and angels which initially coincided with the establishment of Christianity there. The works span three centuries. Through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Toys and Christmas ornaments designed by contemporary artists. Through Dec. 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan show of paintings and drawings of Paris café scenes by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists who frequented them. Courbet, Monet, Renoir, Picasso, and Braque are among those included. Through Friday, Dec. 20. (Open Mondays; *closed* Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Elena Borstein—Cityscapes of the Bronx, by an artist better known for her paintings of Greece. Through Jan. 4. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joan Brady—*Watercolors of still-lifes in interi*ors. Through Dec. 28. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Charles Clough—Semi-abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Dorothy Dehner—Bronzes from the past twenty years and drawings done in the forties and fifties. Through Dec. 28. (Dorsky, 58 W. 58th St.)

Michael Graves—A two-gallery show of works by an architect. Drawings and models. Through Jan. 4. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Drawings and models, including works made in collaboration with Raymond Kaskey and Edward Schmidt. Through Feb. 1. *(Nichols, 83 Grand St. Opens at noon.)*

Stanley William Hayter—A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by the founder of Atelier 17 in Paris. Through Jan. 15. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

David Hockney / Michael Steiner—A twenty-foot painting, large-scale drawings, and prints—all recent work. / Abstract bronzes. Through Jan. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Paul Manes—Paintings by a Texas artist with a bent for the apocalyptic. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Getler-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Marjorie Portnow / Kenneth Polinskie—Landscape paintings of Maine, New York, Virginia, New Mexico, and California by an artist who travels a lot. / Paper-pulp depictions of figures and flowers. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Allen Ruppersberg—Preparatory works, as it

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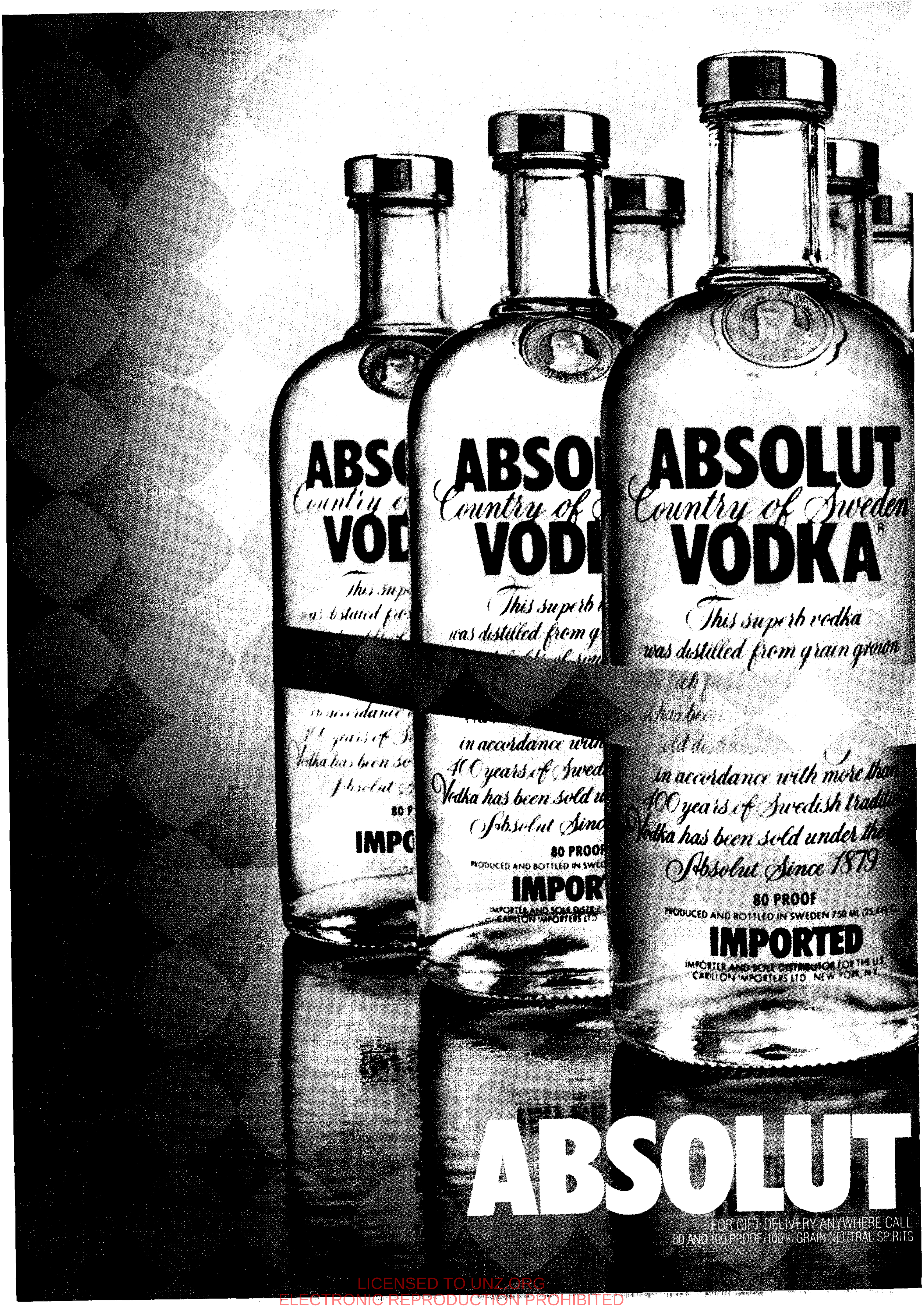
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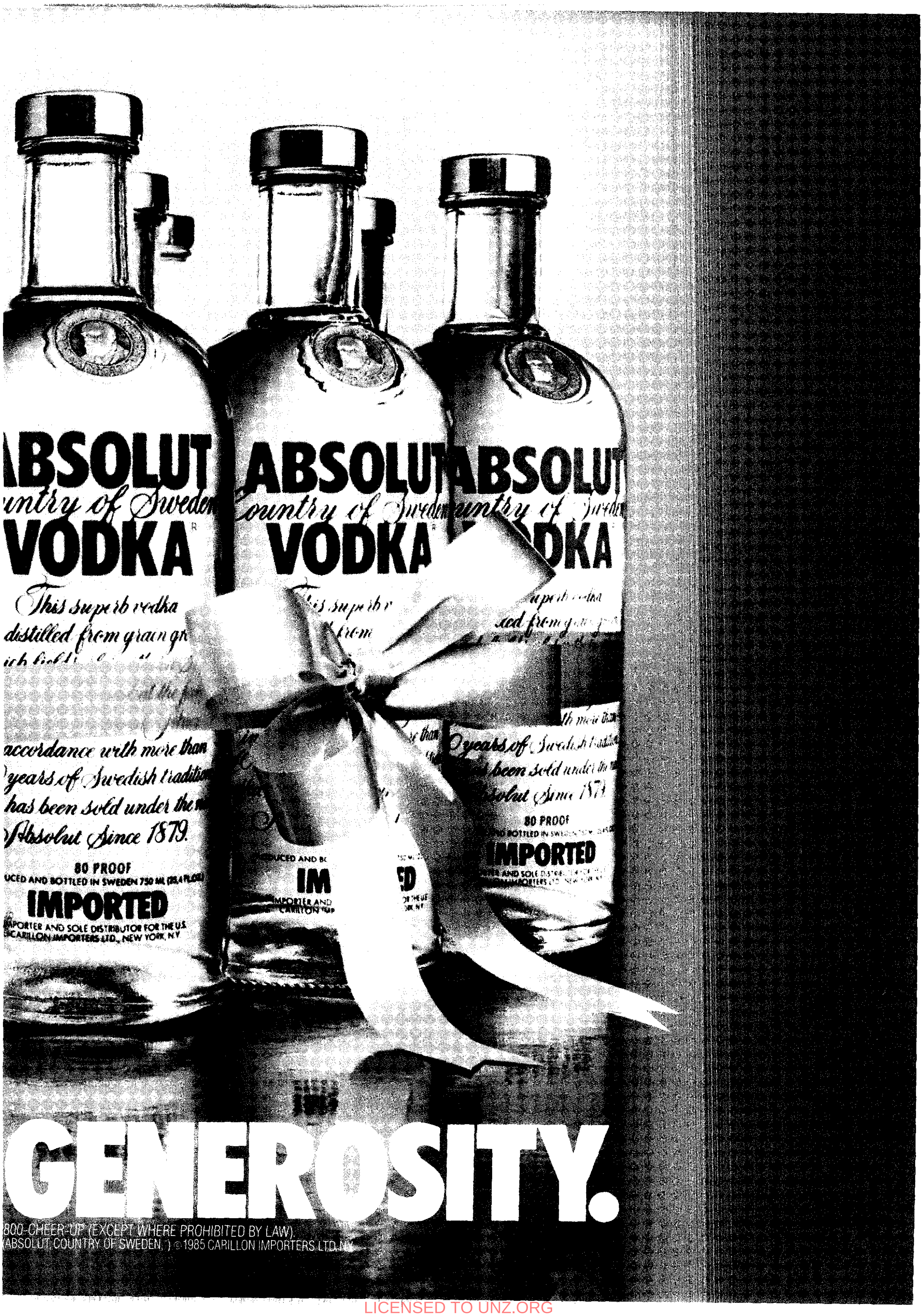
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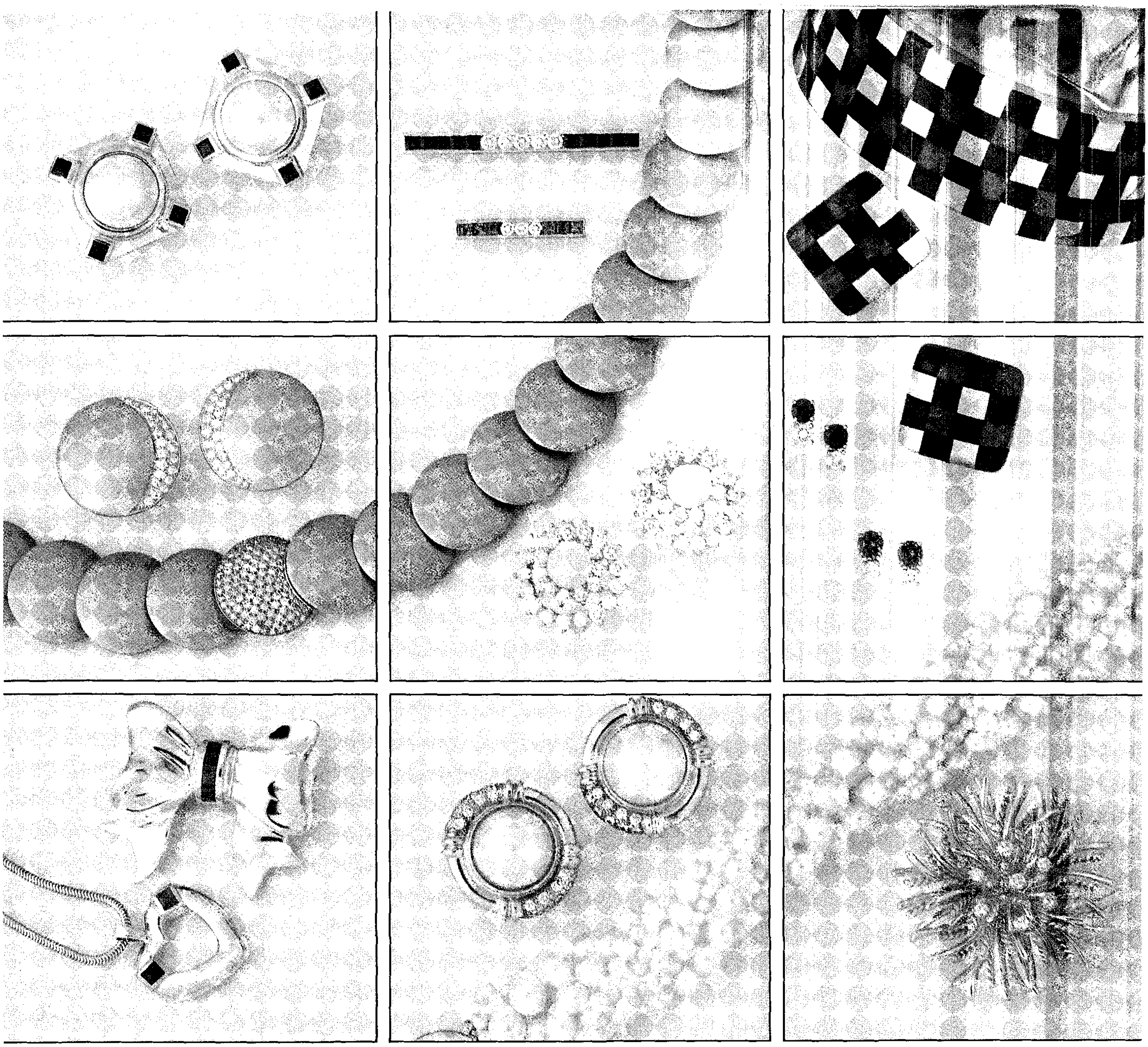

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were, for fictitious publications, including mechanicals that consist of pictures from calendars and titles carved into wood logs. Through Dec. 28. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Anne Ryan (1889-1954)—Collages made up of the delicate bits and pieces she doted on—scraps of fabric, thread, feathers. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (At both Washburn galleries, 42 E. 57th St. and 113 Greene St.)

David Saunders—Still-lifes and landscapes painted on a double thickness of canvas, with incised figures visible in the top layer. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

George Stubbs (1724-1806)—Etchings: horses, of course, but also lions, sleepy-looking tigers, leopards, and anatomical drawings of nude male figures and a plucked rooster. Through Dec. 28. (Donson, 24 W. 57th St.)

George Sugarman—Recent work, including painted cutout-aluminum sculptures. Through Dec. 28. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Another exhibition is at the Whitney Museum.)

Donald Sultan—Small paintings. Through Jan. 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—What look like first-rate crayon drawings of nudes dashed off on a white wall are actually steel cutouts done with a laser beam, and aluminum cutouts done with a saw, all of them painted with enamel. A new technique for the artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

William Zorach (1889-1966)—Oils the artist did prior to abandoning painting for sculpture, plus sculptures that include his very first piece—a wood bas-relief dated 1917. Through Jan. 4. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Halley's comet is the inspiration for works by thirty-three artists: a can of Comet cleanser chiselled from Carrara marble by Jud Nelson, for instance. Through Jan. 11. . . . **LUHRING AUGUSTINE & HODES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works by four Europeans—Beuys, Cucchi, Kiefer, Kounellis—which are intended to support the gallery's assertion that the artists are "kindred spirits." Through Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Altoon Sultan, sculptures by Lynn Chadwick, and photographs by Bill Brandt. Through Dec. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Figurative paintings, drawings, and etchings by Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Bernarda Bryson Shahn. Through Jan. 18. . . . **PEARL**, 38 E. 57th St.: "The Severe and the Romantic" is the title given to a selection of more than twenty abstract geometric paintings by American artists, including Ilya Bolotowsky, Jeanne Miles, Max Coles, and Budd Hopkins. Through Jan. 4.

American Stone Carvers—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century pieces, the latter by Lachaise, Nadelman, Bourgeois, and others. Through Dec. 28. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Conrad Atkinson / Douglas Davis—Didactic paintings blasting consumerism in all its forms. / Works that use photographic material, some of it seen inside six walk-in booths. Through Dec. 28. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Donald Baechler—New paintings. Through Jan. 4. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Robert Barnes—A retrospective of paintings. Through Dec. 29. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Bernd and Hilla Becher—Photographs of stark, Gothic-looking industrial landscapes—grain elevators, water towers, blast furnaces. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Fred Escher—Landscape paintings replete with tents, fires, rifles, and barbed-wire and chain-link fences. Through Jan. 4. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe—Nonobjective paintings and large-scale prints. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Tom Holland / Jacques Henri Lartigue—Wall-mounted paper sculptures covered with pastel scribbles. / French women photographed in the twenties and thirties. Through Dec. 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Ray Leith—Paintings and drawings of cups decorated with human figures in relief. In one work, the figures are in the cup rather than on it. Through Dec. 22. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Roy Lichtenstein / Gianfranco Gorgoni—Large landscapes marked by swipes of raw color and his more characteristic Benday shading. / Photographs of art-world figures, including Mr. Lichtenstein and dozens of others—artists and dealers. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Ann McCoy—Processions of bronze animals, supernatural figures, and boats, groupings more often seen in ancient reliefs and seals. Through Jan. 2. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Mario Merz—An installation and other works at 142 Greene Street: downstairs, at Castelli, and upstairs, at Sperone Westwater. Through Saturday, Dec. 21.

Thomas Schliesser—Large, sombre landscapes, some with a superimposed figure outlined in black acrylic, and one traversed by a strand of barbed wire. The artist is German. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Germans Van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Andreas Schulze / Lucio Fontana—Paintings of abstract sculptural forms, occasionally enlivened with surrealist touches—furry, clawed feet emerging from beneath an otherwise inanimate object, for instance. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. / Paintings. Through Jan. 11. (Gladstone, in a new location at 99 Greene St.)

Jonathan Scoville—Paintings by an artist who *specializes in unusual cloud formations.* Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Don Van Vliet—Figurative and nonobjective paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

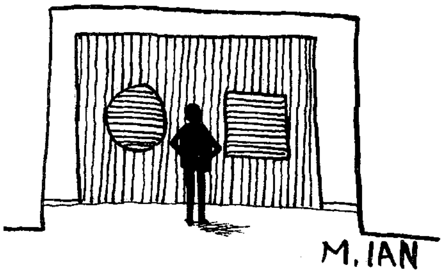
Anthony Zych—A two-gallery show of landscape paintings that have components of the landscape itself—dirt, tar, pebbles—bound to the canvas with resin. Through Jan. 4. (*Viafora, a new gallery at 568 Broadway, and* Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **KNOWLTON**, 153 Mercer St.: More or less traditional representational landscapes by thirteen painters (James Winn, Carol Anthony, Ellen Lanyon) and a group of extratraditional landscapes (many of them three-dimensional) by Howardena Pindell, Michael Lucero, and others. Through Dec. 28. . . . **PLUMB**, 81 Greene St.: Abstract paintings and sculptures by Carl Apfelschnitt, Tom Bills, John Chamberlain, Christopher Lucas, James Nares, and Christopher Wool. Through Saturday, Dec. 21.

Sculpture—Noguchi, Bourgeois, Andre, and Zorach are among the twenty-odd artists represented in an exhibition called "Stone." Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Dix 10—Two artists from France have temporarily installed a New York-style boutique where once a mere gallery operated. They sign their works "Dix 10" and their three hundred or so items are on sale. Through Jan. 5. (Jus de Pomme, 338 E. 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)



Peter Kogler—Paintings of heads made up of computer symbols, plus large paper sculptures inspired by the machines. Through Dec. 22. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Rick Prol—Death and destruction in the slums, painted in disarming colors that tend to dilute the gloom. Through Dec. 22. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Peter Schuyff—Paintings of luminous abstract images that seem to well up from the canvas. Through Dec. 22. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Julie Wachtel—Oil paintings of characters who belong in a comic book and studies of Incan and Easter Island figures. The primitives come off best. Through Dec. 29. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . ¶ Brown Gallery, 100 Greene St., also has a show of paintings. (Through Jan. 11.)

Group Shows—At the **50 WEST GALLERY**, 554 W. 50th St.: Fourteen works made entirely (or almost entirely) of paper, a selection made by Robert Kushner in a national competition that had more than a hundred entries. Through Dec. 22. (Wednesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 4; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **WYATT**, 202 E. 10th St.: Part One of a two-part show of painters who have been associated with Rutgers University. The six this time include Mike Howard, Rena Segal, and Joan Snyder. Through Dec. 29. (Opens Sundays at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Richard Avedon—A two-gallery exhibit of photographs from his portrait series documenting common laborers which is entitled "In the American West, 1979-1984." Through Jan. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Carl Glassman—*Photographs of people in* SoHo. Through Jan. 4. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Evelyn Hofer—Dye transfers of European gardens and villas. Through Jan. 25. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

André Kertész (1894-1985)—Approximately a hundred and sixty prints of Paris and New York will be seen at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Hiroji Kubota—Prints of China (a few enlarged to mural size) by a Japanese photojournalist. Through Jan. 5. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Joel Meyerowitz—Fifty prints of Cape Cod. Through Jan. 4. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays. The Brooklyn Museum has a complementary exhibit.)

Richard Prince and David Robbins—Recycled photographs, from publicity stills or *National Geographic;* Mr. Prince's works deal with new entertainers and girlfriend gangs, Mr. Robbins' with the Loch Ness monster. Through Jan. 4. (303 Gallery, 303 Park Ave. S., at 23rd St. Opens at 1.)

Group Shows—At **CASTELLI GRAPHICS**, 4 E. 77th St.: Photographs by Eve Arnold, Anthony Crickmay, and Terry O'Neill taken in Finland during the filming of "White Nights." Through Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . **HOFFELD**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Large-scale contemporary portraits, by Marina Abramović, Ulay, Robert Mapplethorp, and others. Through Jan. 18. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit of black-and-white prints, called "Variants," will bring together works that, to simplify, demonstrate the choices a photographer makes either behind the camera or in the darkroom. For instance, a farmer cropped from Dorothea Lange's 1937 "Five Tenant Farmers Without Farms" was restored by her in a print made in the sixties. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. . . . ¶ A seventeenth-century imperial Mughal tent is the centerpiece of a wide-ranging exhibition of Indian art, numbering more than three hundred objects of religious and secular derivation. Through Jan. 5. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by André Kertész. Starts Thursday, Dec. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of lithographs and posters, mainly, by Toulouse-Lautrec, all from his last ten years. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ The Riklis collection of geometric abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures has come the museum's way, and selections from it are the nucleus of an exhibit that follows this aspect of abstraction from European Cubism and Constructivism right up to American Minimalism. Through Jan. 7. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** A selection of prints by Americans and Europeans. Starts Thursday, Dec. 12. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, *Fifth Ave. at 89th St.*—A show of about a hundred and twenty sculptures representing the different styles used by American and European artists since the forties, and singling out the contributions of Giacometti, David Smith, and Cornell. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit that examines American decorative and industrial design in this century, with examples extending from a Frank Lloyd Wright dining set to an Apple IIc personal computer. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ A Ralston Crawford (1906-78) retrospective of paintings, drawings, photographs, and lithographs. Through Feb. 2. A complementary show is at Hirschl & Adler Galleries, 21 E. 70th St. . . . ¶ Twelve abstract painted-wood sculptures by George Sugarman, completed between 1961 and 1966. Through Feb. 9. A show of current work is at the Robert Miller Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of Jennifer Bartlett's work includes large-scale paintings, sculptures of objects seen in the paintings, and drawings. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Sixty sculptures by ten artists who have their studios in Brooklyn, among them Judy Pfaff and Ray Rapp. Through Jan. 6. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Joel Meyerowitz. Through Jan. 13. Daniel Wolf, 30 W. 57th St., has a complementary show. (The museum is open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Seventy-six paintings by American artists who have recorded the American West, to document either its history or its natural beauty. George Catlin, Charles Russell, Georgia O'Keeffe, Chuck Forsman, and others. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at *155th St.*—Paintings and drawings by more than fifty contemporary artists are on display in the annual Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher Purchase Fund show; some of the works will be bought by the Academy/Institute as gifts to museums. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of paintings by Ivan Albright, Alice Neel, and Jimmy Ernst, and prints by Armin Landeck. Both shows through Sunday, Dec. 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, carpets, and other works from a productive period in Indian art masterminded by the sixteenth-century Mughal emperor Akbar. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Festival of India has transformed the museum into a bazaarlike exhibition space filled with goods made by Indian artisans to the specifications of American and European designers—Mario Bellini's marble base for upholstery and Mary McFadden's adaptations of traditional costumes and jewelry are two. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show concerning the Ingres portrait of Comtesse d'Haussonville painted between 1842 and *1845. With the work as the focal point,* the exhibit examines and documents everything from the porcelains seen in the portrait to memorabilia of the Comtesse to the artist's preparatory studies. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the community of immigrant Jewish artists who moved to the Montparnasse section of Paris in the first half of this century: Chagall, Modigliani, Zadkine, and Sonia Delaunay are among them. Through Feb. 2. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Golden Age of British Photography, 1839-1900," an exhibit of more than two hundred photographs from the Victoria & Albert Museum. Through Feb. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at *77th St.—Frederic Remington's* impressions (paintings and sketches) of northern New York State, where he was born, done at the same time as the Western illustrations that earned him his reputation. Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Alyson Pou (performance), Sunday, Dec. 15, at 8:30; Jessie Allen (performance), Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Two programs under the title "Avant-Garde-Arama." Friday, Dec. 13, at 9: Performances by Martha Wilson, Alyson Pou, Paul Zaloom, and Taylor Mead; dance by Frey Faust and Celeste Miller; film by Alain Le Razer. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14, at 9: Music by Bill Bazinski; performances by Ann Carlson and Ron Littke; dance by Charles Dennis, with Eva Geueke, performance, and by the St. Pauli Girls; film by Tommy Turner.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., 1-718 636-4100; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Waverly Consort—Performances of "The Christmas Story," a pageant based on medieval music manuscripts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, at 7 and 9:15.)

"Christmas Rappings"—An oratorio by Al Carmines. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Fridays, Dec. 13 and 20, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Ensemble for Early Music—Frederick Renz conducting—A staged performance of Schütz' "The Christmas Story," with the Grande Bande and the Court Dance Company. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at *112th St. 662-2133.* Saturday, Dec. 14, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ A program of eighteenth-century music, with the Grande Bande and the Boyquire. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing, with Walter Hilse and Constance Cooper, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Ernest Raffelberger directing. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 3.)

Clarion Concerts—Newell Jenkins directing the chorus and chamber ensemble in an all-Schütz program, with Walter Hilse, organ. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 765-8008.)

"Amahl and the Night Visitors"—Laurence Gilgore directing Il Piccolo Teatro dell'Opera in performances of the Menotti opera, with members of the Brooklyn Philharmonic. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 5:30 and 7 [a benefit performance], and Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2 and 3:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

Wells College Choir and Chamber Singers—Crawford R. Thoburn directing. (Church of the Epiphany, York Ave. at 74th St. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with Nan Nall and Joy Hague, sopranos; Antoinette Hardin, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; and David Maiullo, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society—Dino Anagnost directing a candlelight concert, with the Little Orchestra Society. (Holy Trinity Cathedral, 319 E. 74th St. 288-3215. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Handel's "Messiah"—MUSICA SACRA: Richard Westenburg directing, with Sylvia McNair, soprano; Michael Chance, countertenor; David Gordon, tenor; and David Evitts, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 7:30.) . . . **CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY:** Charles Dodsley Walker directing an audience-participation performance of the Advent and Christmas portions of the oratorio, with Barbara Peters, soprano; Judith Malafronte, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; and a baroque orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 4. For information about tickets, call 289-3400.) . . . **BANCHETTO MUSICALE:** Martin Pearlman directing, with Nancy Armstrong, soprano; Mary Westbrook-Geha, mezzo-soprano; Frank Kelley, tenor; and James Maddelena, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 16, at 8.) . . . **ST. THOMAS CHOIR:** Gerre Hancock directing, with Judith Nelson, soprano; Drew Minter, countertenor; Mark Bleeke, tenor; Wilbur Pauley, bass; and the Concert Royal. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 757-7013.) . . . **SING-IN AT AVERY FISHER HALL:** Directed (seriatim, fortunately) by nineteen choral conductors. Peggy Pruett, soprano; Erika Van Wyke, alto; Dennis Petersen, tenor; and Sherrill Milnes, bass, will appear as the soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. With Kenneth Bowen, organ. (Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 7:30.) . . . **ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK:** Lyndon Woodside directing, with Andrea Matthews, soprano; Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Douglas Robinson, tenor; and James Courtney, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8.) . . . **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC:** Lukas Foss directing, with Gail Dobish, soprano; Kate Butler, mezzo-soprano; Gershon Silins, tenor; David Arnold, baritone; John D. Anthony, bass-baritone; and the Riverside Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 22, at 2.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Priscilla Baskerville, Gwendolyn Bradley, Karen Williams, Bernard Thacker, and Robert Mosley; conducted by William Vendice. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Barbara Daniels, David Holloway, and Allan Monk; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Marvis Martin, Gwendolyn Bradley, and Hilda Harris. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 13, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Myra Merritt, Marilyn Horne, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14, at 1:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Allen, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Priscilla Baskerville, Gwendolyn Bradley, Karen Williams, Charles Williams, and Robert Mosley; William Vendice. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 16, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Myra Merritt, Marilyn Horne, Ernesto Palacio, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Barbara Daniels, David Holloway, and Brian Schexnayder; and "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Marvis Martin, Gwendolyn Bradley, and Hilda Harris. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Jorma Hynninen, and John Cheek; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Myra Merritt, Marilyn Horne, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 20, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Eva Marton, Leonie Rysanek, Peter Hofmann, and Leif Roar; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Barbara Daniels, David Holloway, and Brian Schexnayder; and "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Marvis Martin, Gwendolyn Bradley, and Hilda Harris. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Jorma Hynninen, and John Cheek; James Levine.

VINEYARD OPERA SHOP—James Kurtz conducting Donizetti's "Gianni di Parigi." Staged by Joseph LoSchiavo. (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 683-0696. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 13-15, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3.)

"FEUERSNOT"—John Crosby conducting the New York première of Richard Strauss's one-act opera, in an English version by William Wallace. Directed by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday,

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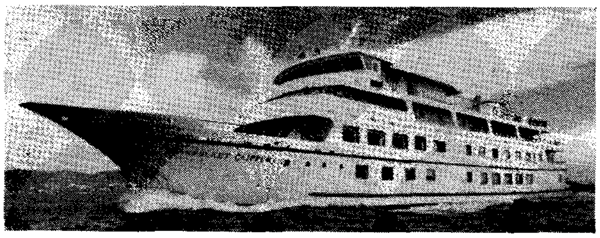

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dec. 11, and Friday, Dec. 13, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802, Ext. 504.)

Amato Opera Company—Puccini's "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, at 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Charles Dutoit conducting—Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8; Friday, Dec. 13, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 14, and Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8: With Glenn Dicterow, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 19-21, at 8: With Andras Schiff, piano.

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Christoph von Dohnányi conducting—Wednesday, Dec. 11: With Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 13: With Hermann Baumann, horn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14: With Anja Silja, soprano. (Evenings at 8.)

Concordia: A Chamber Symphony—Marin Alsop conducting, with Barli Nugent, flute; Franck Avril, oboe; Chris Gekker, trumpet; and Norman Krieger, piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

American Chamber Orchestra—Charles Barker conducting a program of Italian music, with Eric Wyrick, violin. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting a performance of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos, with guest soloists. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Shura Cherkassky, piano, and André Emelianoff, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3.)

Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Requiem"—David Caddick conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with Brenda Harris, soprano; Iain Paton, tenor; Paul Miles-Kingston, boy soprano; and the Boys Choir of Harlem. Maureen McGovern will also appear, performing show tunes by Mr. Lloyd Webber. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Mannes Chorus—Amy Kaiser directing a Britten-Haydn program. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing. (St. John's Church, 218 W. 11th St. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Gary Miller directing. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

RECITALS

Classic Brass Ensemble—A program of works for brass quintet. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 7. Admission by contribution.)

Oleg Maisenberg—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Joel Krosnick and Gilbert Kalish—Cello and piano, in the second in a series of three recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

The King's Singers—A male close-harmony ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Sabicas—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—An all-Beethoven program, with Robert Levin, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Keith Jarrett, piano; Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; and members of the society. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . ¶ The same artists performing an expanded program. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 16-17, at 7:30.)

Russell Sherman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

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Emerson String Quartet—The second in a series of three Haydn-Mozart-Schubert programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Chamber Music at BAM—With the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2.)

Music of Meyer Kupferman—Performed by the Laurentian String Quartet, with Naomi Drucker, clarinet, and Kazumo Hayami, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2.)

Donald Joyce—Organ, in the last in a series of concerts presenting Bach's complete organ works. (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

David Buechner—Piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 4.)

Barbara Hendricks—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Eva Grüsser and Zaidee Parkinson—Violin and piano. (Rutgers Church, 236 W. 73rd St. Monday, Dec. 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Mannes Percussion Ensemble—Howard Van Hyning conducting. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Monday, Dec. 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Giovanni deChiaro—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson trio; Michael Tree, viola; and Harold Wright, clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 17-18, at 8.)

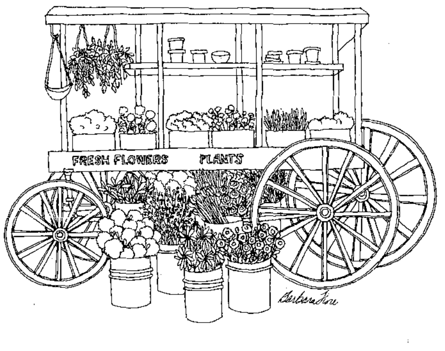
Musica Camerit—The first in a series of three concerts, this one with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano and narrator. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Chamber Players of the League-ISCM—With Christine Schadeberg, soprano; Martin Goldray, piano; Ray Mase, trumpet; and Erica Kiesewetter, violin. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—With Anand Devendra, clarinet; Aleck Karis, piano; Pierre Bournaki, violin; and Eric Ewazen, composer-pianist. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Brandenburg Collegium—With Anthony Newman and Mary Jane Newman, performing Bach's complete harpsichord concertos. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

James Jeter and Benton Hess—Bassoon and piano, with Keith Romano, countertenor, and Robert Botti, oboe. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8.)



Alexander String Quartet—A program that includes the première of a work by Aaron Copland. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

José Carreras—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Ani Kavafian and Elaine Comparone—Violin and harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Thruston Johnson—Violin, with Whitney Tustin, oboe, and David Garvey, piano, in an all-Vivaldi program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Royal Marines and the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders—The massed bands, pipes, drums, and dancers of these two British regiments. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 1:30.)

"Luisa Fernanda"—A Spanish zarzuela, composed by Federico Moreno Torroba. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 15, at 7; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3. Through Tuesday, Dec. 31.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Nets, Thursday, Dec. 12, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Antonio, Saturday, Dec. 14, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles Lakers, Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Thursday, Dec. 19, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Dec. 21, at 7:30. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Indiana, Saturday, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Wednesday, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Houston, Friday, Dec. 20. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Professional Football—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands—Jets vs. Chicago Bears, Saturday, Dec. 14, at 12:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Saturday, Dec. 21, at 12:30.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Friday, Dec. 20. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Saturday, Dec. 14, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Dec. 21, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Rangers, Wednesday, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Devils vs. St. Louis Blues, Sunday, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Dec. 17. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Nashua, Saturday, Dec. 14, and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Sunday, Dec. 15. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights, except Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 16-18, at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Andrei Vozensensky reading from his own works, in Russian, with English translations. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.) . . . ¶ Andonis Decavalles and Nanos Valaoritis reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Dec. 16, at 8.) . . . ¶ Christianne Balk and Philip Schultz reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. —Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 11-12, at 2: *Objets de vertu*, Fabergé and other Russian works of art, and English and Continental silver.

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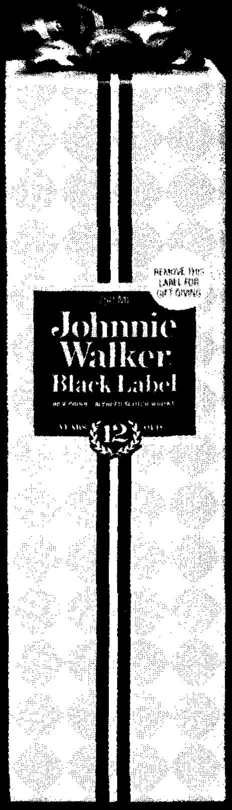
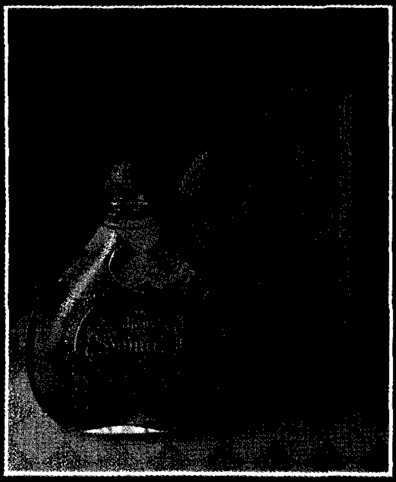


Johnnie Walker Black Label Gift-Wrap.

For friends with selective tastes, there's Johnnie Walker Black Label, aged 12 years. The gold foil holiday carton has a removable label for instant gift giving.



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Within this handsome Swing bottle is a special blend that's an inspiring conversation piece.

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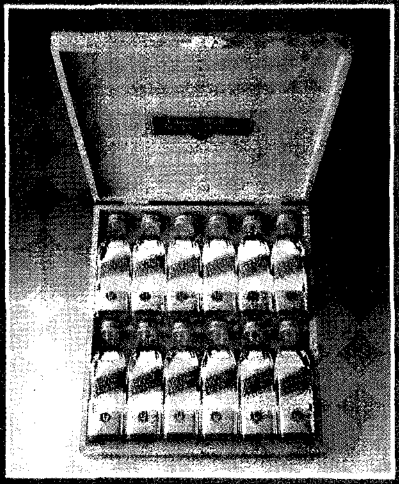
The principal malt whisky, the heart of the Johnnie Walker blend. Giving it is a tribute to a friend's taste.



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A Preview of Ford Taurus New Standards of Automotive

The new Ford Taurus and Mercury Sable contain over 300 engineering details designed to answer the American Driver's call for higher quality. They set new standards for six passenger roominess and comfort. And new standards in their engines, their transmis-

- Unique rear suspension in station wagons for maximum cargo capacity
- Optional integral station wagon picnic tray
- Station wagon load floor tie downs
- Two way liftgate on station wagon
- Aerodynamically designed corrosion resistant station wagon luggage rack
- Easy access lockable under floor storage compartment on station wagon
- Station wagon 60/40 rear seat back with convenient access release

- Aerodynamic flush glass all around for less wind noise
- Long windshield blades and large spray pattern
- Convenient single key for door and ignition
- Optional Insta-Clear® windshield for quick clearing of ice or frost
- Loss-proof tethered gas cap

Ford Taurus LX Wagon

- Optional automatic overdrive four speed transaxle
- Non-corrosive fuel lines
- Power front disc/rear drum brakes
- Front wheel drive with advanced four wheel fully independent suspension
- Long life nitrogen gas pressurized shocks and struts
- Extensive corrosion protection, including lower bodyside protection
- Stainless Steel muffler and exhaust system—standard with 3.0L V-6 engine
- "Lubed for life" suspension and steering components
- Permanent set front alignment (caster & camber)
- Power rack-and-pinion linear steering

- Conveniently located swing-down fuse box with extra fuses
- Low brake fluid-warning light
- 5 MPH polycarbonate corrosion free, scuff resistant bumpers
- Aerodynamic halogen headlamps
- All season tread steel-belted radial ply tires
- Illuminated safety designed front door trim panel and rear door reflectors
- Clearcoat over metallic paint option
- Front and rear door courtesy lights
- One-piece shingled doors seal for easier closing

Buckle up—Together we can save lives.

and Mercury Sable: Quality from the inside out.

sions, their suspensions. Part-by-part, feature-by-feature, Ford Taurus and Mercury Sable have been designed from the inside out to be the best cars we've ever made. They'll be available at Ford and Lincoln Mercury dealer showrooms in late December.

- 2.5L HSC 4-cylinder fuel injected engine
- 3.0L EFI multiple port injected V-6 engine
- Most advanced electronic engine controls (EEC IV) with "memory"
- Hydraulic engine dampers contributing to a comfortable and quiet ride
- Yellow highlighted underhood, "self-check" features
- Easy-open hood with gas cylinder hood assist struts
- "Easy-check" see-through fluid reservoirs
- Individual "shut-off" climate control registers
- Comfortable driver's left footrest, with larger accelerator pedal
- Self adjusting throttle controls
- All-new electronic search radio (optional on Taurus L)
- Power door and window switches for touch identification for "eyes on road" operation
- 100,000 mile tested seat design
- Ergonomically designed instruments, controls and gauges
- Floor angled and front seat tracks spaced for rear passenger foot comfort
- Rear seat heat ducts (standard except Taurus L)
- Wide vertical seat track release bar for easy seat adjustment
- Back-supported power lumbar option
- One hand operation for seat belts
- Power sliding moon roof option with rear tilt ventilation and sliding sun shade

Mercury Sable LS Sedan

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

68TH ST PLAYHOUSE
868

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Dec. 12: "Flowing" (1956; directed by Mikio Naruse; in Japanese).
From Dec. 13: "Only Emptiness Remains" (1984; Rodolfo Kuhn), a documentary.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
Theatre 2: "A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).
Theatre 3: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 19: "Jagged Edge" (†).
From Dec. 20: "Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 19: "Back to the Future" (†).
From Dec. 20: "101 Dalmatians" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Bad Medicine" (Harvey Miller), with Steve Guttenberg, Alan Arkin, and Julie Hagerty.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Fool for Love" (Robert Altman), with Sam Shepard, Kim Basinger, Randy Quaid, and Harry Dean Stanton.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: "Spies Like Us."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "White Nights" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 12: "Jagged Edge" (†). From Dec. 13: "Clue" (Jonathan Lynn).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 19: "Eleni" (†). From Dec. 20: "Ran" (Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 19: "Subway" (Luc Besson; in French), with Christopher Lambert and Isabelle Adjani. From Dec. 20: "The Trip to Bountiful" (Peter Masterson), with Geraldine Page and John Heard.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 17: To be announced. From Dec. 18: "Twice in a Lifetime" (†).
Theatre 2: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Dec. 17: "Twice in a Lifetime" (†).
From Dec. 18: "The Color Purple" (Steven Spielberg), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
Theatre 2: "A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Dec. 17: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 18: "Out of Africa" (Sydney Pollack), with Robert Redford and Meryl Streep.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 19: "One Magic Christmas" (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton.
From Dec. 20: "Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
Theatre 2: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.
Theatre 2: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 17: "Sanctuary" (1984; directed by James Becket; in Spanish, Ugandan dialect, Arabic, Russian, and Laotian, with English voice-over) and "Kim Phuc" (1984; Manus van Kamp). From Dec. 18: "The Horse of Pride" (1980; Claude Chabrol; in French).
Theatre 2: "After Hours" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Hail Mary" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French).
Theatre 2: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Gringo" (Lech Kowalski).
Theatre 2: "Mixed Blood" (Paul Morrissey).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 12: "Bring on the Night" (Michael Apted), a documentary, with Sting.
From Dec. 13: To be announced.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 17: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†). From Dec. 18: "Out of Africa" (Sydney Pollack), with Robert Redford and Meryl Streep.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 17: "Back to the Future" (†). From Dec. 18: "The Color Purple" (Steven Spielberg), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 12: "King Solomon's Mines" (J. Lee Thompson), with Richard Chamberlain. From Dec. 13: "Dance with a Stranger" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 19: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly. From Dec. 20: "Sotto, Sotto" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian).
Theatre 4: "Colonel Redl" (István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 12: "Target" (†). Dec. 13-19: "Jagged Edge" (†). From Dec. 20: "101 Dalmatians" (†).
Theatre 2: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 12: "Jagged Edge" (†). From Dec. 13: "Clue" (Jonathan Lynn).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Dec. 19: "One Magic Christmas" (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton.
From Dec. 20: "101 Dalmatians" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"White Nights" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Dec. 12: "Sweet Dreams" (†).
From Dec. 13: "Jagged Edge" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Gig" (Frank Gilroy), with Wayne Rogers and Cleavon Little.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German).
Theatre 2: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dance with a Stranger" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Shoah" (Claude Lanzmann), a nine-and-a-half-hour documentary. Part One will be shown daily.
Theatre 2: "Shoah." Part Two will be shown daily.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 12: "Rasputin" (Elem Klimov; in Russian). From Dec. 13: "Jagged Edge" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 19: "Sotto, Sotto" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian). From Dec. 20: "101 Dalmatians" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
Theatre 2: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 17: "Target" (†). From Dec. 18: "Out of Africa" (Sydney Pollack), with Robert Redford and Meryl Streep.
Theatre 4: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 17: "Rocky IV."

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

From Dec. 18: "The Color Purple" (Steven Spielberg), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Theatre 6: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 12: "To Live and Die in L.A." (William Friedkin), with William L. Petersen and Willem Dafoe. Dec. 13-19: "After Hours" (†). From Dec. 20: "Back to the Future" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 12: "King Solomon's Mines" (J. Lee Thompson), with Richard Chamberlain. From Dec. 13: "Jagged Edge" (†).

Theatre 3: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.

Theatre 4: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 17: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (directed by Jack Sholder). From Dec. 18: "The Color Purple" (Steven Spielberg), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 19: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From Dec. 20: "Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.

Theatre 3: "To Live and Die in L.A." (William Friedkin), with William L. Petersen and Willem Dafoe.

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 12: "Loose Screws." From Dec. 13: "Boogy Creek, Part 2."

Theatre 5: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz).

Theatre 6: Through Dec. 12: "Once Bitten" (Howard Storm), with Lauren Hutton. From Dec. 13: "Target" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through Dec. 19: "One Magic Christmas" (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton.

From Dec. 20: "101 Dalmatians" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 12: Theatre closed. From Dec. 13: "Clue" (Jonathan Lynn).

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 12: Theatre closed. From Dec. 13: "Clue."

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 12: Theatre closed. From Dec. 13: "Clue."

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 17: "Rocky IV." From Dec. 18: "Out of Africa" (Sydney Pollack), with Robert Redford and Meryl Streep.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Back to the Future" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Jagged Edge" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.

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Theatre 2: "King Solomon's Mines" (J. Lee Thompson), with Richard Chamberlain.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

Theatre 2: "The Jewel of the Nile."

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 12: "Death Wish 3" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson. From Dec. 13: "Guardian of Hell."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Dec. 12: Theatre closed.

From Dec. 13: "Rasputin" (1985; directed by Elem Klimov; in Russian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 12: "Love and Anarchy" (1973) and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.

Dec. 13-14: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "Das Boot" (1982; Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Dec. 15: "Psycho" (†); and "The Birds" (1963; Alfred Hitchcock), with Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy, Suzanne Pleshette, and Tippi Hedren.

Dec. 16-17: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange.

Dec. 18-19: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Dec. 20-21: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "A Man and a Woman" (1966; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Dec. 11: "The Family Game" (1984; Yoshimitsu Morita; in Japanese); and "Muddy River" (1983; Kohei Oguri; in Japanese).

Dec. 12: "Utamaro and His Five Women" (1946; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); and "My Love Has Been Burning" (1949; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

Dec. 13-14: "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production; in Russian); and "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan" (1970; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese).

Dec. 15-16: "Kwaidan" (1965; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).

Dec. 17-18: "Equinox Flower" (1958; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "The Sounds of the Mountain" (1954; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese).

Dec. 19: "Onimasa" (1985; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Stray Dog" (1949; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Dec. 20-21: "Goyokin" (1969; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese); and "Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo" (1971; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu and Toshiro Mifune.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Dec. 14: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1935; Jack Conway), with Ronald Colman, Edna May Oliver, and Blanche Yurka; and "Oliver Twist" (1948; David Lean), with Alec Guinness, Robert Newton, Kay Walsh, John Howard Davies, and Anthony Newley.

Dec. 15-16: "Oliver!" (†).

Dec. 17-18: "David Copperfield" (†).

Dec. 19-20: "Scrooge" (†); and "Come to the Stable" (1949; Henry Koster), with Loretta Young and Celeste Holm.

From Dec. 21: "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947; George Seaton), with John Payne, Maureen O'Hara, Edmund Gwenn, and Natalie Wood; and "White Christmas" (1954; Michel Curtiz), with Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney, Vera-Ellen, and Dean Jagger.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 11: "Macbeth" (1948; Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall; and "Macbeth" (1971; Roman Polanski).

Dec. 12: "Hero" (1983) and "Lenz" (1981).

Dec. 13: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

Dec. 14: "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974; Sidney Lumet), with Albert Finney as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot; and "Death on the Nile" (1978; John Guillermin), with Peter Ustinov as Poirot.

Dec. 15: "Jazz! Jazz! Jazz!" (1981; Richard Schwarz).

Dec. 16: "Stage Door Canteen" (†); and "Look Up and Laugh" (1945).

Dec. 17: "Forty Guns" (1958; Sam Fuller), with Barbara Stanwyck and Barry Sullivan; and "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter.

Dec. 18: "King Lear" (1971) and "Hamlet" (1966), both films in Russian, directed by Grigori Kozintsev.

Dec. 19: "The Sheep Has Five Legs" (1955; Henri Verneuil; in French), with Fernandel; and "Topaze" (1952; Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel.

Dec. 20: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Rose Tattoo" (†).

Dec. 21: "My Life to Live" (1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina and Sami Frey.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Dec. 11: "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; "Bluebeard" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with John Carradine and Jean Parker; and "The Strange Woman" (1947; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Hedy Lamarr, George Sanders, and Louis Hayward.

Dec. 12: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe.

Dec. 13: "The Most Dangerous Game" (1932; Irving Pichel and Ernest Schoedsack), with Joel McCrea and Leslie Banks; "The Vampire Bat" (1933; Frank Strayer), with Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray, and Melvyn

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Douglas; and "One Frightening Night" (1935; Christy Cabanne), with Charley Grapewin, Hedda Hopper, and Wallace Ford.

Dec. 14: "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972) and "Love and Anarchy" (1973), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.

Dec. 15: "The Phantom of the Opera" (1925 †); "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1920; John S. Robertson), with John Barrymore.

Dec. 16: "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; and "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish).

Dec. 17: "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski; and "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon.

Dec. 18: "The Doctors" (1956; Ralph Habib; in French), with Raymond Pellegrin and Jeanne Moreau; and "Dédée" (1949; Yves Allégret; in French), with Simone Signoret.

Dec. 19: "The Nutty Professor" (†); and "The Disorderly Orderly" (1964; Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis.

Dec. 20: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Little Murders" (1971; Alan Arkin), with Elliott Gould.

Dec. 21: "Wizards" (†); and "Animal Farm" (1954), a full-length animated cartoon.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 11: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943; Roy William Neill) and "The Woman in Green" (1945), both films with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce as Holmes and Watson.

Dec. 12: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

Dec. 13-15: "Holiday Inn" (1942; Mark Sandrich), with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds, and Virginia Dale; and "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell.

Dec. 16: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "Shame" (†).

Dec. 17: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941; John Ford), with Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Roddy McDowall, Sara Allgood, and Barry Fitzgerald; and "The Corn Is Green" (†).

Dec. 18: "Eyes in the Night" (1942; Fred Zinnemann), with Ann Harding, Edward Arnold, and Donna Reed; and "Kid Glove Killer" (1942; Fred Zinnemann), with Marsha Hunt and Van Heflin.

Dec. 19: "The Power and the Glory" (1933; William K. Howard), with Spencer Tracy, Colleen Moore, Ralph Morgan, and Helen Vinson; and "Dante's Inferno" (1935; Harry Lachman), with Spencer Tracy and Claire Trevor.

Dec. 20-21: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

theatre 1: Dec. 12 at 2:30 and 6: "Lady of the Pavements" (1929; directed by D. W. Griffith). . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 2:30: "In Search of Famine" (1981; Mrinal Sen; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 6: "The Outsiders" (1977; Mrinal Sen; in Telegu, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 12:30: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 2: "Mister Shome" (1969; Mrinal Sen; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 5: "The Case Is Closed" (1982; Mrinal Sen; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 12:30: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 2: "The Case Is Closed." . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 5: "In Search of Famine." . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 2:30: "Beggars of Life" (1928; William Wellman; a silent film), with Louise Brooks, Wallace Beery, and Richard Arlen. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 6 and Dec. 17 at 2:30: "Manslaughter" (1922; Cecil B. De Mille; a silent film), with Leatrice Joy, Thomas Meighan, and Lois Wilson. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 6: "Beggars of Life." . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 2:30 and 6: "St. Louis Blues" (1928; Dudley Murphy) and "Hearts in Dixie" (1929; Paul Sloane). . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 2:30: "Sally in Our Alley" (1931; Maurice Elvey) and "Sing as We Go" (1934; Basil Dean), both films with Gracie Fields. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 6: "Champagne" (1928; Alfred Hitchcock; a silent film), with Betty Balfour. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 12:30: Another program of Warner Brothers cartoons. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 2: "Goodnight Vienna" (1932; Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle and Jack Buchanan. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 5: "Wedding Rehearsal" (1932; Alexander Korda), with Roland Young, John Loder, and Maurice Evans.

theatre 2: Dec. 12 at 3 and 6:30: "The Garden of Eden" (1984; Lawrence R. Hott and Roger Sherman); and "Hopi: Songs of the Fourth World" (1984; Pat Ferrero). . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 3: "Tears in Florence" (1984; Marianne Klara; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 6: "Melek Leaves" (1985; Jeanine Meerapfel), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 2:30: "Grünstein's Clever Move" (1984; Bernhard Wicki; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 5:30: "Wodzeck" (1984; Oliver Herbrich; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 2:30: "China—The Arts, The Everyday" (1985; Ulrike Ottinger), a four-and-a-half-hour documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 3: "The Basis of Make-Up" (1985; Heinz Emigholz; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 6:30: A program of films by Henry Hills, who will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 3 and 6:30: "Ana-Ta-Han" (1953; Josef von Sternberg; in Japanese, with English narration spoken by von Sternberg). . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 3 and 6:30: "One Man's Fight for Life" (1984; Michael Scott and Robert Niemac), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 3: "Death Jumper" (1984; Benno Trautmann; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 6:30: "Grünstein's Clever Move." . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 2:30: "Death Jumper." . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 5:30: "Origins of the Night" (1978; Lothar Baumgarten).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Dec. 15, three film sculptures by Deborah Whitman—"A Cloud Is on Top of the Box of Doors" (1982), "A Staircase with a Tree at the End" (1983), and "The Upper Room" (1984). Continuous showings Wednesday through Saturday, 11 to 5, and Sunday, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

Beacon Theatre, B'way at 74th St. (787-1477)—"King of Kings" (1927; Cecil B. De Mille), a silent film, with H. B. Warner. (Dec. 16 at 2 and 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

After Hours—Martin Scorsese directed, and his work here is livelier and more companionable than it has been in recent years. But this skittish paranoid fantasy is just a classroom exercise of a movie: elegant, crisp, and flashy. Griffin Dunne plays a young word-processor operator in midtown New York, who goes down to SoHo for a date and finds himself trapped in a nightmare world, where he has to contend with one flaky, threatening woman after another: Rosanna Arquette, Linda Fiorentino, Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, and Verna Bloom. With John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Dick Miller, and Bronson Pinchot. Script by Joseph Minion. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/23/85.) (Film Forum. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; Dec. 13-19.)

Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging screwball comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (7/29/85) (Movieland. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; through Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Dec. 20.)

The Corn Is Green (1945)—Bette Davis was only thirty-six when she played Miss Moffat, the aging spinster schoolteacher of Emlyn Williams' play. (Ethel Barrymore had done it on the stage here, Sybil Thorndike in England.) Lacking the moral authority and the solidity of age, Davis substituted an air of pedantic refinement that is too thin-spirited for the material. But the film lingers in the memory anyway. It's on the side of all our angels—education, liberalism, generosity of spirit—and in an emotionally affecting way. Miss Moffat, an Englishwoman, comes to teach school in an illiterate Welsh mining town in 1890, and discovers that one of her students, a young miner (John Dall), has unusual promise—genius, perhaps. It's a shame that the miner is importuned to become the savior of his country; it's also very apparent that Hollywood isn't Wales. But the director, Irving Rapper, rose to the occasion, and the supporting players—Joan Lorring, Rosalind Ivan, Rhys Williams, Nigel Bruce, Mildred Dunnock—have stronger personalities than in most Davis films. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 17.)

Dance with a Stranger—Set in London in 1954 and 1955, and featuring Miranda Richardson as Ruth Ellis, the demi-prostitute who put a few slugs in her weakling young lover (played by Rupert Everett) and was the last woman in England to be sent to the gallows, this English film might be described as kitchen-sink *film noir*. The director, Mike Newell, doesn't give you a minute's relief. The picture is all style—style used to show us the shabbiness of the characters' lives and how they're all trapped, doing what's inevitable. With Ian Holm. (8/26/85) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 13.)

David Copperfield (1935)—Misplaced homage to Dickens by Hollywood, with Freddie Bartholomew's child-star classiness serving for Copperfield as a boy, and W. C. Fields squeezing himself into Mr. Micawber as if into a promise of teetotalism. Edna May Oliver is pretty good as Aunt Betsy; so is Basil Rathbone as Mr. Murdstone. It being 1935, and this being an M-G-M production, nobody quite managed to get Roland Young to keep the charm out of Uriah Heep. (Regency; Dec. 17-18.)

Eleni—This epic-scaled film, based on the Nicholas Gage book and directed by Peter Yates, tells the story of how Nick, who left Greece as a child in 1948, went back thirty-odd years later to track down the men who had killed his mother. A peasant in a remote mountain village, she was executed by the Communist guerrilla army; her crime was that she defied the order to turn over her children (who were to be sent to neighboring Communist countries), and packed them off at night to start the journey to America. The disastrous script, by Steve Tesich, turns the story into a piece of anti-Communist, promotherhood poster art; Eleni (Kate Nelligan), who dies with her fists flung up high as she cries out in exaltation, "My children!," is the answer to the Reds. And though the constant cutting between what happened in the forties and what happens in the eighties, as Nick (John Malkovich) puts the facts together, is meant to build suspense, it does just the opposite; it dissipates whatever momentum develops. The two starring roles seem virtually unplayable (Malkovich is like a wraith wandering through the picture); cast as Communist vipers, Oliver Cotton and Ronald Pickup give off the only energy. With Linda Hunt; cinematography by Billy Williams. (12/2/85) (Cinema I; through Dec. 19.)

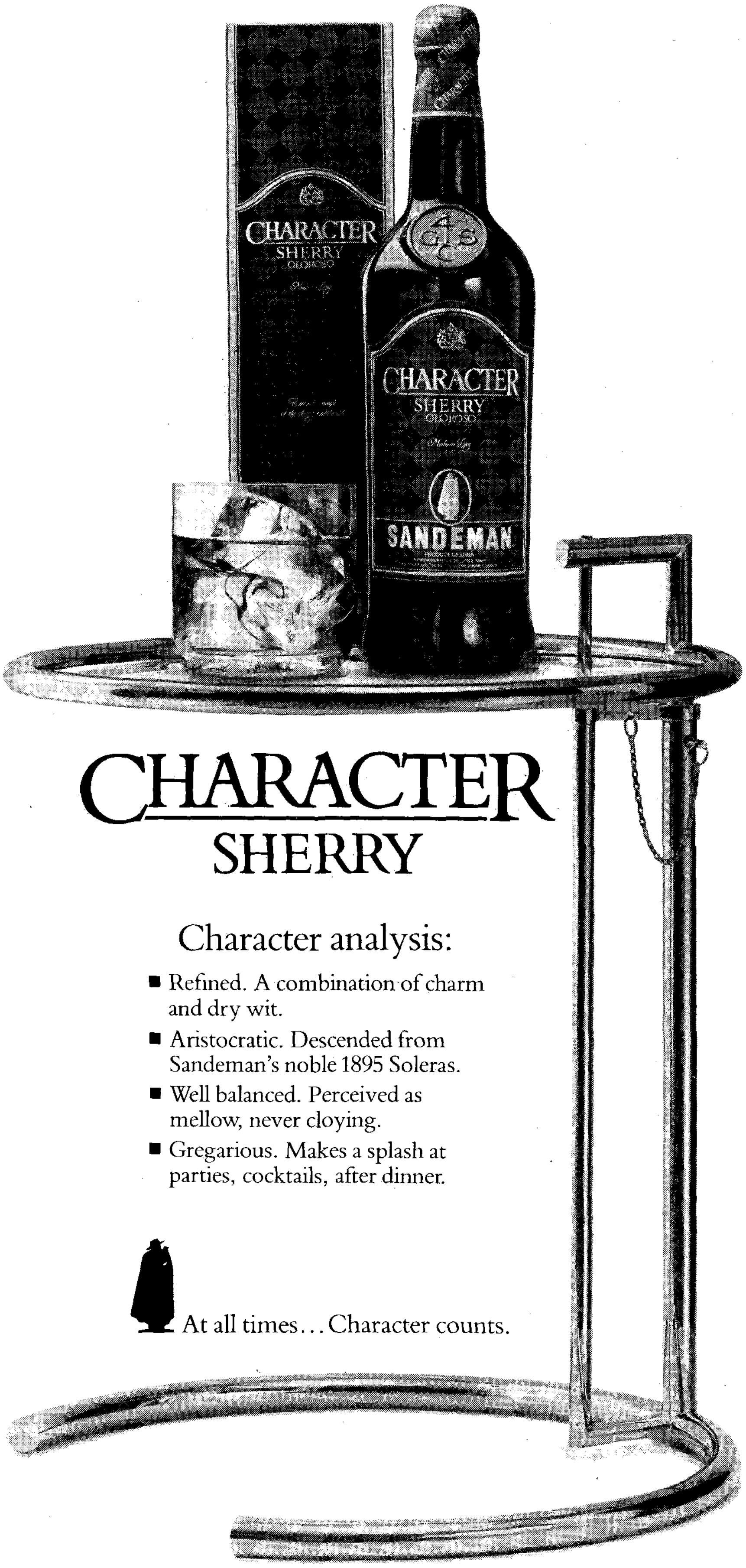
101 Dalmatians (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Guild, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1; starting Dec. 20.)

Jagged Edge—This thriller doesn't offer the pleasures of style, but it does the job. Jeff Bridges plays the San Francisco newspaper publisher-editor who is tried for the murder of his rich wife, who owned the paper; Peter Coyote is the D.A. prosecuting him; and Glenn Close is the radiantly blond woman lawyer who defends him, and falls in love with him. Working from a script by Joe Eszterhas that's smart, pared down, and efficient, the director, Richard Marquand, sets up the situations and delivers the payoffs; he doesn't show much in the way of imagination or devotion to craft, but he gets distinctively pungent performances. With Robert Loggia, Leigh Taylor-Young, Marshall Colt, and Karen Austin. (11/4/85) (New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and 23rd St. West Triplex; through Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Festival, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia Quad; starting Dec. 13.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, and Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; through Dec. 17.)

The Nutty Professor (1963)—Jerry Lewis in a Jekyll-and-Hyde story that provides him with one of the best gimmicks of his career: as Julius Kelp, he's a shy, clumsy chemistry professor, a simp with specs and rabbity teeth, but when he drinks his formula he turns into a brash, domineering hipster singer named Buddy Love—i.e., a cartoon of Dean Martin. Working within this format, he has some scenes that can hold their own with the classic silent comedies. The picture is very erratic, and it's too long and repetitive; Lewis, who also directed and wrote the script (with Bill Richmond), has always had trouble knowing when to drop something. But he had the good taste to cast Stella Stevens as the heroine; with her just faintly infantile sexiness, she's a remarkably curvy and pert straight woman. Lewis plays the hapless Julius for childlike pathos, and Buddy for hollow-man Las Vegas loathsomeness; yet in his TV appearances in the years that followed he moved ever closer to Buddy Love—even down to singing loudly and off key, and being aggressively maudlin as he milks the audience for approval. With Kathleen Freeman, Howard Morris, Henry Gibson, and Les Brown and his band. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 19.)

Oliver! (1968)—On the stage, "Oliver!" was an undistinguished musical that people took their children to, dutifully; it was an English variant of Broadway Americana. The movie transforms the material; it's not only a musical entertainment but an imaginative version of the novel as a lyrical, macabre fable. The tone is set in the opening sequence, in the children's workhouse, when Oliver's "Please, sir, I want some more" leads into a choreographed children's riot. The stylization seems to put quotation marks around everything Dickensian, in a way that makes you



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more aware of the qualities of Dickens' art. It's as if the movie set out to be a tribute to Dickens and a comment on his melodramatic art as well as to tell the story of Oliver Twist. The songs (by Lionel Bart) provide the distancing that enables us to appreciate Dickens' pathos intellectually, and the director, Carol Reed, gives a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship; he doesn't urge us to tears—he leaves us our pride. Typically, the best moment is a quiet one. Oliver (Mark Lester), who has been listening to "Who Will Buy?," the lovely early-morning song of the tradespeople in Bloomsbury, walks along singing a few bars to himself, and it is probably the most delicately beautiful reprise in movie-musical history. The score isn't great, but it's certainly well sung. With Ron Moody as Fagin; Harry Secombe as Mr. Bumble; Shani Wallis as Nancy; Oliver Reed, *who finds the right outlet for his peculiar* talents as Bill Sikes; and Jack Wild as the Artful Dodger. The musical sequences were choreographed by Onna White; the cinematography is by Oswald Morris; the set designs are by John Box; the screenplay is by Vernon Harris. (Regency; Dec. 15-16.)

The Phantom of the Opera (1925)—If you're at the opera and see someone looking up furtively at the chandelier with a faint shudder, you can be fairly sure he has seen this tacky yet unforgettable piece of Guignol claptrap—or, at least, one of the remakes of it. The story is from a French penny dreadful; the first half is a botch and dreary, but then the mixture of the morbid, the gaudy, the ornate, and the rotted becomes scary and, in a way that may be peculiar to movies, *thrilling*. Lon Chaney is the diabolical genius, Erik, who lives in the dripping cellars of the Paris opera house; hypnotically, he lures the young singer he loves (Mary Philbin) into his bedroom in the sewers and shows her his coffin bed. Norman Kerry is the blundering, deadhead hero, Arthur Edmund Carewe is the Persian, and Snitz Edwards, John Miljan, and Gibson Gowland are in the cast. The director was Rupert Julian, but things were not going well, and Edward Sedgwick was brought in to finish the film; Chaney himself directed some of his own sequences. (He must have cut quite a figure on the set, giving orders to the crew while in his grisly, cadaverous makeup.) (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 15.)

Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (Cinema Village; Dec. 15.)

The Rose Tattoo (1955)—Tennessee Williams' Serafina (Anna Magnani) is a Sicilian-American widow still in love with the fantasy of her dead husband's perfection—a woman cut off from the life around her because nothing is as good as that dream (and, from the way it looks, the squalid Gulf Coast town around her isn't up to anybody's dream). Magnani's virtuoso display of vitality makes it almost frighteningly clear that her husband's perfection was his sexual potency. The weakness of the material is that the reduction of all human needs to sex is handled only semicomically. Burt Lancaster is rather embarrassing as Serafina's not-too-smart suitor, *though he has a funny scene when he chases a* goat. Magnani won an Academy Award for her performance; Tennessee Williams reputedly wrote the role for her, though Maureen Stapleton played it on Broadway. Directed by Daniel Mann, the picture comes across as a rather foolish, good-hearted romp; with Jo Van Fleet, Marisa Pavan, Ben Cooper, and Virginia Grey. James Wong Howe also won an Academy Award, for cinematography. (Thalia; Dec. 20.)

Scrooge (1970)—Innocuous musical version of "A Christmas Carol," starring Albert Finney looking glum. The Leslie Bricusse music is so forgettable that your mind flushes it away *while you're hearing it*. Ronald Neame directed. (Regency; Dec. 19-20.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). One of Bergman's greatest films, this is one of the least known. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 16.)

Stage Door Canteen (1943)—Patriotism, entertainment, and romance mix badly in this celebration of the Forty-fourth Street canteen run for servicemen by stage folk during the Second World War; many famous performers make fools of themselves, and six bands provide the music—those of Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Xavier Cugat, Kay Kyser, Freddy Martin, and Guy Lombardo. When this movie first came out, James Agee said that it was a gold mine for those who were willing to go to it in the wrong spirit. It's depressing, though. Frank Borzage directed; the horribly elaborate narrative by Delmer Daves is about a group of soldiers (Lon McCallister is among them) about to be sent overseas. They go to the canteen on their last night of leave in New York and fall in love with hostesses there. When the embarkation is postponed, they go back for another night, and then a third; by the time their farewells are final, the audience's tears could float them to the war zone. Katharine Cornell, Katharine Hepburn, and Paul Muni fare a shade worse than most of the other fifty-odd famous performers; Ray Bolger, and Ed Wynn come off rather better. Some other breaks: Ethel Waters sings "Quicksand" with the Basie orchestra, and Peggy Lee sings "Why Don't You Do Right?" with the Goodman band. With Cheryl Walker and William Terry as the young lovers. (Thalia; Dec. 16.)

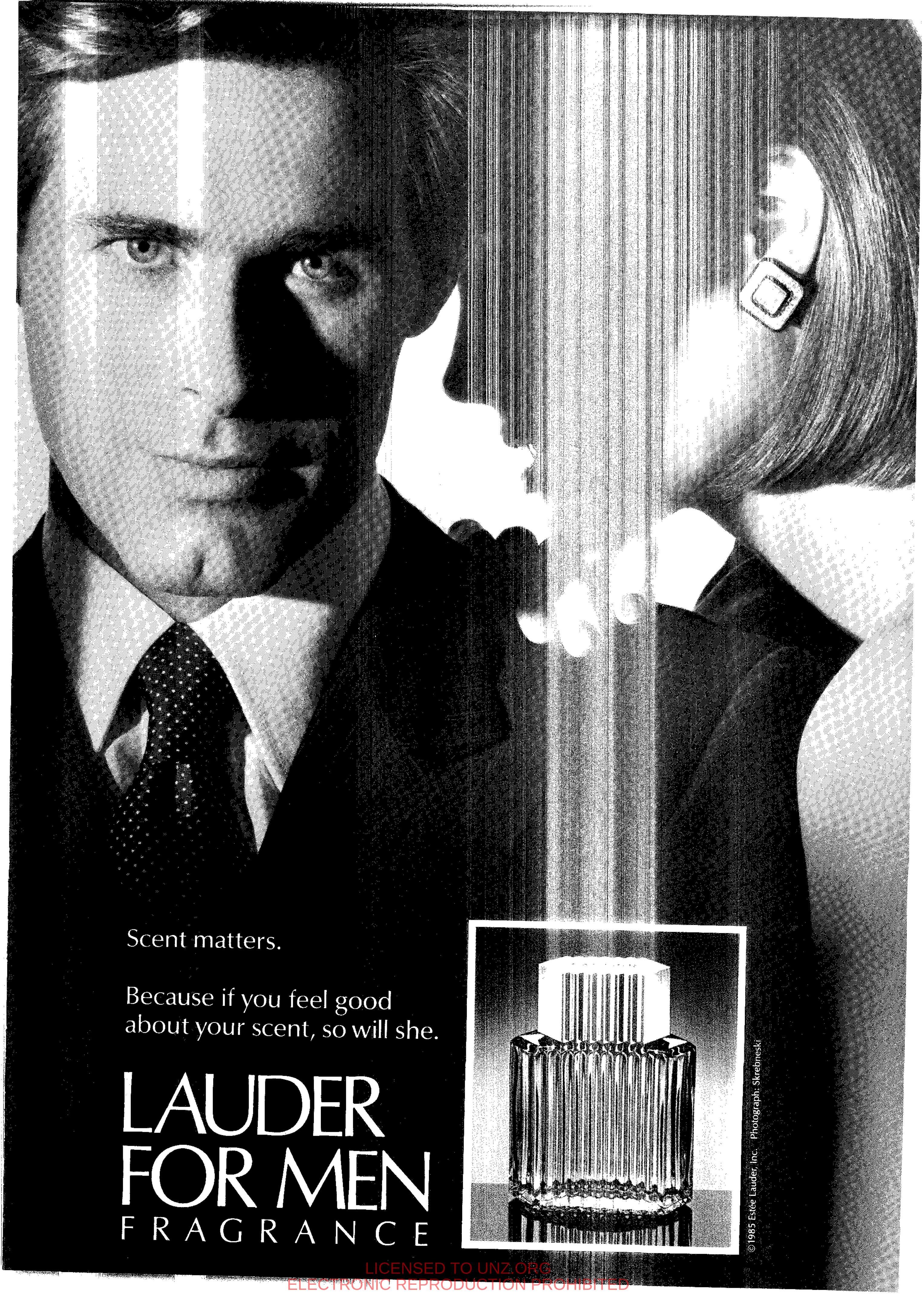
Sweet Dreams—As the pop-and-country singer Patsy Cline, Jessica Lange has a raw physicality that's challenging and heroic. The singing voice that comes out of her is from the vocal tracks of recordings that Patsy Cline made between 1960 and 1963, and Lange's body lives up to the sound. The weakness of this kind of bio-pic is that once it's on the rails you can see where it's heading, and the basic story seems banal, but, scene by scene, the script, by Robert Getchell, has a funny, edgy spontaneity, a tang. And the director, Karel Reisz, doesn't step back from Patsy; she's taken on her own terms. As Patsy's husband, Ed Harris brings the role a tragic, pitiable sweetness. With Ann Wedgeworth as Patsy's mother. People cry at this movie though it isn't sentimental—it's an honest tearjerker. (10/21/85) (Festival; through Dec. 12.)

Target—Gene Hackman plays a quiet fellow who runs a lumberyard in Dallas; his son (Matt Dillon), who doesn't get along with the old man, thinks he's a fud—that he never had the nerve to go anywhere or do anything. It's not until the boy's mother (Gayle Hunnicutt) is kidnapped while she's on a Paris vacation and the father and son are in Europe looking for her that the boy discovers his father is a whirlwind—a tough former C.I.A. agent who had to be relocated in order to protect the family. By that time the picture, which started out as if it were going to be about a father-son relationship, is all spies, shootings, corpses, and stupidly spectacular car chases. (It takes a lot of killing to make the son respect his dad.) The whole idea is pretty bad, and Arthur Penn, who directed, keeps going off key. Many of the scenes, especially Dillon's and Hunnicutt's, are so maladroitly staged that you find yourself staring at them blankly. (Dillon comes across as a callow loudmouth.) With Victoria Fyodorova, Josef Sommer, Ilona Grubel, Herbert Berghof, and Guy Boyd (who's amusing as a crude C.I.A. man). The screenplay is by Howard Berk and Don Petersen. (12/2/85) (23rd St. West Triplex; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Dec. 13.)

Twice in a Lifetime—This miracle of psychobanality presents the basic story of a long-married middle-aged man (Gene Hackman, as a Seattle steelworker) who experiences a renewal of vitality when he has an affair with a younger woman (Ann-Margret), but the story is now so dressed up in the language of self-help books that the man is a life-affirming force—and not only for himself but also for his wife of thirty years (Ellen Burstyn), whom he leaves. The movie could be every errant husband's self-justifying fantasy. (And the way Burstyn overacts a man would have *to be a saint to have stayed with her so long*.) Directed by Bud Yorkin, from a script by Colin Welland, it's like a sermon on the therapeutic value of adultery, divorce, and remarriage, given by a minister who learned all he knows from watching TV. As Hackman's intensely angry daughter, Amy Madigan brings a spark of fierceness to her performance, and a comic flair. Also with Brian Dennehy and Ally Sheedy. (12/2/85) (Beekman; through Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Gemini; starting Dec. 18.)

White Nights—The magnificent Mikhail Baryshnikov plays a Russian ballet star who defected from the Soviet Union to the U.S. and is on his way to dance in Tokyo when his plane crash-lands in Siberia. The movie's central gimmick is that the ballet dancer is put in the care of a black American tap dancer (Gregory Hines, acting morose and embittered) who defected from the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War. The tap dancer is miserable, and now a K.G.B. colonel tells him that if he can't convince the ballet star to renounce the U.S. and perform in just a few days at a Kirov gala, he'll be sent to work in the mines. This cheap melodramatic plot is like a straitjacket that the director, Taylor Hackford, got into voluntarily and can't wriggle out of. It's often ludicrously bad, but there's enough footage of Baryshnikov to carry you past the embarrassments of the tacky script. With Isabella Rossellini, Jerzy Skolimowski, Geraldine Page, Helen Mirren, and John Glover. The script is credited to James Goldman and Eric Hughes. (11/18/85) (Baronet, and Ziegfeld.)

Wizards (1977)—A full-length animated cartoon by the unique Ralph Bakshi, of "Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic." This color film, graphically innovative, is a fable about a future world divided between the forces of a good brother and a bad. One misses Bakshi's former pungent sense of the crude beauty of Manhattan; instead, we see a master craftsman making cartoon armies rush around like charges of cavalry in "War and Peace." (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 21.)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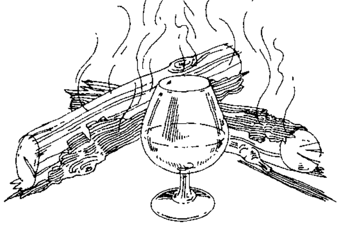

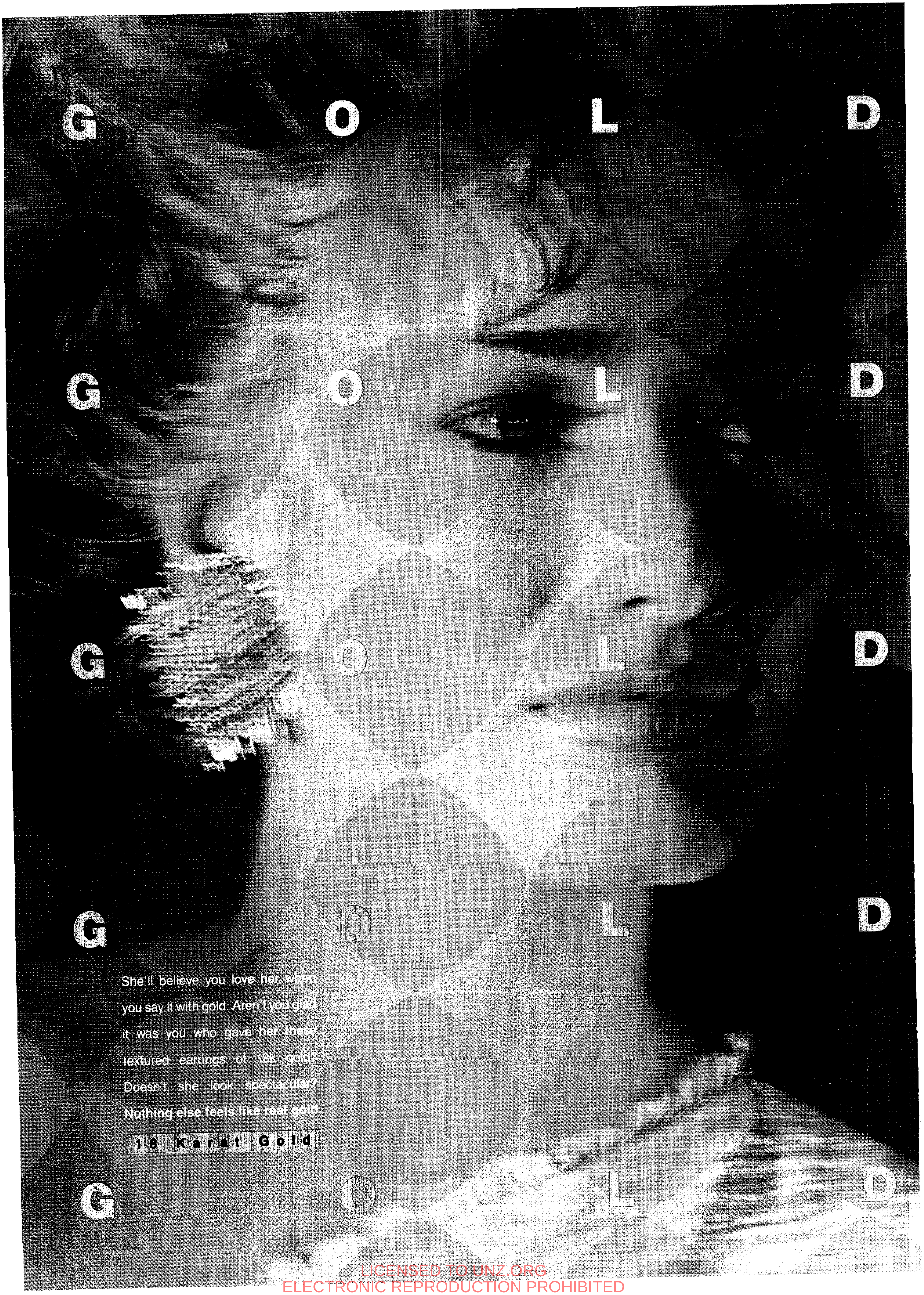
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE may be imagining things, but it seems to us that the building of a political career, together with the road to success in most other areas of life, has become simpler, clearer, and more direct than it used to be. For example, the leading politician of the last decade, Ronald Reagan, had a very long and complicated haul during his initiation years as a sportscaster, in the early thirties, and his developmental period in the movies, starting in 1937, when he appeared in "Love Is on the Air" and in "Submarine D-1." The following year, he had a gruelling training period in nine movies: "Sergeant Murphy," "Swing Your Lady," "Hollywood Hotel," "Accidents Will Happen," "Cowboy from Brooklyn," "Boy Meets Girl," "Girls on Probation," "Brother Rat," and "Going Places." He had an easier year in 1939, when he was in "Secret Service of the Air," "Dark Victory," "Code of the Secret Service," "Naughty but Nice," "Hell's Kitchen," "Angels Wash Their Faces," and "Smashing the Money Ring." The next year was even easier: "Brother Rat and a Baby," "An Angel from Texas," "Murder in the Air," "Knute Rockne—All American," "Tugboat Annie Sails Again," and "Santa Fe Trail." But he spent seven more years in training, in "The Bad Man," "Million Dollar Baby," "Nine Lives Are Not Enough," "International Squadron," "King's Row," "Juke Girl," "Desperate Journey," "This Is the Army," "Stallion Road," "That Hagen Girl," and "The Voice of the Turtle," and, in addition, produced Second World War training films as a captain in the United States Army Air Forces. He became president of the Screen Actors Guild in 1947, when he was thirty-six, and he stayed in that office for five years, during which time he played in twelve movies: "John Loves Mary," "Night Unto Night," "The Girl from Jones Beach," "It's a Great Feeling," "The Hasty Heart," "Louisa," "Storm Warning," "Bedtime for Bonzo," "The Last Outpost," "Hong Kong," "The Winning Team," and "She's Working Her Way Through College." From 1954 to 1962, he laid a solid foundation in communication via television, as host of the General Electric Theatre. In 1959, he put in yet another year of preparation for the No. 1 job, again as president of the Screen Actors Guild. There wasn't much left to learn from the movies. He was in only seven more: "Tropic Zone," "Law and Order," "Prisoner of War," "Cattle Queen of Montana," "Tennessee's Partner," "Hellcats of the Navy," and, finally, "The Killers," in 1964, when he surfaced noticeably as an active supporter of Barry Goldwater, the Republican candidate in that year's Presidential campaign. Two years later, he was elected governor of California, and he was really on his way.

In contrast to President Reagan's long, labyrinthine, and turbulent path to the White House, we now have Patty Duke, who became a stage star at the age of twelve, playing Helen Keller in "The Miracle Worker" in 1959. She played the role again in the movie version, three years later, and for her work in the film she immediately won an Academy Award as best supporting actress (President Reagan never won an Academy Award)—and there she was, the youngest actor *ever* to have won an Academy Award. In the nineteen-sixties, she was very popular on television for many seasons in "The Patty Duke Show," and here, too, she accomplished a political maneuver that President Reagan, in all his eight years with the General Electric Theatre on television, never brought off. His name never got that kind of visibility; the program was never called "The Ronald Reagan Show." To date, Patty Duke has appeared in only nine movies besides "The Miracle Worker": "The Goddess," "Happy Anniversary," "Billie," "Valley of the Dolls," "Me Natalie," "My Sweet Charlie," "You'll Like My Mother," "The Swarm," and "By Design." When she married the actor John Astin, in 1972, she became just as well known to the public as Patty Duke Astin. In fact, she became better known, because under that name she appeared in a dozen or so television dramas, at least one of which put her on the threshold of the television White House, in the role of Martha Washington, in the miniseries "George Washington." (She was even part of television's Valley Forge.) Again, she achieved something never gained by Ronald Reagan, either in his movies or on the General Electric Theatre: he had to wait until he got a chance at the real thing. Then, last spring, Patty Duke Astin was right inside the television White House, in the role of *the first woman President of the United States*, in a half-hour comedy series called "Hail to the Chief." And she was back to being known as Patty Duke, perhaps because the producers deemed it wise to corral the largest possible number of fans of the old "Patty Duke Show." As President Julia Mansfield in "Hail to the Chief," she has trouble with her husband, who complains about her long hours; she has trouble with a crazy Army major, who is about to activate a nuclear strike; she has trouble with an Army general, who believes that his daughter has been made pregnant by the President's national-security adviser; she has trouble with a crazy preacher, who tells the twelve most influential men in the United States that she was put in the White House by Satan; she has trouble with her national-security adviser, who tries to postpone SALT III talks because his pregnant girlfriend wants him to take her to her prom; she has trouble with a hostile country over a U.S.O. plane grounded there; she has trouble with a Secret Service man's instructions on how to throw out the first baseball at a season's opener; and she has trouble with the K.G.B., which is trying to get her husband to work for it. That kind of concentrated experience in one television season—cutting down considerably on on-the-job training—President Reagan never even got close to. Now, at the age of thirty-eight, Patty Duke has just been elected president of the Screen Actors Guild. She's right on course, and the course is getting simpler by the day.

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Anniversary

THE last time we checked on Children's Express, the group of eight-to-thirteen-year-old reporters who can be seen at major political events sporting bright-yellow T-shirts with red letters, was in 1976, at Madison Square Garden during the Democratic Convention. On that occasion, one of the reporters had managed to scoop the rest of the press with the news that Mondale was to be the Vice-Presidential candidate. Hearing that Children's Express was about to celebrate its tenth anniversary with a symposium on children's issues and the media at the New York Hilton, we decided to pay the current reporters a visit on a recent Saturday morning, when they were holed up on the fifth floor of 19 University Place, in a New York University conference room, in intense preparation for taking part in panels on youth culture, child care, health and hunger, and juvenile justice. About forty children, between nine and sixteen years old (once you turn fourteen, and start worrying about peer pressure and what questions not to ask, you're made an editor), lined the conference table. Rebecca Walkowitz, the senior editor—who wore jeans and a white sweater, and a blue scarf around her neck—was briefing her reporters and editors on how to address the adult participants: a punk musician, a welfare mother, a probate-court judge, free-lance journalists, editors, and others. Her strategy was low-key Socratic. "Ask, 'When you read a newspaper article, do you believe it? Do you trust it to be true?' " she suggested. "Adam, do you have your tea? One of our chief hearings people has laryngitis."

Adam—wearing a red M.I.T. sweatshirt and jeans—held up a cup, and kept quiet.

A teen-age girl raised her hand and offered her thoughts on what she'd like to tell an adult editor about covering children's issues: "We don't want a Dear Abby. So you're having problems with your boyfriend. Who cares? You have to solve it yourself. And no kids' crossword puzzles."

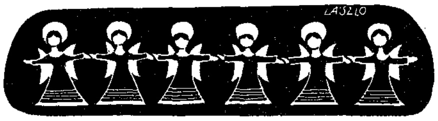
The meeting broke up for lunch, with the reporters and editors told to go out in groups. (Some of the reporters were from Children's Express bureaus in Salem, Newark, and San Francisco.) Good-natured angling for position and heated discussions about where to go followed. Rebecca, staying behind, filled us in on some background details. Children's Express started out in 1975 as a magazine, "by children, for children," and is now a news service, "by children, for everybody," that goes out over U.P.I. "We were just a fluffy kids' magazine, interested in clowns and stuff like that, but now we're more serious, journalistically," Linda Holmes, an assistant editor, told us.

David Katz, a lanky thirteen-year-old, returned, sat down next to us, and slung his feet up on a chair. "I got to go to Washington for the Inauguration," he told us. "We went to a big party the Young Republicans had; there were a couple of interesting people there. And I really liked going to San Francisco for the 1984 Convention. I interviewed Henry Cisneros, David Hartman, Martha Layne Collins, and Charles Osgood. We go for substance, but we do flash, too. Somebody interviewed Mr. T once. Anyway, in San Francisco I was up all night trying to come up with good questions. I still don't think I've caught up on my sleep."

"It's been good—Children's Express changes you," said Paul Whitney, an eleven-year-old reporter with red hair, who was wearing jeans, a blue-and-green shirt, and black sneakers that were untied. "I interviewed Nancy Reagan. It was a funny experience to go to the White House and have an excuse to get away from school. I also went to the rock-culture hearings. I met Moon Unit and Dweezil Zappa, Frank's kids. They were nice. Once, at a party, we saw all these people—Bob Dole, Edwin Meese, Andy Rooney. We asked Dole about the hunger situation. He said that there really isn't starvation in America. I think it's kind of bad that he thinks that way."

We asked Paul if he was excited about the symposium coming up.

"Excited? Well, I don't really get *excited* excited. I get excited, but I don't really show it."

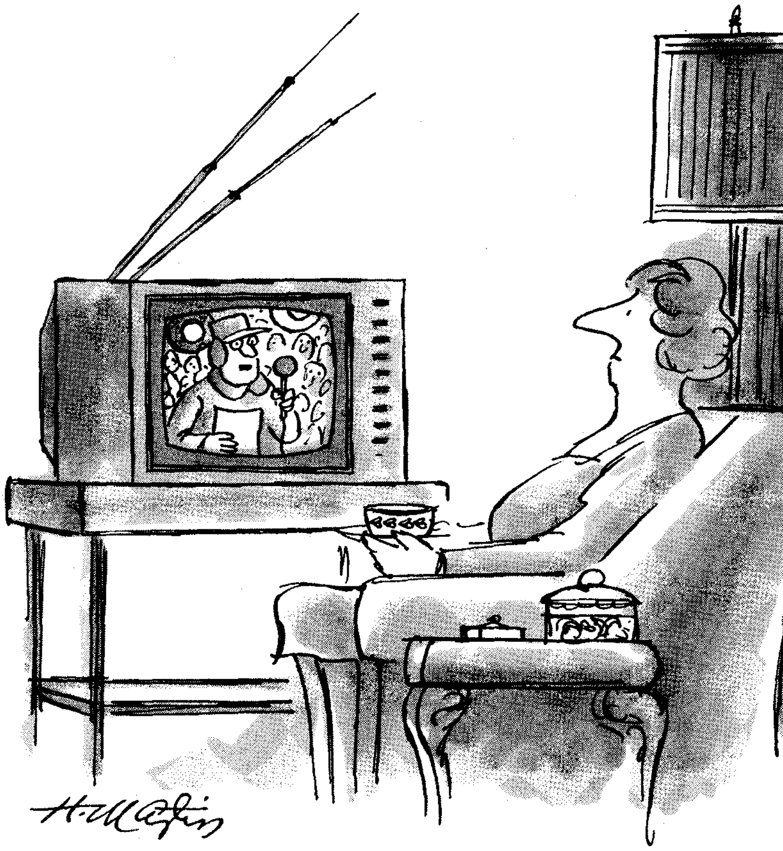


Miracle with Vampire

INERTIA being what it is, Marcy Benstock remains in motion.

Back in 1974, Marcy Benstock got in the habit of spending most of her waking hours fighting the highway-and-real-estate-development proposal called Westway. A couple of months ago, when Congress voted more than two to one to the effect that New York City and the world could do without a four- or six-billion-dollar four-mile roadway along the lower West Side of Manhattan, her fight was won. The other afternoon, as we rode the Lexington Avenue I.R.T. toward Marcy Benstock's office—the headquarters of the Clean Air Campaign, on Nassau Street, a place we visited at regular intervals during the Westway saga—it occurred to us that she probably had enough time these days to tidy up her workplace. This was a naïve thought. The horizontal surfaces that were formerly covered with stacks of manila file folders—which is to say, virtually all the horizontal surfaces—turned out to be still covered with stacks of manila file folders. Seated at a desk, and almost hidden by stacks of files and also by piles of press releases and environmental-impact statements and legal briefs and boxes of index cards, was Marcy Benstock. She is now forty-three, and she looks about the same as she did in 1974, when all this started—long brown hair, bangs, skeptical smile, contact-lenses squint, burgundy turtleneck, black wool skirt, high heels. "I can't wait to clean up my office," she said. "That's at the top of my list, right after taking a vacation." She will take a vacation, she added, right after she sees to it that a billion seven hundred million dollars gets properly spent.

Five minutes later, Marcy Benstock was out the door. As we rode down in the elevator with her and headed back toward the I.R.T., she recited a status report: Several days after Congress voted to withhold the funds needed to build two hundred and forty-two acres of landfill in the Hudson River—an integral element of the Westway design—Mayor Koch and Governor Cuomo reluctantly decided to "trade in" the federal money that would have gone to Westway. Instead of four or six billion dollars for a new highway, New York City will now receive a billion seven hundred million dollars to finance improvements to mass transit and existing highways. This money will become available over a six-year period, and the first installment—a hundred and forty-nine million dollars—will soon be received. The question that now concerns Marcy Benstock is how to spend, and how not to spend, the trade-in money.



"And now the Christmas shoppers' traffic update: Macy's—packed like sardines. Bloomie's—jammed to the gills. Saks—stuffed like olives. Altman's—wall-to-wall shoppers. Conran's—packed to the rafters. Bergdorf's . . ."

• •

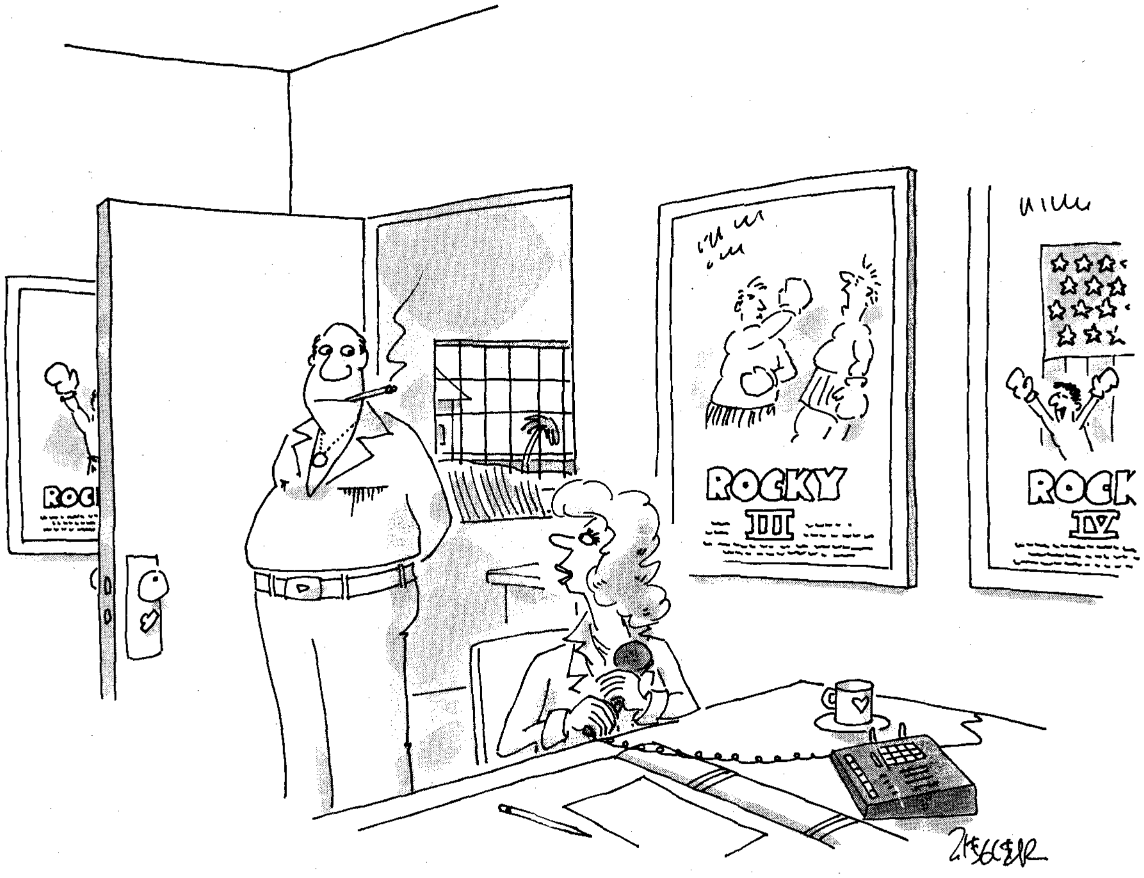
"The biggest threat in the use of the trade-in funds is that much too much will go for highway construction instead of to mass transit, where the money is needed most," she said. We had boarded an uptown Lexington local. "The word that comes up most often when people talk about the defeat of Westway is 'miracle.' The word that comes up when I tell people there's an attempt to resurrect Westway is 'vampire.' Why 'vampire'? Because it refuses to be killed. It just keeps coming back to suck your blood. Governor Cuomo wants to use fifty million dollars of the current trade-in funds to pay engineers to design an eight-hundred-million-dollar road in the same spot that Westway would have occupied. We'll get off at Sixty-eighth Street, and I'll show you a different way to spend the money."

A half-million dollars has been spent to renovate the Sixty-eighth Street I.R.T. station. No one would mistake it for the Louvre stop on the Paris Métro, but it is now fit for human beings. The platform walls have been painted gray, with a broad red horizontal stripe, and matching red-and-gray tiles cover the wall upstairs at the turnstile level. The half-million dollars has provided the off-hours waiting area with picture windows (so it now offers a dramatic and sound-insulated view of trains arriving and departing), low round wooden benches, round brushed-aluminum-clad columns, an electronic ticker tape that transmits safety warnings and train information, subway and bus maps on the walls, and a low gray metal ceiling on which new fluorescent light fixtures have been mounted. Some Hunter College students were hanging out in the waiting area, as if it were a dormitory lounge.

"For the fifty million dollars that the Cuomo Administration wants to spend designing an eight-hundred-million-dollar road, you could renovate a hundred subway stations," Marcy Benstock said. "Almost three and a half million people use the subways every day. For slightly more than fifty million dollars, you could build an entire road—six or eight lanes—from the Battery to Forty-second Street. Or let's throw in another fifty million and extend the road to Fifty-ninth Street and add bicycle paths, promenades, and strip parks along the route. A hundred million dollars will accomplish all that."

Ascending to street level, she said, "Let's see how the traffic is moving on Lexington Avenue." She walked down Lexington—moving slower than the vehicular traffic but not much slower. At Fifty-ninth Street, she turned left and saw what she was looking for: an air-pollution monitor. Hanging from the marquee above the entrance to Alexander's was a C-shaped clear-plastic hose; an aluminum strap held it in place. "Oh, that's great!" Marcy Benstock said, in a buoyant tone, as if she had spied the first tulips of spring. With a tiny camera, she stood near the curb and started snapping pictures of the plastic hose. Behind her, traffic inched toward the Queensboro Bridge. "This monitor is consistently recording readings in excess of minimum standards for healthful air, even though it's eight feet off the ground," she said. "But that sort of abuse gets tolerated, because, for most people, no matter how awful it is to drive, taking the subway is worse. The single most important thing that Koch and Cuomo could do would be to improve the mass-transit system so that people would get out of their cars and back on the trains. Traffic congestion does more to drive business out of New York City than anything else. And, compared with the other problems that the city has, it's the easiest to fix."

Now it was back to the I.R.T.—a fifteen-minute ride downtown, to Ful-



"It's Mr. Stallone. He says he has another idea for a movie."

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ton Street. Along the way, Marcy Benstock said, "One thing that disturbs me is that neither the Governor nor the Mayor nor the other officials who supported Westway have shown any sign of understanding why it was opposed. There's a fiction that Westway was defeated by a bunch of naysayers and jealous New Jersey congressmen who were out to bash New York. That's absurd, and ignores the chief reason people opposed Westway: a profound revulsion against wasteful spending and an equally profound desire to protect the environment. Westway was defeated by a coalition of environmental groups, fiscal conservatives, and transit advocates."

Emerging from the subway, we walked east on John Street with Marcy Benstock—past a unicyclist, past a newspaper seller, through a narrow canyon toward the East River. "The best thing that could happen to the financial district would be to improve mass transit—not Westway and a tunnel to nowhere," she said.

When we mentioned that the phrase "tunnel to nowhere" had the ring of familiar old anti-Westway rhetoric, she said, "The phrase is still applicable—that's what I mean about the Governor and the Mayor not understanding why people opposed Westway. Some of the Governor's people want to spend all the trade-in money on highway projects. At the moment, only three hundred and forty-five million of the total package has been designated directly for mass transit. The people who supported Westway continue to say exactly the same things and to harp on some of the same utterly preposterous claims. An effort is under way in the state legislature right now to reassemble the components of Westway without calling it Westway. There are constituencies that still want both the landfill and a phenomenally expensive and disruptive highway—both of which would take away money from mass transit and other critical city needs."

The route along John Street led to Pier 17—part of the South Street Seaport development—and as we approached the end of the pier the ripe odors of the fish market gave way to the cool gray smell of the harbor. Marcy Benstock had not come here to admire the views of the Brooklyn Bridge or the Seaport's excursion boats or the handsome cantilevered dockside restaurant. Instead, she focussed her camera on the neat herringbone pattern of the pier's new wooden surface. "I just wanted to show you what a replanking looks like," she said. "I think it looks very nice."

Clockwise around the tip of Manhattan now, on the way to the Hudson River; Marcy Benstock talked the whole way. As we walked along the northern edge of Battery Park, she said, "The point I'm trying to make is that the West Side waterfront could look beautiful and could be an exciting place to be—within a year—if Governor Cuomo would just scotch the proposals for tearing down piers and filling in the waterfront. If modest and inexpensive steps are taken, it can be usable within a year." Passing an indoor-tennis bubble, she said, "You could have tennis bubbles on the piers right now."

At Battery Park City, which is still under construction, she guided us through a maze of new and unfamiliar streets that terminated at a waterfront plaza. Imagining the bicycle paths that she would like to see built the length of the lower West Side, she paced off the width of the plaza's paved promenade: forty feet. The promenade ran parallel to the river and offered a broad view of the harbor, fresh landscaping, and rows of new benches. A chill wind blew, and the sun was setting over Hoboken. We saw no people on the promenade. Then a four-wheel-drive station wagon pulled up and a dark-haired man wearing a black wool suit and a pink shirt and a red paisley necktie got out. This was Meyer Frucher, the president of the Battery Park City Authority.

"Marcy! Welcome to Battery Park City!" Frucher said. "How do you like our park? It's a nice park, right?"

She laughed and agreed.

For several minutes, they discussed the shape that a new road along the West Side might take, and Frucher tried to explain how it would make good economic sense to build landfill in the Hudson River. Marcy Benstock wasn't buying much of that.

"Well, enjoy the park," he said, at last. "It's built on a landfill, and the fish in the river love it. They're swimming around down there. They're spawning like crazy. We have films—X-rated."

"No!" she said, laughing. "No, no!"

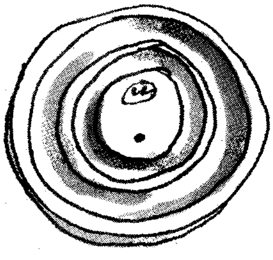
Now we walked north, toward the Purple Barge, a floating art gallery whose address is a pier at the foot of North Moore Street. For ten minutes, we stared into the headlights of cars on their way to the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel, we attempted grands jetés across old puddles, we got wet and muddy anyway, and we listened to Marcy Benstock explain what was wrong with the idea of a Hudson River landfill. She talked about urban-development priorities, about the aquatic life in the river, and about flood control, and as we stepped onto the North Moore Street pier she said, "Shall I tell you Reason No. 2 that the landfill is a bad idea?"

We said we thought we'd just heard an encyclopedia.

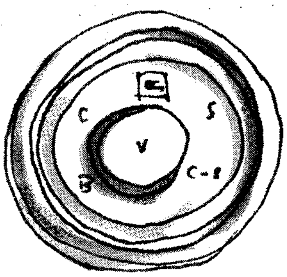
Marcy Benstock said, "Are you kidding? I haven't even begun."

Lids

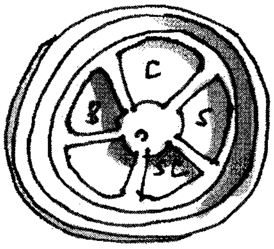
ONE of the most vexing challenges to man's ingenuity over the centuries has been the problem of how to transport hot coffee from the place where man obtains it to the place where man intends to drink it. Despite the introduction of plastic, paper, and plastic-foam cups and accompanying lids, a variety of difficulties persist, ranging from seepage, digital scald, abrupt undulation, vibratory slosh, and toppling to premature cooling, garment-sop, and costly beverage-loss. Then, after the coffee has arrived safely and is in situ, new dangers appear. Few, if any, business executives have not at one time or another experienced serious desk-flood, and the concomitant erasure of vital documents. Some coffee experts—admittedly gloomy in outlook—feel that man is in a race against time, and predict that spillage may shortly outpace production. Responding to these needs, industrial designers have shifted into high gear to upgrade state of the art in coffee to go. Results of what is known in R. & D. as Lid Wars can be obtained around New York from coffee shops, street venders, and fast-food outlets:



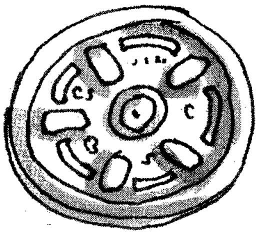
Illus. A



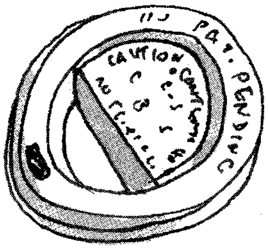
Illus. B



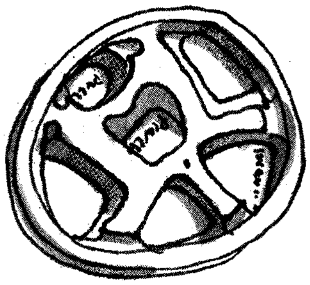
Illus. C



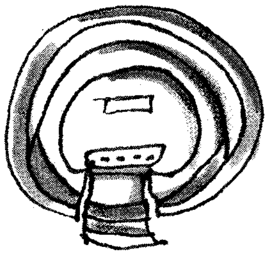
Illus. D



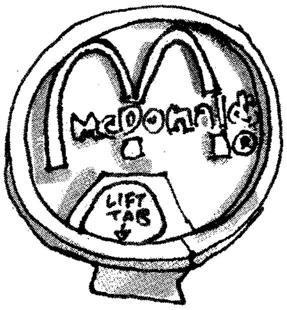
Illus. E



Illus. F

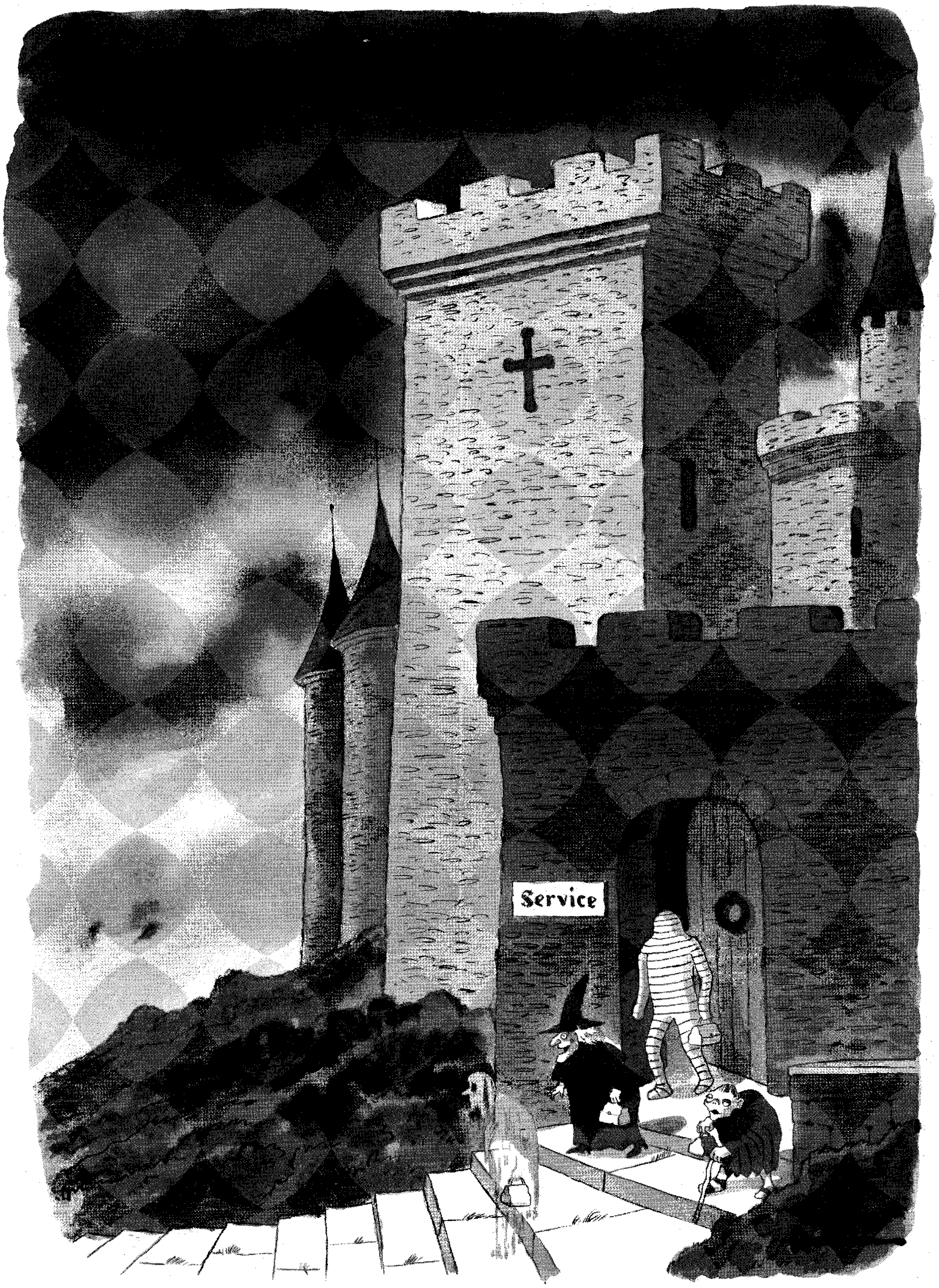


Illus. G



Illus. H

The Castle (*Illus. A*), offering dual moats around a central plateau, is similar in concept to the Saracen Shield (*Illus. B*), which has only one moat but features the secret coffee code (C, S, B, etc.). The Ben-Hur (*Illus. C*) is a sturdy chariot-wheel design, while the Con Edison (*Illus. D*) derives from local manhole covers. The Fortified Pat. Pending (*Illus. E*) is a nearly indestructible top based on medieval defenses—there is a sloping escarpment within circular ramparts—and has an aperture for drinking the contents without removing the lid. In addition, it displays the message "CAUTION CONTENTS HOT." (Why this warning is necessary is unclear; perhaps it is for the benefit of the first-time coffee drinker, who may not know at what temperature the drink is customarily served.) The Gasket (*Illus. F*) is a sturdy hi-tech item and provides compartments labelled "PINCH" and "PULL" (to remove lid) and "SWEETHEART" (for some other reason). The Convertibles (*Illus. G* & *H*) offer tabs that can be lifted so that the coffee may be drunk with lid in place. (Lifting these tabs, however, requires the use of two hands, both of which may get wet in the process.) The McDonald's, incidentally, rates high in Inter-Office Discus: during recent hallway testing, the ultra-light McD. scored an impressive twenty-three feet three inches without a tail wind.


Service

ONE ROUND IN THE LIFE OF VITALY SERGEYEVICH YURCHENKO

In a Moscow press conference last week, Mr. Yurchenko revealed new details about his purported kidnapping by the C.I.A. Among other things, he charged that the agency had tried to conceal its tortures by forcing him to sunbathe and play golf so that he would appear healthy.—*The Times.*

AIEE, the sun, it burns all over me! I am as a boiling he-lobster! And this accursed beach blanket—I know intimately when I feel it the C.I.A. itching-powder trick, as I felt it in my bedclothing that time in Cairo! What is our spy dust to this fiendishness!

But I refuse their doctored Bain de Soleil. It requires no Lavrenty Beria to detect a C.I.A. medication for making smoke come out of the ears! Or—sniff again, Vitaly Sergeyevich—is this the drug that grows extra noses? Ech, that infernal sun, it melts the olfactory wits!

And this—this even more infernal Walkman they clamp over my ears! No, not yet again Waylon and Willie!

Pull yourself again into a single entity, Vitaly Sergeyevich. Think of something cold. A January morning in Moscow, that's the thing! In the Kitai-Gorod district, standing on the windy street, waiting there beside your inert little Pobeda sedan. The body temperature plunges at the memory! Dear little Pobeda, you inspire Vitaly Sergeyevich! The way you refused starting up that morning, and every other morning, regardless that I would be made late for important appointments at Dzerzhinski Square! Iron-willed daughter of the Gorky Works, I will resist them as you resisted me!

Hullo! They bid me follow them to that limousine. Very well, one can play this game, whatever it is, as well as two or more.

Go ahead, humor them, Vitaly Sergeyevich. Pull on the haberdashery the fat one hands to you, even if as crowded here in this rear seat as at the galosh counter of the GUM. Hoo! They could spy me ten kilometres off without binoculars in these turquoise-and-canary garments should I make a dash for it! But how to dash even to the nearest Aeroflot office, shod in these hobnailed oxfords?

They mutter among themselves of new C.I.A. plots. I can make out only names. Burning Tree. Winged Foot. Or is it Burning Foot and Winged Tree? This cigar, it addles the— But whoa, we suddenly stop.

Eh, where have I now been brought? Pushkin has written of just such a place as this: a huge dacha, an even more huge park. No, Vitaly Sergeyevich, no time now for homesick reverie. I am commanded to watch and follow, under pain of more beach-blanketing.

Unh! Hmpf! Accursed little spheroid, accursed clubbed stick! Perhaps in this fashion can I *dig* my way back to Mother Russia.

"Keep your eye on the ball, Vitaly Sergeyevich."

"Slow down your backswing, Vitaly Sergeyevich."

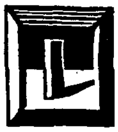
"Arms nice and close to the body, Vitaly Sergeyevich."

"Take a mulligan, Vitaly Sergeyevich."

But their verbal mind-paralysis techniques fail. *Whuck!* You have launched a gutta-percha sputnik, Vitaly Sergeyevich! Glory to Soviet sporting! But . . . it follows not a true trajectory but instead veers and crashes into the trees! It is blatant—the C.I.A. guides the ball by secret transmitter! Need I ask myself why? They plot to break down finally the morale of Vitaly Sergeyevich Yurchenko with the heartbreak of the hooked drive!

Slice, Vitaly Sergeyevich, slice! *Whock!* Again she hooks! "Interlocking grip," the fat one sneers. "Use an interlocking grip!" I should adore to use an interlocking grip on your chubby *windpipe*, C.I.A. man!

"Never up, never in, Vitaly Sergeyevich," a voice cautions —just as the temper-destroying medication slipped into my can of Fresca takes effect and my club suddenly, violently spirals skyward out of my hands.



Remain cool, Vitaly Sergeyevich. To land your ball in a tiny island of sand amid this sea of grass—pure cosmonautic pinpointery! Your half-metre putt escapes the hole? The hole is just where the C.I.A. *wanted* you to put it. Thwart them thus at every turn, sly Vitaly Sergeyevich!

"It is only a game, Vitaly Sergeyevich," brays the one who may or may not be Donovan. Why is his hand always fidgeting that way, the instant before another poison bee attacks my face?

The little flagpole on the greensward makes a perfect javelin. It misses by no more than five millimetres the fat one, who has just said yet again, "Oh, bad luck, Vitaly Sergeyevich."

Patience, Vitaly Sergeyevich, patience! Nine more holes only! Admire the skill of a C.I.A. able to tilt entire hectares of landscape by underground hydraulic pistons so your ball will miss its intended mark! Continue to feign bad temper and poor sportsmanship, so they keep their distance and cannot slip exploding tees into the pocket of your bag. Your mad golfing bets succeed—think of their demoralization, winning these thousands of dollars you can never pay!

All the while, in a tiny booklet, the one who may or may not be Colby is making notes.

Eleventh hole: Vitaly Sergeyevich Yurchenko, maddened by the radiational waves from the anti-concentration device hidden in the nearby woods, eight-putts.

Thirteenth hole: Special oil-secreting grip on 2-iron of Vitaly Sergeyevich Yurchenko produces desired result of nineteen consecutive whiffs. Complete collapse of nervous system near.

Sixteenth hole: Vitaly Sergeyevich Yurchenko destroys ball-washing stand. Plus, may I add, the camera hidden inside it filming blackmail footage for frameup trial of Vitaly Sergeyevich Yurchenko shortly to be staged by the dread P.G.A.!

We have now traced a great circle and approach, on weary legs, the same dacha from which we departed so many hours before. My final blow, before they confiscate my implements, is pulled by concealed suction pipes through the window of the pro shop, so that the ball and its costly electronic homing devices can be repaired and used again. *Whomp! Clank! Clomp!* My golfing equipment attempts to follow it, club by club.

The ordeal of Vitaly Sergeyevich Yurchenko does not end with being forced to forge my own signature on a card. "Now, Vitaly Sergeyevich old boy," the fat one leers, "the nineteenth hole. And *you're* buying!"

I am led into a dark chamber and made to sit at a table drinking intoxicants until time itself loses meaning.

I have broken their golfing sticks, but they have not broken Vitaly Sergeyevich Yurchenko. I have shot a 178, but they have not shot me. You have survived, Vitaly Sergeyevich, at least until the morrow.

—Bruce McCall

TIDE POOLS

FOR some years I lived alone in a small white clapboard house, up on a high wooded bluff above the Mississippi River, which I could hardly see—so far down, glimpsed through thick vines and trees, and so narrow just there.

This was near Minneapolis, where I was an assistant professor at a local college. Teaching marine biology. And I thought quite a lot about the irony of my situation—a sea specialty in the landlocked Midwest. (I am from Santa Barbara, California, originally, which may explain quite a bit.)

During those Minnesota years, despite professional busyness, a heavy teaching load, labs, conferences, friends, and a few sporadic love affairs, I was often lonely, an embarrassing condition to which I would never have admitted. Still, and despite my relative isolation, at that time I regarded the telephone as an enemy, its shrill, imperative sound an interruption even to loneliness. When my phone rang I did not anticipate a friendly chat. For one thing, most of my friends and lovers were also hardworking professionals, not much given to minor social exchange.

Thus, on a summer night about a year ago, a rare warm clear twilight, reminding me of Southern California, I was far from pleased at the sound of the telephone. I had just taken a bath and finished dressing; I was going out to dinner with a man I had met recently, whom I thought I liked. (Was he calling to break the date? Native distrust has not helped my relationships with men, nor with women.) We were going out to celebrate my birthday, actually, but I did not imagine that the ringing phone meant someone calling with congratulations, my birthday not being something that I generally talk about.

What I first heard on picking up that alien instrument was the hollow, whirring sound that meant a long-distance call, and I thought, How odd, what a strange hour for business. Then, as I said hello, and hello again, I heard silence. At last a female voice came on, very slurred. But then words formed. "Judith? Have I got Miss Judith Mallory? *Doctor* Mallory?"

"Yes—"

"Judy, is that you, truly? Truly Jude? Judy, do you know who this is?" An excited, drunken voice, its cadence ineradicably familiar to me—and only one person has ever called me Jude. It was Jennifer Cartwright, my closest early-childhood friend, my almost inseparable pal—whom I had not heard from or about for more than twenty years, not since we both left Santa Barbara, where we grew up together, or tried to.

I asked her, "Jennifer, how are you? Where are you? What are you doing now?"

"Well, I'm back in our house, you know. I've come back home. I've been here since Mother died, and I guess I'm doing O.K. Oh Judy, it's really you! I'm so happy . . ."

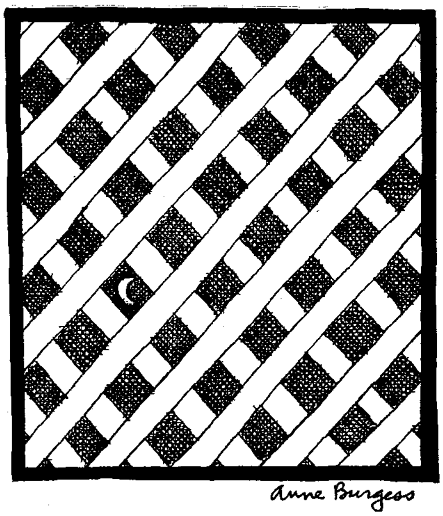
Happy was the last thing that Jennifer sounded, though; her voice was almost tearful.

"Oh, Jennifer." I was assailed by an overwhelming affection for my friend, mixed with sadness over whatever ailed her just now, including being so drunk. I had not even known that her mother was dead. Nicola—Nickie Cartwright, whom I had also cared about a lot.

My own parents had both been dead for some time, which is one reason I had had no news from Santa Barbara. Also, since they died of so-called alcohol-related ailments, I was perhaps unreasonably alarmed at Jennifer's condition. A nervous stomach, which is no stomach at all for booze, had kept me, if unwillingly, abstemious.

"And oh!" Jennifer's voice sounded indeed much happier now. "I forgot to say happy birthday. Judy, Jude, happy happy birthday! Every year I think of you today, even if I haven't ever called you."

"You're so good to remember," I told her. "But really, tell me how you are."



"Oh, you tell me! First off, you tell me just what you have on." Such a perfect Jennifer question—or Nickie: Nickie, too, would have asked me what I was wearing, in order to see me, and to check on how I was.

To please Jennifer I should have described a beautiful, colorful dress, but a lack of imagination, I believe, has kept me honest; I tend to tell the truth. My former (only) husband observed that I had a very literal mind, and he might have been right, as he was with a few other accurate accusations. In any case, I told Jennifer, "Just a sweater and some pants. My uniform, I guess. But they're both new. Black. Actually, I'm going out to dinner. This man I met—"

Jennifer began to laugh, her old prolonged, slow, appreciative laugh, and I thought, Well, maybe she's not so drunk. Just a little tipsy, maybe, and overexcited.

"Oh, Jude." Jennifer was laughing still. "You're going out on a date, and we're so old. But you sound like you're about sixteen, and wearing something pink and gauzy."

Rational, sober person that I am, I could have cried.

But Jennifer went on in a conversational, much less drunken way. "I think about you so much," she said. "And everything back then. All the fun we had. Of course, since I've moved back here it's all easier to remember."

"I'm really sorry to hear about Nickie," I told her.

"Well, just one more terrible thing. Everyone gets cancer, it seems like to me. Honestly, Jude, sometimes I think being grown up really sucks, don't you? To use a word I truly hate."

"Well, I guess."

"Your parents die, and your husbands turn out bad. And your kids—oh, don't even talk to me about kids."

Her voice trailed off into a total silence, and I thought, Oh dear, she's fallen asleep at the telephone, out there in California, in that house I know so very well. The house right next door to the house where my parents and I used to live—in fact, its architectural twin—on what was called the Santa Barbara Gold Coast, up above the sea. I wondered what room Jennifer was in—her own room, in bed, I hoped. I called out "Jennifer!" over all that space, Minnesota to California. Calling out over time, too, over many years.

Her laugh came on again. "Oh, Jude, you thought I'd gone to sleep. But I hadn't, I was just lying here thinking. In Mother and Dad's big old bed. You remember?"

"Oh, of course I do." And with a rush I remembered the Sunday morning when Jennifer and I had run into the Cartwrights' bedroom, I guess looking for the Sunday papers, and there were blond Scott and blonder Nickie in their tousled nightclothes, lying back among a pale-blue tangle of sheets. Not making love, although I think we must have caught them soon after love. They may have moved apart as we came in; Scott's hand still lingered in Nickie's bright, heavy uncombed hair. At the time, I was mostly struck by their sleepy affection for each other, so clearly present. I can see it now, those particular smiles, all over their pale morning faces.

The room, with its seascape view, was almost identical to my parents' bedroom, and their view. My parents slept in narrow, separate beds. They were silent at home except when they drank, which loosened them up a little, though it never made them anywhere near affectionate with each other.

"Is it true, Marion, that some of our friends have begun describing me as 'kindly'?"

• •

In any case, I surely remembered the Cartwrights' broad, blue-sheeted carved-mahogany bed.

I asked Jennifer, "Your father—Scott died too?" Although I think I knew that he must have. But I used to see Scott Cartwright as the strongest man I ever knew, as well as the most glamorous, with his golfer's tan, and his stride.

"Just after your mother died. They were all so young, weren't they? Dad had a stroke on the golf course, but maybe that's the best way to go. Poor Mother was sick for years. Oh, Judy, it's all so scary. I hate to think about it."

She had begun to trail off again, and partly to keep her awake, in contact, I asked her if she had married more than once; I thought I had heard her say "husbands," plural, but it was hard to tell, with her vagueness, slurring.

But "Oh, three times!" Jennifer told me. "Each one worse. I never seem to learn." But she sounded cheerful, and next she began to laugh. "You will not believe what their names were," she said. "Tom, Dick, and Harry. That's the truth. Well, not actually the whole truth—I can't lie to my best old favorite friend. The whole truth is, the first two were Tom and Dick, and so when I went and got married the third time I had to call him Harry, even if his name was Jack."

I laughed—I had always laughed a lot with Jennifer—but at the same time I was thinking that people from single, happy marriages are supposed to marry happily themselves. They are not supposed to make lonely, drunken phone calls to old, almost forgotten friends.

Mostly, though, I was extremely pleased—elated, even—to have heard from Jennifer at all, despite the bad signs, the clear evidence that she was not in very good shape. As we hung up a few minutes later I was aware of smiling to myself, the happy recipient of a happy birthday present. And like most especially welcome, sensitive presents, this gift from Jennifer was something that I had not known I needed, but that now I could no longer do without: a friend for talking to.

I went out for dinner with my new beau in a rare lighthearted mood, but I may have seemed more than a little abstracted: I was thinking of Jennifer, her parents, and California.

WHEN Jennifer and I were friends, all that time ago, I truly loved her, but I also coveted almost everything about her: her golden curls, small plump hands, her famously sunny disposition, but most especially and most secretly I envied her her parents. I wanted them to be mine.

I have since learned (hasn't everyone?) that this is a common fantasy; Freud tells us that many children believe they have somehow ended up with the wrong set of parents. But at the time I naturally did not know this; guiltily I felt that only I had such an evil wish, to be rid of my own parents and moved in with another set. If it could somehow be proved, I thought, that I had been stolen by this dark and sombre couple with whom I lived, while all along I was really a Cartwright child—then I would be perfectly happy. And if Jennifer's parents were mine, then of course Jennifer and I would be truly sisters, as so often we spoke of wishing that we were.

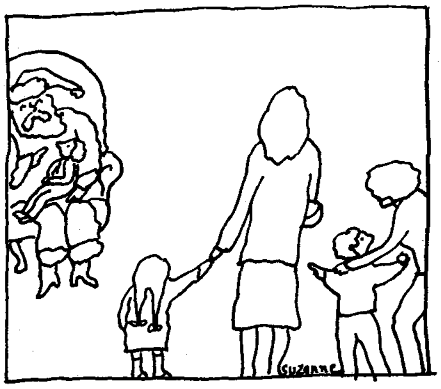
From the moment I saw them, even before seeing Jennifer, I was drawn to Scott and Nickie Cartwright, a tanned couple getting out of a new wood-panelled station wagon to look at a *house for sale, the house next door to* our house. I liked their bright splashy clothes, and the easy, careless way they walked and laughed; I wanted them to be the people to buy that house.

I thought that they looked too young to be parents; that they turned out to have a little girl just my age was a marvellous surprise, a bonus, as it were.

My own parents did not like the look of the Cartwrights, at first. "Lots of flash" was my Vermont mother's succinct summation; and my father's: "That garden they're buying needs plenty of solid work. I hope they know it." But fairly soon the four grownups took to dropping in on each other for a cup of coffee or a Coke, maybe, during the day; and at night they all got together for drinks. The Cartwrights, from St. Louis, had a sort of loose-style hospitality to which even my fairly stiff-mannered parents responded.

What must initially have won my stern parents' approval, though, was the Cartwrights' total dedication to their garden. Even before actually moving in they began to spend their weekends digging among the dahlias, pruning hibiscus, trimming orange blossoms, and probing the roots of ivy. And once they lived there, all during the week beautiful Nickie in her short red shorts could be observed out clipping boxwoods, often mowing the lawn. And watering everything.

On weekends, around dusk if not sooner, the four of them would start in on their Tom Collinses, Gin Rickeys, or fruity concoctions with rum. Eventually one of the grownups (usually Nickie Cartwright) would remember that Jennifer and I should have some supper, and the two men (probably) would go out for some fried clams or pizza. Later on they would pretty much forget all about us, which was fine with Jennifer and me; we could stay up as long as we liked, giggling and whispering.



All the grownups that I knew at that time drank; it was what I assumed grownups did when they got together. Jennifer and I never discussed this adult habit, and "drunk" is not a word we would have used to describe our parents, ever. "Drunk" meant a sort of clownish, TV-cartoon behavior.

My parents as they drank simply talked too much; they told what seemed to me very long dull stories having to do with Santa Barbara history, early architects, all that. The Cartwrights, being younger, listened politely; Nickie laughed a lot, and they sat very close together.

Certainly my parents were never clownish or even loud; God knows they were not. In a bitter, tight-mouthed way they might argue at breakfast; a few times (this was the worst of all) I could hear my mother crying late at night, all by herself.

Because I had never heard them do so, I believed that the Cartwrights never argued, and I was sure that

ICECAP

Yes, melting changes
the whole picture. That
once young republic tasselled
sea to sea with golden wit
has tattered to a
wrack of towns, bubble
domes unpricked on the lagoon's
fogged mirror. Losses and debts
are equally now
past calculation,
resources (but for the odd
oil rig or artisan or
lone—ah, my dearest—
body ardently
asleep beneath a sunset-
rippled vault of stucco) nil.
Still, the shift from world
power to tourist
mecca goes unmourned. People
appear relieved of the real
embarrassment the
landscape had become
in those late decades. Dead roads
and deconsecrated malls,
moth-eaten orchards
far north, deep crops left
rotting on the plains gave out
how the collective psyche
shrugged off its future
and despised its roots,
bent upon pleasures merely
of the here and now. Wherefore
toward those gossamer
centers all night long
causeways whip and barges throb.
By air—thanks to this morning's
cold front, sharp enough,
following weeks of
doggedly adolescent
weather, to wake reflection
even in shallows
(breeding grounds, rather,
for a small scavenger crab,
the local delicacy)—
by air on the hour
arrive not only
the groups but: bonsai birches,
Brie, vaccines and lenses, out-
of-date ensembles
in tomorrow's shades,
correction fluid Mister
Magoo (the draftsman's cat) can,
deft paw dipped, spatter
across the blueprint;
neatest of all, a fine-gauge
20-karat wire, from which
our morose goldsmith
on the Bridge of Smiles
has already fashioned this
shimmering, cereal wand.
Wear it, Milady,
in your frosted hair.

—James Merrill

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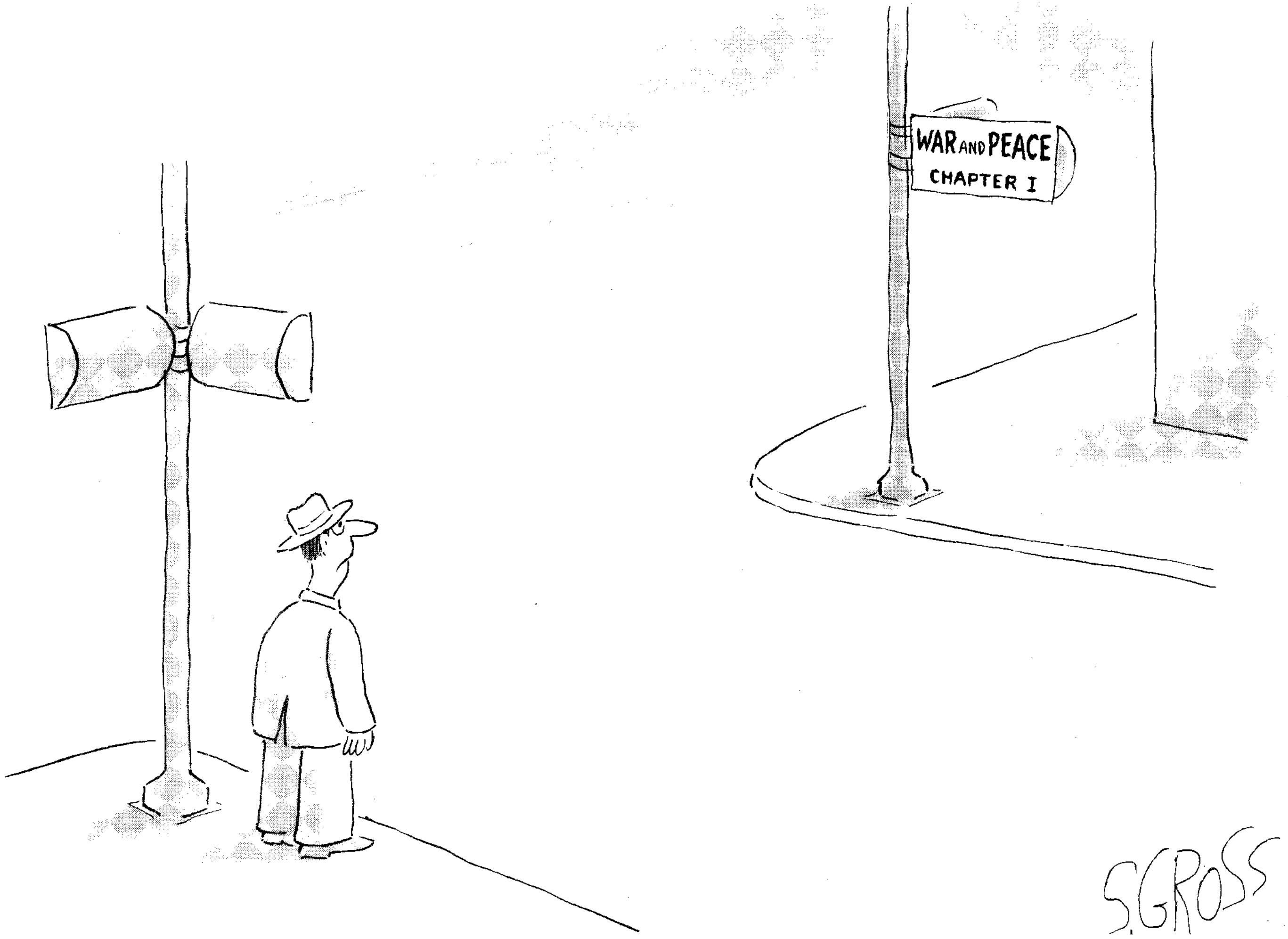

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beautiful happy Nickie Cartwright never cried, and maybe she did not.

IN the days that succeeded that first phone call from Jennifer, I thought considerably about her, about her parents, and mine. With terrible vividness I remembered the strength of my yearning for the Cartwrights, and I was assailed—again!—by the sheer intensity of all that childhood emotion, my earliest passions and guilts and despairs.

Quite as vividly, though, I also remembered the simple fun that we used to have, Jennifer and I, as children, especially on the beach. Since I had always lived there in Santa Barbara, on the California coast, and the Cartwrights were originally from inland Missouri, I was Jennifer's guide to the seashore. Bravely kicking our sneakers into tide pools, Jennifer and I uncovered marvels: tiny hermit crabs, long swaying seaweed, all purple. Anemones. Jennifer would squeal at dead fish, in a high, squeamish way, as I pretended not to mind them.

I also showed Jennifer the more sophisticated pleasures of State Street, the ice-cream parlors and the hot-dog stands. As we both grew up a little I pointed out the stores. Tweeds & Weeds, my mother's favorite, was always too conservative for the Cartwright ladies, though. Nickie loved frills and lots of colors; she dressed herself and Jennifer in every shade of pink to tangerine. My mother ordered almost all of my clothes from the Liliputian Bazaar, at Best & Co.

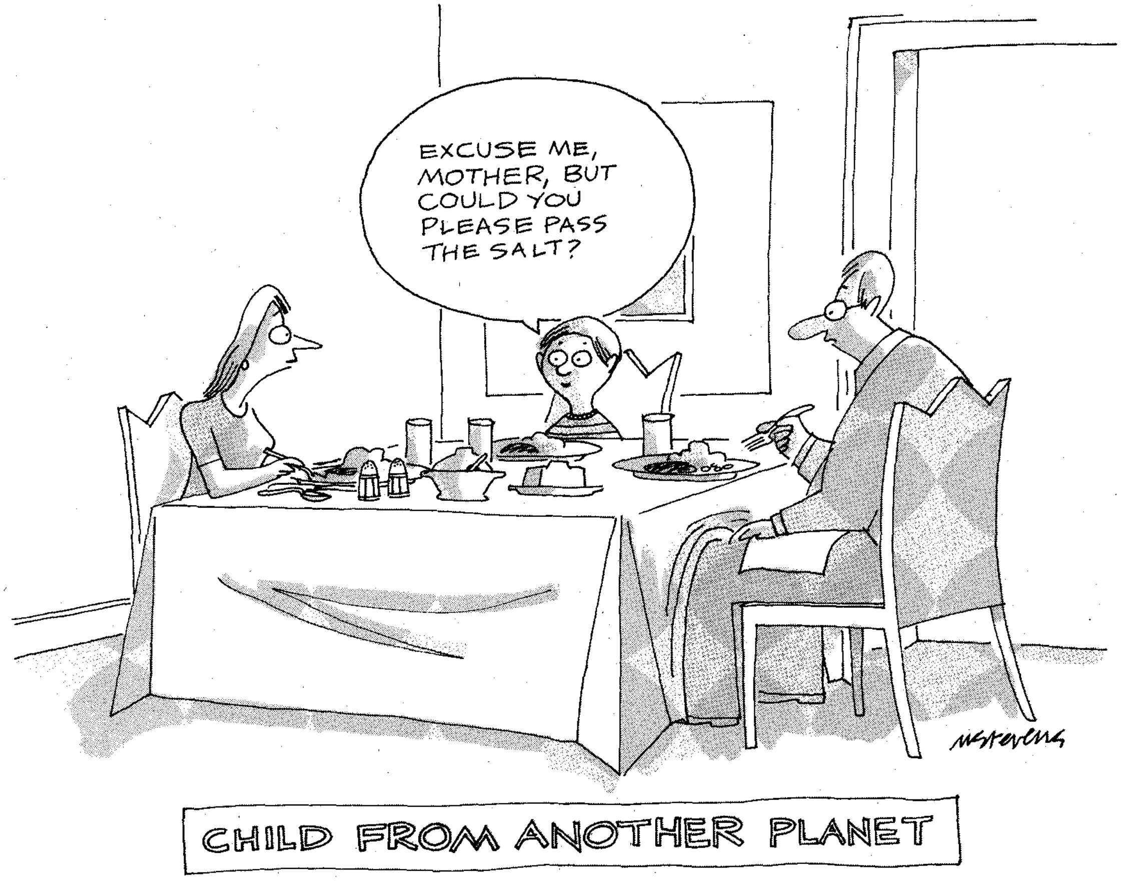
UNDOUBTEDLY the tide pools and my happy fascination with them to a great extent determined my later choice of a career, although a desire to displease and/or shock my parents must have figured largely also. Biology to them connoted sex, which in a general way they were against.

And possibly in some way of my own I made the same connection. In any case, I am forced to say that so far I have shone neither professionally nor in a romantic way. I did achieve a doctorate, and some years later an assistant professorship, at relatively early ages, but I do not feel that I will ever be truly distinguished.

As one of my more kindly professors put it, my interest in marine biology could be called aesthetic rather than scientific. I excel at drawing—urchins, starfish, snails.

As to my romantic history, it got off to a shaky start, so to speak, with my marriage to a fellow-biologist, a man who after two years of me announced that colleagues should not be married to each other. (This could be true, but it had been his idea, originally.) He left me for a kindergarten teacher in Chicago, where his next teaching job happened to be. I became involved with an elderly musicologist, who was married; later with a graduate student in Speech and Drama, who, I came to believe, used coke, a lot of it.

Three men, then—my husband and two subsequent lovers—who presented certain problems. However, surely I


EXCUSE ME, MOTHER, BUT COULD YOU PLEASE PASS THE SALT?
CHILD FROM ANOTHER PLANET

do, too? I am hardly "problem-free" or even especially easy to get along with. I am moody, hypersensitive, demanding.

In any case, these days as far as men are concerned I am running scared.

AFTER that first birthday call, Jennifer telephoned again, and again. She seemed to have an unerring instinct for the right time to call, not an easy feat with me. (I once knew a man who always called me when I was brushing my teeth; I used to think that if I really wanted to hear from him I had only to get out my toothbrush.) In Jennifer's case, though, it may have been that I was simply so glad to hear from her.

I gathered that her present life was quite reclusive; she did not seem to know where anyone else whom we had known was now. I gathered, too, that she was quite "comfortably off," to use an old phrase of my mother's. My mother thought "rich" a vulgar word, and perhaps it is. Anyway, I was very glad that Jennifer was comfortable.

As I got used to talking to Jennifer again, sometimes I would find myself scolding her. You should get out more, take walks, get exercise, I would say. Go swimming—there must be a pool around. And what about vitamins? Do you eat enough? And Jennifer would laugh in her amiable way, and say she was sure I was absolutely right.

Jennifer's memory for long-gone days was extraordinary, though. She reminded me of the day we decided that to be kidnapped would be a thrilling adventure. We put on our best dresses and paraded slowly up and down State Street, conversing in loud voices about how rich (we liked the word) our parents were. Yachts, Spanish castles, trips on the Queen Mary, penthouses in New York—we mentioned all the things the movies had informed us rich people had, and did.

"You had on your striped linen," Jennifer perfectly recalled, "and I was wearing my lavender dotted swiss." She laughed her prolonged, slow chuckle. "We just couldn't understand why no one picked us up. Rich and adorable as we were. You remember, Jude?"

Well, I would not have remembered, but Jennifer brought it all back to me, along with our beach walks, the beautiful tide pools, the white sand, the rocks.

I began to look forward to those phone calls. I felt more and more that my connection with Jennifer was something that I had badly missed for years.

I believe I would have enjoyed talking to Jennifer under almost any circumstances, probably, but that particular fall and winter were bad times for me—and seemingly the rest of the world: Ethiopia, Nicaragua. In the American Midwest, where I was, unemployment was rife, and terrible. And to make everything worse the snows came early that year—heavy, paralyzing.

In a personal way, that snowed-in, difficult winter, things were especially bad: I was not getting along at all with my latest beau, the man who came to take me out to dinner on the night of Jennifer's first phone call. This was particularly depressing since we had got off to a very, very good start—not fireworks, not some spectacular blaze that I would have known to distrust, but many quiet tastes in common, including cats (he had five, an intensely charming fact, I thought, and they all were beautiful tabbies). The truth was that we were quite a lot alike, he and I. Not only our tastes but our defects were quite similar: we were both wary, nervy, shy. Very likely we both needed more by way of contrasting personality—although his former wife had been a successful actress, flamboyant, a great beauty, and that had not worked out too well, either. In any case, we further had in common the fact of being veterans of several mid-life love affairs, both knowing all too well the litany of the condition of not getting along. We exhibited a lessening of interest in each other in identical ways: an increase in our courtesy level. We pretended surprise and pleasure at the sound of each other's voice on the phone; with excruciating politeness we made excuses not to see each other. (At times it occurred to me that in some awful way I was becoming my parents—those super-polite role models.) And then we stopped talking altogether, my lover and I.

The next year was to be my sabbatical from the college, and none of my plans seemed to be working out in that direction, either. Nothing available at Woods Hole, nothing in San Diego. Or Berkeley, or Stanford.

AROUND March, with everything still going bad and no signs of spring, I realized that I had not heard from Jennifer for several weeks. Some instinct had all along advised me that I should wait to be called, I should not call Jennifer. Now, however, I did; I dialled the number in Santa Barbara. (Easy enough to come by: Jennifer, an unlikely feminist, had returned to her maiden name.)

It was not a good conversation. Jennifer was very drunk, although it was only about six at night, California time. She was drunk and sad and apologetic, over everything. She was extremely polite, but I felt that she was not even certain who I was; I could have been almost anyone. Any stranger, even, who happened to call, selling magazine subscriptions or offering chances to buy tax-free municipal bonds.

I was seriously worried, and after a little time I came to certain serious decisions.

I did the following things, in more or less this order:

I made an appointment and went to see the head of my department, and after some conversation, some argument, we struck up a bargain, of sorts: I would be granted a year's leave of absence (this involved less pay than a sabbatical, which was one of my selling points), and in return for this great favor I would teach an extra section of the general-science course for freshmen on my return.

I put up a notice on the bookstore bulletin board about renting out my house; from a great many applicants (probably I should have asked for more money) I selected a nice young couple from the music department. The only problem was that two people in the house would need all my small space; I would have to store everything but the furniture.

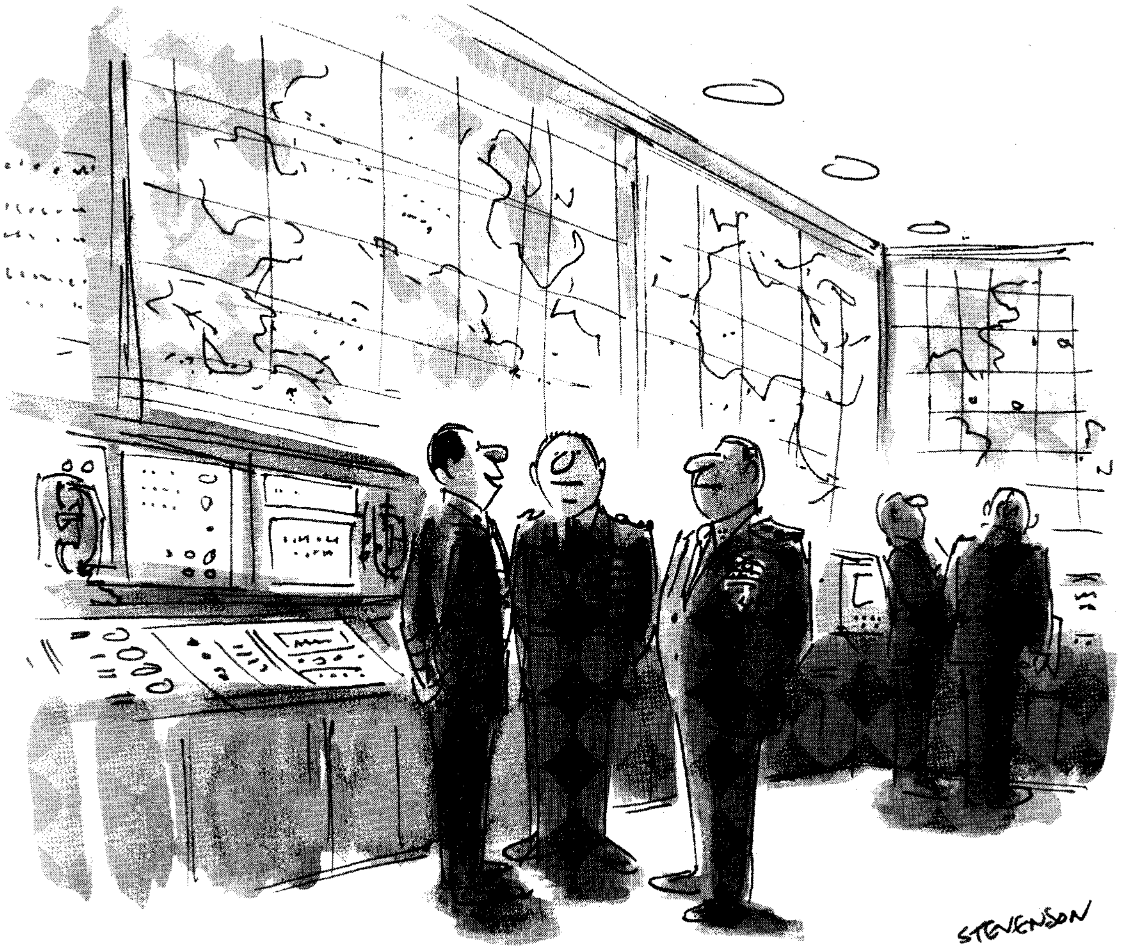
Through a national real-estate outfit I located a real-estate agent in Santa Barbara, who (this seemed an omen, a sure sign that I was on the right track) had a listing just a couple of houses down from Jennifer's—a garage apartment, mercifully cheap.

I called Jennifer, and as though it were a joke I said that I was coming out for a year, to take care of her.

AND that is where I am now, and what I am doing. My apartment is in an alley half a block from Jennifer's house, the Cartwright house—and of course from my parents' house, too, the house that I sold when they died: my money for graduate school. My apartment is tiny, but since I am not there much, no matter. I have room for my drawing board, shelves of books and stacked papers; and outside there is a tiny scrap of a yard, where a neighbor cat comes to visit occasionally (he is beautiful—a pale-gray, long-eared, most delicate-footed creature).

I am beginning to run into a problem with space for clothes, though. When I first got here Jennifer was so depressed, she said, by the darkness of my wardrobe ("Judy, you can't go around like that, not out here, in those professor clothes") that we have done a lot of State Street shopping, by way of brightening up my look. "But you're wonderful in that red silk," Jennifer insisted.

Jennifer herself, for a person who drinks or who has drunk that much, looks remarkably well. Needless to say, I was more than a little nervous about seeing her again: how would she look? I was so scared, in fact, that I gave very little thought to how I would look to her, and I think actually I am the one who has aged more. Jennifer is thin, a little frail and shaky on her feet, that is true, but her skin is still good, fine and pink, and her eyes are blue and clear. She just looks like a very,



"Ever kind of wonder what we should do next with our might?"

ANCESTRAL LIGHTS

I love to go to the light section
of big department stores, among huge
table lamps and cheap chandeliers,
all of them ablaze, the walls mirrors.
Here an aging human face confronts
the present tense, its dead brilliance.
In the long refraction I'm first in line,
the ancestors eclipsed in the dark under my eyes,
in the sharp, angular nose shadows,
as once, transfigured onto passports, called
into the literal translation of a name at Ellis Island,
I was *a new moon in their fingerprints.*
And summer nights under the stars,
as my father sang us "The Ninety and Nine,"
I rejoiced with the angels for the lost sheep found.
I thought great cries went up in Heaven.
I'd never know how many blood redemptions
it had taken, how many lifetimes
simply to lie there, whole, myself, safe
in the coarsening grass of a Missouri August.
Then I believed in everything.
I wept openly before the bright lights flooding
the congregation, as if eternity could live in me
like the accidental star inside the apple,
like the apple, however blighted, inside the tree.
They say the one thing we remember always
is faces, each one moored to the senses,
so that by death we host a multitude
who wear the farewell garments
in which they've seemed to us most themselves—
as my brothers will wave to me in their dirty
work clothes smelling of creosote and apples,
and my sisters, among the lilacs,
in bright-colored summer dresses like my own.
And though I know now that Heaven may be
only the mind's fear of the wonders it imagines,
the way our best thoughts surprise us
and seem not to be our own, I like to believe
we turn into light around those we love,
or would have loved, had we known them,
and warn them through the blood
by ringing in their ears.
Just after the birth of my first son,
when I tried to sit up too quickly to hold him,
I saw a thousand secret stars spray the delivery room,
and linger, and rise upward,
as if all the failures of my people
had ignited there in greeting
and through the life of this child now
could continue their long healing.

—Deborah Digges

• •

very pretty woman, of a certain age.

The first few weeks of my stay I made all the obvious suggestions having to do with drink: the Betty Ford place, or A.A., or just a plain good doctor. Well, Jennifer refused to go to anything, as I might have known she would—she has always been extremely stubborn. She even says that her doctor says she is perfectly all right. Two *explanations for that last occur to me:* (1) she does not tell her doctor, or did not, how much she really drinks, or (2) the doctor himself is an alcoholic; I've heard that a lot of them are.

I have made a couple of strong advances, though. One is in terms of nutrition. I have instituted a heavy regimen of vitamins, and also I do most of the shopping and cooking. I go down to the docks for fresh fish, and on Saturday mornings there is a Farmers' Market, with lovely California vegetables and fruits. We eat very well, and I am sure that Jennifer eats a lot more with me around.

Another considerable advance is that Jennifer has entirely given up hard liquor, and now only drinks wine, white wine. In her big blue Ford station wagon we drive down to the new liquor store just off State Street. A handsome, bright-brassy, airy space. We walk around among the wooden crates and bins and shelves of bottles. This particular store deals mostly in California wines, and there are always some interesting new labels. New wineries keep turning up all over the state, even in very unlikely places, like San Luis Obispo or San Diego. We laugh at some of the names, which are often a little outlandish: Witches' Wish? And we *admire the designs of the labels.* We have even come to conclude that there is a definite correlation between beautiful labels and first-rate wines. Vichon, for example, one of our favorites, has an especially pretty picture on its bottle.

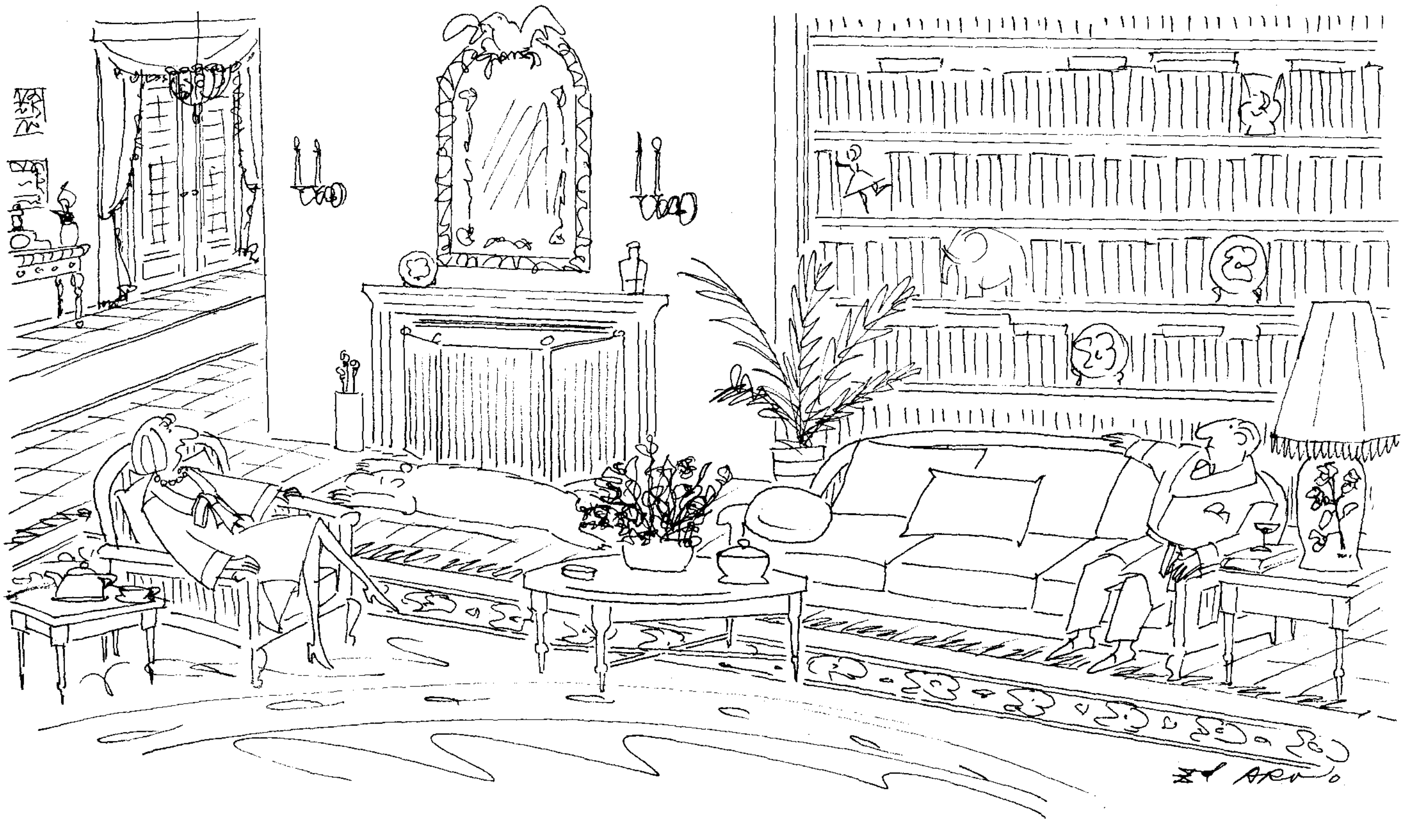
One of the best aspects of this whole venture for me is my discovery that after all I really can drink wine, with no ill effects. When I first came out I would have one glass of wine at dinner, to keep Jennifer company, as it were. Then sometimes two, then sometimes another at home.

XMAS
XMAS
ORNAMENTS
d. ehrenberg

And now, in the late afternoons, though still too early to start over to the Cartwrights'—to Jennifer's house—I begin to think how nice a cool dry glass of wine would taste, and then I think, Well, why not? This is, after all, a sort of vacation for me. And so I pour myself one. I take the wine outside. I sit in one of the half-collapsed *but still quite comfortable rattan* chairs, in my tiny yard with its minute view of the evening sea, the sky, the burning sun. I sip, and in a peaceful way I contemplate my return to Santa Barbara.

I almost never think about my parents, or those old unhappy days spent here with them, growing up. Our family house has been remodelled almost beyond recognition, for which I am grateful. Only very infrequently do I feel its presence as that of a ghost, looming there just next to the Cartwright house.

I do not worry in the way that I used to about my career—that career, teaching at Minnesota. Marine biology. Sometimes I think I could stay right here forever (someone else could take on the freshman sections), and maybe get into something entirely new. I could walk on the beach and make sketches. (I do that already, of



"Stop this, Arthur! We're far too rich to quarrel!"

• •

course; I mean I could do it in a more programmatic way.) Maybe someday I would be good enough to have a show, and maybe sell some. Or I could give drawing lessons at some local school. I might even, as we say, *meet someone.* Some nice young bearded man, with leftist views and a fondness for cats. A farmer, maybe; he might wander into the market some Saturday morning, with some lovely artichokes.

JENNIFER and I have agreed that I should be the one to keep our store of wine, despite my small quarters. The bottles are stacked in silly places all over my rooms, some under the bed, for example. When I start over to Jennifer's house at dinnertime I just bring along one bottle; in that way I can keep a check on Jennifer's intake. Which is now down to a couple of glasses a day, I believe.

It is interesting and to me a little spooky to see how entirely unchanged the Cartwright house is. Everything is just the same, but since it all looks, as always, brightly new—the fabrics on the upholstered furniture, for instance, the cushions and draperies—everything must in fact *be* new. Jennifer must have gone out and found duplicates to replace all the worn-out stuff—and with such precision. What trouble she must have gone to, getting everything just right, getting Nickie's look! Including the flourishing garden, now tended by a nice Japanese couple.

All I said was that it looked really great, what a relief it was to see so little changed—which I know must have pleased Jennifer. She would not have wanted the extreme nature of her pursuit to be mentioned.

As I thought in Minneapolis about coming out here, one of my many conscious or semiconscious fears (worries about Jennifer's looks and her general health naturally being foremost) was a nagging, shadowy worry that as Jennifer and I talked it would somehow come out that Nickie and Scott had been less than the happy, fair, affectionate couple I used to see, and to long for. Heaven knows we would talk a lot, endless talk, and without (probably) coming out and saying so (Jennifer is unusually discreet) she might let me know that sometimes they, like my own parents, used to have recriminatory breakfasts, silences, bitterness. Maybe, even, handsome Scott had affairs, and Nickie cried. That would be a more usual, contemporary ending to their story—and in some circles it would "explain" Jennifer.

But from what Jennifer did say, that sad version would seem not to have taken place; according to her, the sadness was of quite another sort. "My mother was so upset when Dad died she just never got over it, never at all" is what Jennifer said. "Never even looked at anyone else, and you know how pretty she always was."

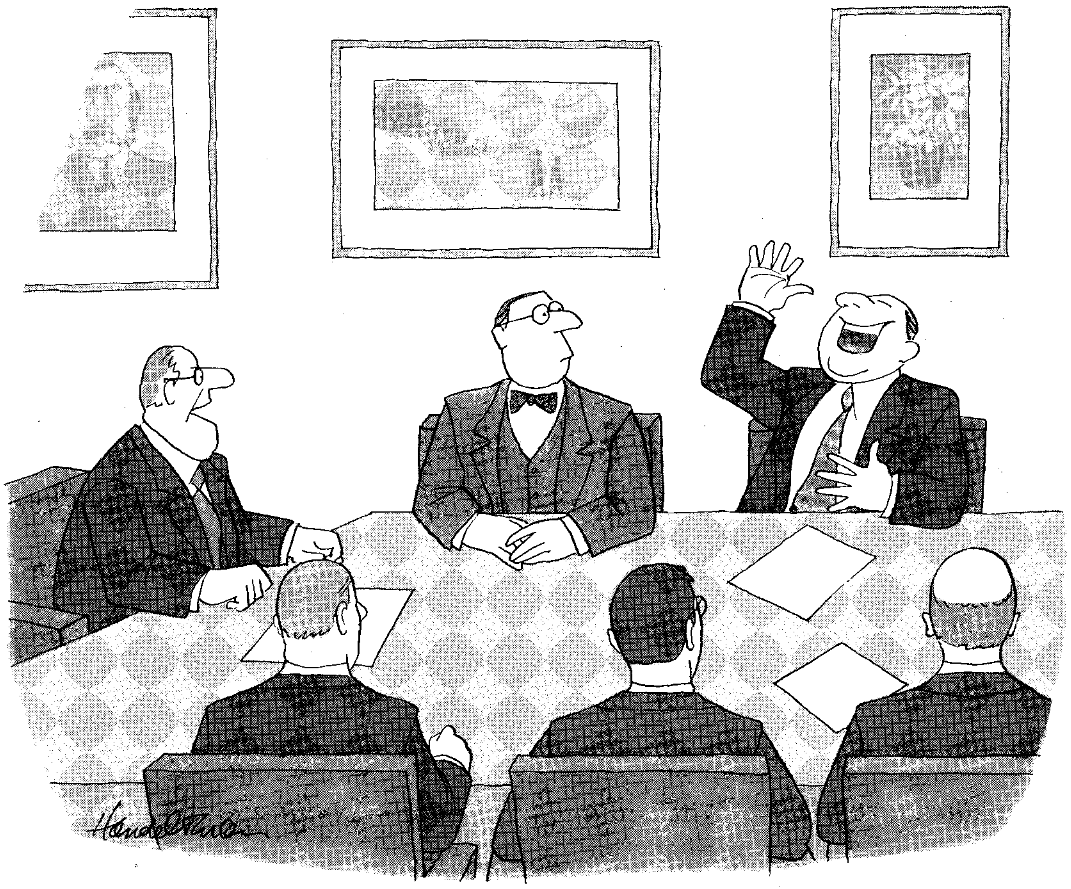
Well, I do remember how pretty Nickie was, and I can accept that version of her life, I guess. In fact, I would rather: it is what I thought I saw.

"I sometimes wonder if I got married so many times to be just the opposite," Jennifer once mused. "Not to depend on any one person in that way."

"Well, maybe" was all I could contribute. But then I added, "And my parents didn't get along, so I only dared try it once?"

"Lord, who knows?" Jennifer laughed.

Often, as we talked, new memories



"All right, Rogers! I know I made a humorous remark, but in my opinion you've laughed enough."

• •

would assail one or the other of us.

"Do you remember the surprise you planned for Scott one time, on his birthday? The *real* surprise?" I asked Jennifer one night.

She seemed not to, and so I told her: "You led him on into the house when he got home from work, and you told him that you'd found what he'd like better than anything in the world. You brought him to the door of the back-hall closet, and when he opened it up there was Nickie, laughing and jumping out to hug and kiss you both."

"Oh, *yes!*" cried Jennifer. "I'd forgotten that, and how could I forget? But you see what I mean, Judy, Jude? Who could ever come up with a relationship like that?"

Who indeed? Most surely not I, I reflected.

But mostly Jennifer and I are not so serious. Our dinners are fun. We remember school friends, boys, our teachers; we go over and over the people we knew and the times we had back then, just remembering and laughing. Not deeply, intellectually scrutinizing, as I might have with other friends, at another time.

Jennifer subscribes to all the fashion magazines, and sometimes sitting there at dinner we may just leaf through a couple. Most of the newest styles are quite ugly, if not downright ludicrous, we are agreed. But every now and then there will be something really pretty; we will make a note to check it out in the downtown stores.

Jennifer has not taken a newspaper for years, and since I have been out here I have not really read one, either. I find it a great relief, in fact, not to know just how awful things have become. How entirely out of control the whole terrifying world is.

We did at first go over some of the unfortunate events of both our marriages, and in a discreet way I told her about my love affairs. I found that, recounting them to Jennifer, I could make them really funny. She liked the story about the man who always called when I was brushing my teeth, and she appreciated my version of my most recent relationship, the man and I becoming more and more polite as we liked each other less. She told me a couple of funny stories about her husbands, though I think their names are what she most likes to remember.

Jennifer does not talk about her children, except to say that she has three of them, all moved East. Three girls. Two work in New York, one lives on a farm in Vermont—no grandchildren that she has mentioned—and since she never seems to hear from her daughters I would guess that they don't get along. But I never ask.

By the time we have finished our dinner, our bottle of wine, we are both rather sleepy. We get up from the table, and together we walk out to the front hall. Jennifer opens the door, we say good night; we kiss, and I go outside and listen for the sound of the lock behind me.

I walk the short, safe distance down the road to my apartment.

If the weather is nice, a warm night, I may sit outside for a while, something I could almost never have done in Minnesota. Maybe I will have one more glass of wine. Maybe red, a good zinfandel, for sleep.

Just sitting there, sipping my wine, I think a lot, and one of my conclusions has been that, all things considered, even living alone, I really feel better and better out here, and I think I have never been so happy in my life.

The visitor cat must by now be on to my habits, for sometimes at these moments I will feel the sudden warm brush of his arching back against my leg. I reach to stroke him. He allows this, responding with a loud purr—and then, as suddenly as he appeared, with a quick leap out into the dark he is gone.

—ALICE ADAMS

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THE BOOK CHANNEL

Chris Chase & Bill Small host this *new* cable program devoted exclusively to the world of books. Tonight's subject: Rock Music.—*Adv. in Newsday.*

Next week: The Cinema.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A STRANGE DESTINY

I WAS up late one night last fall, absorbed in Serge Guilbaut's provocative revisionist tract "How New York Stole the Idea of Modern Art," when, at eleven-thirty, the phone rang. A stranger on the line introduced himself as Akumal Ramachander, from Bangalore, India. He was calling from Washington, D.C., he informed me in a spirited voice. He'd just been in Warsaw a few weeks earlier, where he'd had many fascinating experiences. He'd read a book I'd written on Poland, and could see that I'd given the situation there much thought. He was going to be in New York City later in the week, and would it be all right if we got together? It all sounded mildly diverting, so we set a rendezvous.

A few days later, on schedule, Ramachander appeared in my office—a youngish, fairly slight gentleman with short-cropped black hair and a round, puckish face. His conversation caromed all over the place (Gdansk, Reagan, Sri Lanka, Lech Walesa, Indira Gandhi, the Sikhs, Margaret Thatcher, Satyajit Ray, London); he told me that he was some sort of part-time correspondent for the local paper of one of those Indian towns almost no one in America has ever heard of. He'd taught English at an agricultural college but had generally been something of a drifter, he explained—that is, until recently, for he'd just discovered his true calling. "My destiny!" he insisted. "We Indians believe in karma, in destiny, in discovering the true calling for our lives. It has nothing to do with making money, this 'making a living' you have here in America. No, it is the spirit calling, and we answer. Not in some silly mystical way but as if the purpose of life were revealed—sometimes, as in my case, all-of-a-suddenly, like that! And this is what has now happened."

And what calling, I asked him, had he suddenly uncovered?

"Shapinsky!"

And who, or what, was Shapinsky?

"Harold Shapinsky," he replied. "Abstract Expressionist painter, generation of de Kooning and Rothko, an undiscovered marvel, an absolute genius, completely unknown, utterly unappreciated. He lives here in New York City, with his wife, in a tiny one-bedroom apartment, where he continues to paint, as he has been doing for over forty years, *like an angel.*" Ramachander scribbled an address and a phone number on a scrap of paper, shoved it at me, and continued, "You *must* visit this Shapinsky fellow. He's a true find, a major discovery. It is my destiny to bring him to the attention of the world."

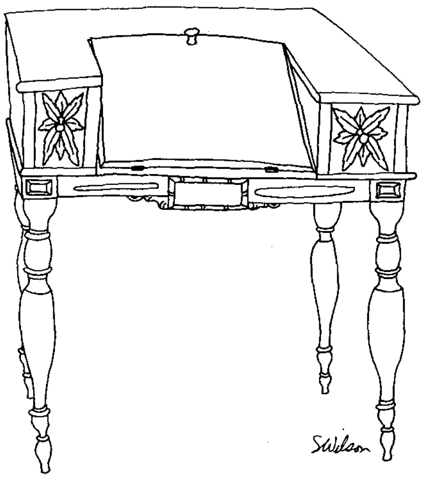
I was somewhat speechless.

Ramachander was not: "You will see—this is an extraordinary discovery. As I say, I don't care about money. What's money? I do it because of my destiny."

Well, at length Ramachander departed. (He was, he told me, headed for Europe a few days hence.) I tacked Shapinsky's address and phone number to my bulletin board but didn't get around to calling him right away, and then one thing led to another, and I pretty much forgot about the whole incident.

A few weeks later, at seven in the morning, the phone in my apartment rang me awake. "Hello, Mr. Weschler. Akumal here. In Utrecht. Holland. You won't believe the good news! I took slides of Shapinsky's work to the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam, and the curator there was amazed. He told me that I'd brought him the work of a great artist, that Shapinsky is a major find. I must tell you, I'm beginning to believe this is one of the great discoveries of the last five years. The curator was extremely supportive, and eager to see how things develop."

Myself, I wasn't really eager to believe any of it. I hung up and went back to sleep.

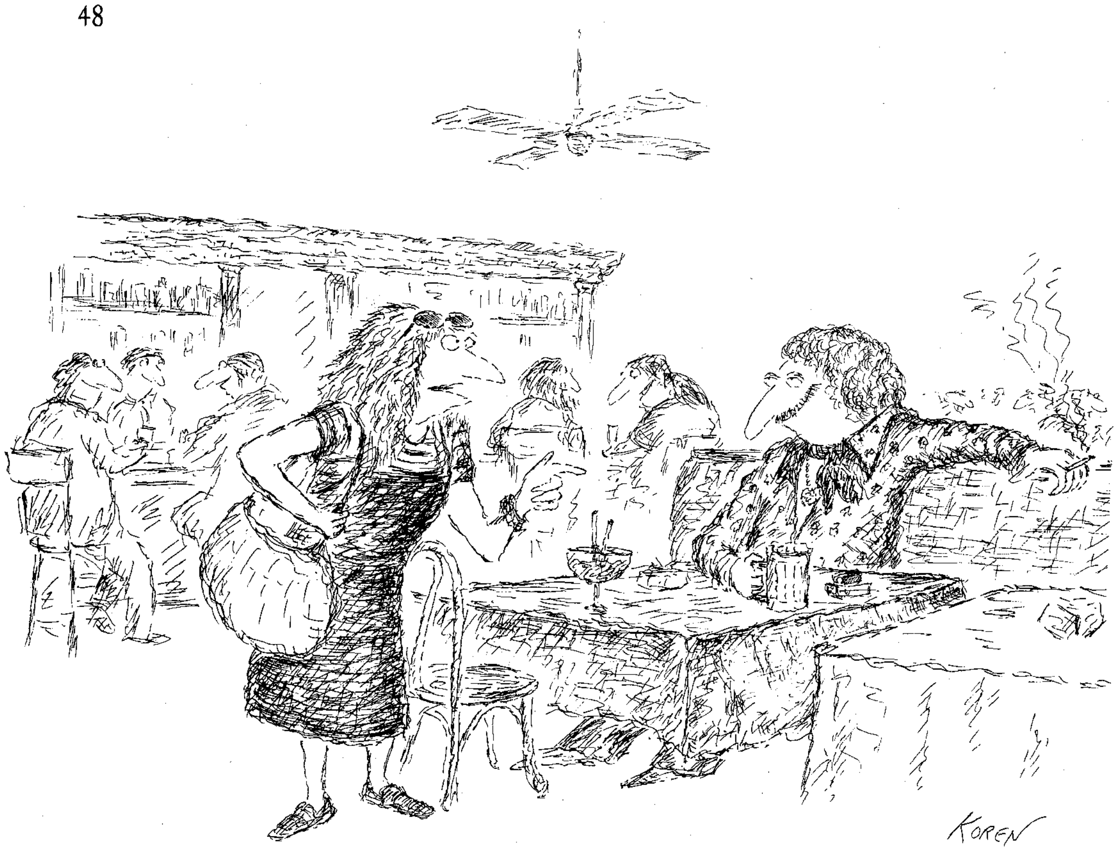


A few days later, the phone rang again—at ten in the morning this time. "Akumal again here, Mr. Weschler! Only, in London today. More good news! I visited the Tate this morning. Just walked in with no appointment, demanded to see the curator of modern art, refused to leave the waiting room until he finally came out—to humor me, I suppose, this silly little Indian fellow, you know—but presently he was *blown away*. He agrees. Finally, he bows to me and says, 'Mr. Ramachander, you are right. Shapinsky is a terrific discovery.' I'm becoming more and more convinced myself that he's the discovery of the decade. Anyway, he gave me the name of a gallery—the Mayor Gallery. James Mayor, one of the top dealers in London, Cork Street—Warhol, Lichtenstein, Rauschenberg, first-rate. I went over there, and he, too, was flabbergasted. He's thinking about scheduling a show for the spring."

I still didn't know quite what to make of any of this; I assumed that it was all a bit daft, some elaborate fantastication, and, anyway, I remained too busy with other projects to take time to call and visit Shapinsky, if Shapinsky actually existed.

After another few days, the phone rang at seven in the morning once more, and, used to the pattern by now, I managed to preëmpt my new friend with a "Hello, Akumal."

"British television! " Ramachander exclaimed, utterly unimpressed by my prescience. "I showed the slides to some people over at British Channel 4 and they loved them, and right on the spot they committed themselves to doing a special, an hour-long documentary, to be ready in time for the show at the Mayor Gallery. Did I tell you? A one-man show to open on May 21st, Shapinsky's sixtieth birthday. They love the story, the idea of this unknown genius Abstract Expressionist and of the little Indian fellow and his destiny. They'll be flying me back to New York in several weeks with a camera crew to re-create our meeting—Shapinsky and myself—and then the following month they're going to fly Shapinsky and his wife and me to



"You are guilty of fraudulent advertising! You really don't like Mozart, long walks in the country, or candlelit dinners! You are not a nonsmoker! And you are neither sensitive nor caring!"

• •

Bangalore, in India, so I can show them around my digs. This meeting of East and West, you see—that's the ticket. So maybe I'll see you in New York, yes?"

I set the phone back in its cradle, resolving to give the whole matter a bit more thorough consideration once I'd reawakened at some more decent hour. But just as I was nodding back off the phone rang again.

"The Ludwig Museum! I forgot to tell you. Just before Channel 4, I went to Cologne and showed the slides to the excellent lady in charge of the Ludwig Museum there. She couldn't get over them. She can't wait to see the show at the Mayor Gallery. Everyone agrees. I'm beginning to see it clearly now: Shapinsky is one of the top finds of the century!"

Several weeks later (I'd anticipated the visitation with a notation in my desk diary), the phone rang at my office, and of course it was Akumal, this time in New York, in Shapinsky's apartment—I simply had to drop whatever I was doing immediately, he told me, and come see for myself.

So I did. The address, on Seventieth east of Second Avenue, turned out to be a Japanese restaurant. Off to one side was a dark entry passage behind a glass door. I pushed a doorbell and was buzzed in: a five-story walkup; steep stairs and dim, narrow corridors. I could hear something of a commotion upstairs as I approached. Rounding the corner onto the fifth-floor landing, I was momentarily blinded by a panning klieg: the tiny apartment was indeed overflowing with a bustling film crew. I craned my neck into the bustle. The foyer was almost entirely taken up by a single bed (the only bed in the apartment, I later discovered), which was covered with coats and equipment; the next room was an almost equally crammed kitchen; and just beyond that I could see into a tiny bedroom, which was serving as the studio. A very dignified and dapper-looking English gentleman had spread several paintings about the floor of the studio and was crouched down making a careful selection as the television crew peered over his shoulder. I managed to step in. In the far corner I spotted Akumal, who was beaming. Next to him stood a soft, slightly stooped, fairly rumpled, gray-bearded old man, wrapped in a moth-eaten wool sweater and puffing cherry-sweet tobacco smoke into the air from the bowl of a well-chewed pipe. "Ah!" Akumal exclaimed, suddenly catching sight of me. "Mr. Weschler! I want you to meet Harold Shapinsky."

Shapinsky looked up, mildly (understandably) dazed.

THE dapper Englishman got up off his haunches, wiped his hands, gave one last approving glance at the paintings arrayed before him, and then looked over at Shapinsky, smiling. "Yes," he said. "I think that will do. That will do superbly."

"Cut!" shouted the film director. "Good. Very good." The kliegs went dark.

"James Mayor," Akumal said, introducing the distinguished-looking Englishman, whose identity I'd already surmised.

Shapinsky puffed on his pipe and nodded.

The cameraman asked if he could have Shapinsky and his wife stand by the window for a moment, and Mayor walked over beside me. "Most amazing story," he said. "I mean, an artist of this calibre living like this, dirt poor, completely unknown—living in a virtual garret five stories above a Japanese restaurant I've been to literally dozens of times. Quite good Japanese restaurant, by the way, that." Mayor is in his late thirties, trim, conventionally handsome, with a shock of black hair cresting to a peak over his forehead. "I must say, when Akumal brought me in those slides I was astonished," he continued. "I mean, this art business can get one pretty jaded after a while. One gets to feeling one's seen it all. You begin to despair of ever again encountering anything original, powerful, real. I haven't felt a buzz like this in a long time."

Akumal and the director of the film, Greg Lanning, joined us. Lanning explained that he'd now like to shoot a sequence of Mayor and Shapinsky talking together. Everything really was intolerably cramped. I asked Akumal if he'd like to join me for a little walk, and he agreed.

"Well," I told Akumal outside,

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Steve & Sharyn
To
Penny
From all
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The Clarks
To Me
Happy
Holidays!
AMARETTO di SARONNO
SARONNO
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New Years?
Bob—
Thanks
for
Everything!
Fred
Dear
Pat
Love Ya!

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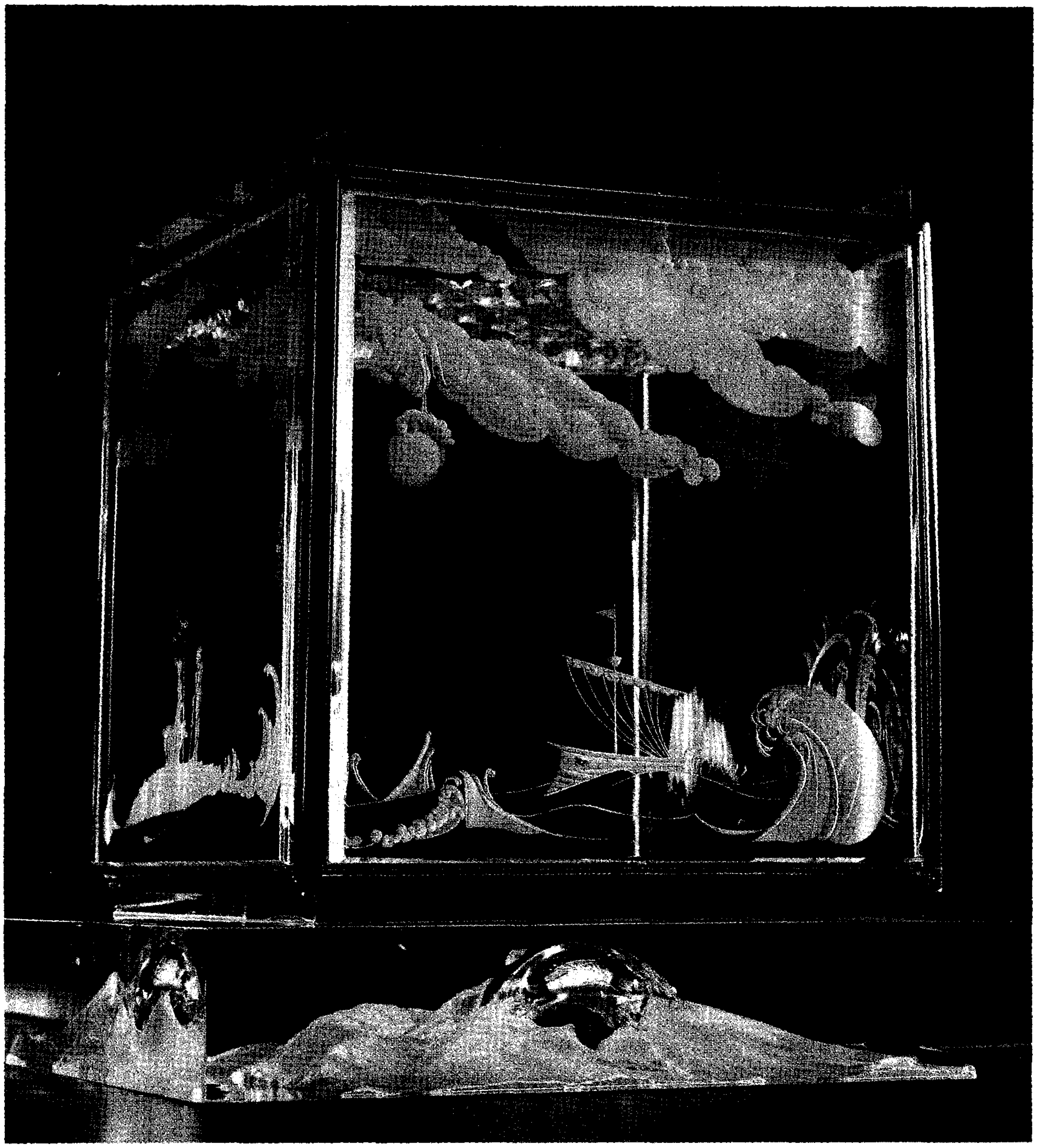

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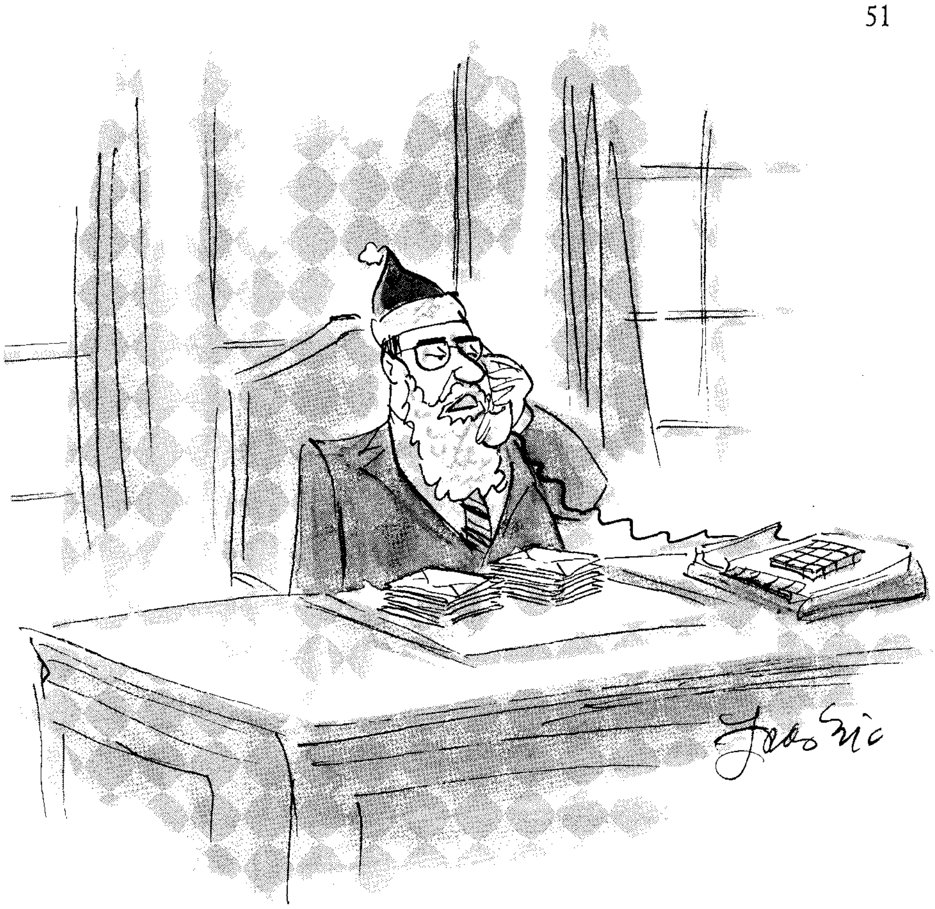

"All right, Miss Barcher, you can start sending them in one at a time."

• •

"you've certainly gone and caught my attention. But do you think we might slow down and wind this tape back a bit? First of all, seriously, *who are you*?"

"Ah, yes." He laughed. "It's been just as I predicted, hasn't it? Wonderful destiny! Manifest destiny—isn't that one of your expressions here in America? Manifest *karma*, if you'll allow me. As I told you, I am a lowly professor of elementary English at the College of Agricultural Sciences in Bangalore. I am there every day from eight to three, teaching my classes of forty students grammar, spelling, sentence structure, conversational skills—only, I'm on leave just now, as you can see.

"I was born in Bombay on the tenth of July, 1949, and our family presently moved to Calcutta. I am the eldest, with three siblings. My father was a clerk in the Army. Our family was lower middle class, struggling to advance slightly higher, into the middle class proper. When my father and mother were married, they were so poor they couldn't afford a single night in the fanciest hotel in Bombay—they couldn't even afford tea there—so they went over and just rode up and down in the lifts. That was their sort of honeymoon celebration. When I was growing up, there were six of us in two rooms."

Walking and talking at a brisk clip, Akumal continued, "I was very bookish. I almost went blind with all my reading. There was no electricity, and to save my eyes my father made a huge clamor and got electricity for the entire block. He was not able to complete his schooling himself, so he sacrificed enormously so that his children would be. I was especially in love with beauty. In India, even the poorest will adorn themselves with colorful saris or simple jewelry—you may be economically deprived, we say, but God has given you eyes in your head to see—and from a very early age I was entranced, mesmerized by the flowing movements of all those intense colors. One of my earliest memories in Calcutta was going to the fields not far from Fort William, along the banks of the Hooghly River. This was my art school. Because there, each summer, thousands—no, hundreds of thousands—of butterflies would gather, and I would run among them, chasing them, all those brilliant hues floating about. I never actually tried to catch any. It was just the swarming of all that color. And that was my initial association when I saw the slides of Shapinsky's paintings for the first time. They reminded me of the butterflies back in Calcutta, and of the rhythms of classical Indian dance, too—another great passion of mine. I knew I must be in the presence of a profound art if it could inspire associations like that."

Akumal went on to relate that his family had moved to Bangalore when he was sixteen. He received his bachelor's degree in physics and chemistry *and* mathematics from Bangalore College in 1968, shifted fields and attained a master's in English in 1971. In addition to teaching, he wrote poetry in Hindi and fiction in English. In 1973, an early draft of an anti-war play of his somehow got him an invitation to Weimar, East Germany—his first trip abroad—and there he was "bowled over by Brecht." I say "somehow": Akumal was actually very specific—exhaustively so—about the circumstances, but my concentration had begun to buckle under the weight of his relentlessly detailed recapitulations. All of Akumal's accounts are exhaustive: it's not so much that he is incapable of compression as that he seems authentically dazzled by the particulate density of every aspect of his fate. Anyway, he returned to India and became something of a gadfly in Bangalore, one of the fastest-growing provincial cities in India, endlessly exhorting the editors of the local papers to expand their cultural coverage, especially of international film and literature. He haunted the British Council Library. He arranged for the first translation of Darwin's "Origin of Species" into Kannada, the local language. He acted as a literary agent on behalf of various local poets and essayists. He managed to finagle a special four-page supplement on the films of the Polish director Krzysztof Zanussi during a Bangalore film festival in 1979. Zanussi eventually saw the supplement, and had Akumal invited to the 1980 Gdansk film festival, at the height of the Solidarity period—the first of several trips Akumal took to Poland. Somewhere along the line, he met Lelah Dushkin, a sociology professor at Kansas State University, who managed to arrange an invitation for Akumal to come to Kansas to lecture on Indian politics and cinema, so that early in the fall of 1984 Akumal found himself in Chicago, fresh from Poland

First Big Snowfall of the Season Takes Albert Cranfield by Surprise

• •

(where he had just attended another film festival), en route to Manhattan, Kansas.

This is where the story proper begins—a story that Akumal has now told hundreds of times, each time the same way, with the same formulaic cadences and ritualized digressions, except for the addition, at the end of each new telling, of the name and reaction of the person he told it to the immediately prior time. It's like one of those Borges fictions, in which to hear the story is to become part of it. And the story always begins with Akumal's fresh astonishment, his sheer amazement at the wondrous coincidence of it all. Because, as he points out, if he hadn't been on his way to Kansas he would never have been in Chicago, and if he hadn't been in Chicago he would never have accompanied his host, the distinguished Indian poet (and MacArthur Fellowship recipient) A. K. Ramanujan, to a retirement party for Maureen Patterson, the South Asia bibliographer at the University of Chicago library, and in that case he would never have had an impulse "to befriend one young man who was standing somewhat shyly in the corner"—an impulse that arose "because the man had an interesting, kind face"—and then he would never have met one of Maureen Patterson's graduate assistants, who proved to be David, the twenty-four-year-old son of Harold and Kate Shapinsky. "It could all easily never have happened," Akumal invariably points out here. "It was all built on the most precarious of coincidences. But, then again, it had to happen, because it was my karma to discover Harold Shapinsky! "

David Shapinsky was in Chicago doing graduate work in American diplomatic history, so their conversation initially revolved around international relations, alighting on the subject of Poland, and thence on to the subject of a young Polish artist whose work Akumal had taken to promoting since his most recent trip to Gdansk, and some of whose etchings he had back in his suitcase at Ramanujan's. (He had bought them in Poland to assist the poor artist, and was now reselling them as he went along to finance his trip; beyond that, he was virtually without funds.)

"David didn't mention anything about his father that night," Akumal explained to me as we completed perhaps the twelfth lap of the block the afternoon he recounted the whole story to me for the first time. "That took another coincidence—the next day, we just happened to run into each other at the University of Chicago library, and he asked me if I'd mind going with him for coffee. Presently, he told me about his father and invited me up to his room to look at some slides of his father's paintings and see if I might be willing to promote his father's work as well. He is a loving son, and he was pained by the oblivion into which his father had fallen. I was interested, but I really didn't know anything about Abstract Expressionism, so I didn't know how I would react to the work. In his room, looking at the slides, I got butterflies—the butterflies of my Calcutta youth!

"Over the next few days, I got very excited. I told David to call his parents and tell them to sit tight just a bit longer—that a crazy Indian from Bangalore was on his way to promote Harold's paintings. And I made David a two-part bet. I bet him that within a year I would secure a show for his father's paintings at a major world-class gallery—possibly not in America, possibly in Europe. I wasn't sure about New York—they're funny in New York, you can never tell. And, secondly, we would force the Encyclopædia Britannica to revise its entry on Abstract Expressionism to establish the name Shapinsky in its rightful place among de Kooning, Pollock, Rothko, and the others. We bet a dinner at the fanciest restaurant we could think of, and then I was off to Kansas.

"From Kansas, I called a friend of mine in New Jersey, an Indian fellow named Sudhir Vaikkattil. An exceptional photographer, he was an earlier discovery of mine. I told him not to ask any questions but to call the Shapinskys right away, go over there, and take new slides of the work and of them. I'd be joining up with him in a few weeks. I told him not to worry, that somehow I'd find money to pay for the materials—although at that moment I was, frankly, penniless. I called Harold—this was our first conversation—and told him about Sudhir and the need for the new slides. And—this was fantastic—you know what he said? He said, 'Well, I hope he gets in touch with me.' This was a won-

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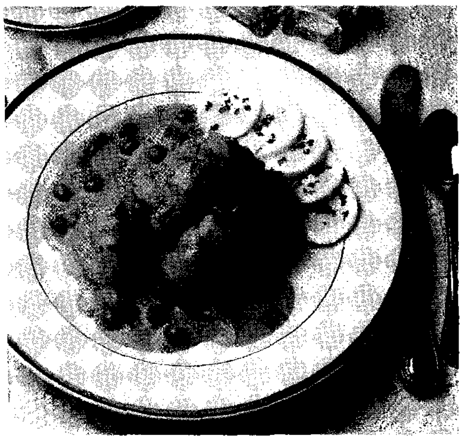
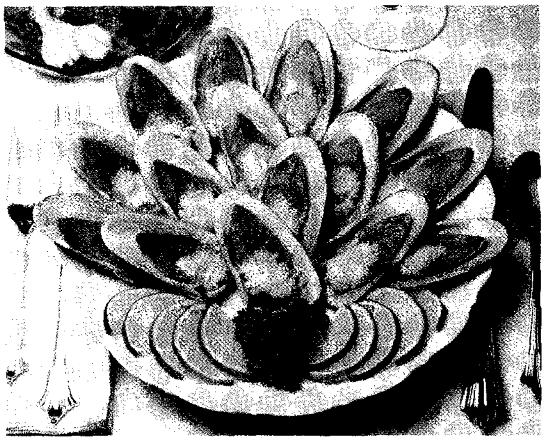
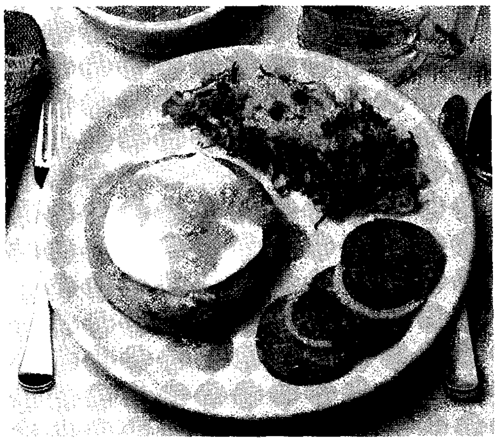


Picante de Ave. Boned chicken with paprika sauce.



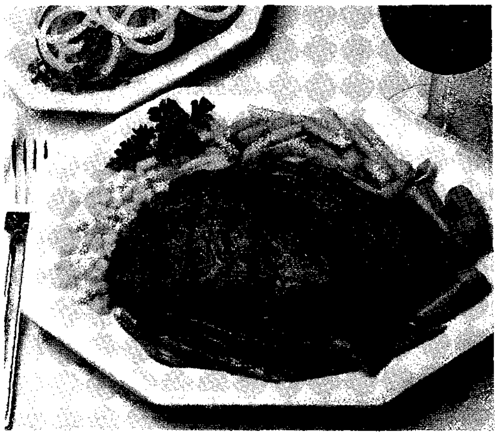
Machas a la Parmesana. Pacific clams with white wine and cheese.



Yapingachos. Cheese-filled potato tortilla with egg and peanut sauce.

Langosta del Pacífico. Pacific lobster with mayonnaise.

Ajiaco. Chicken stew with potato, corn and capers.



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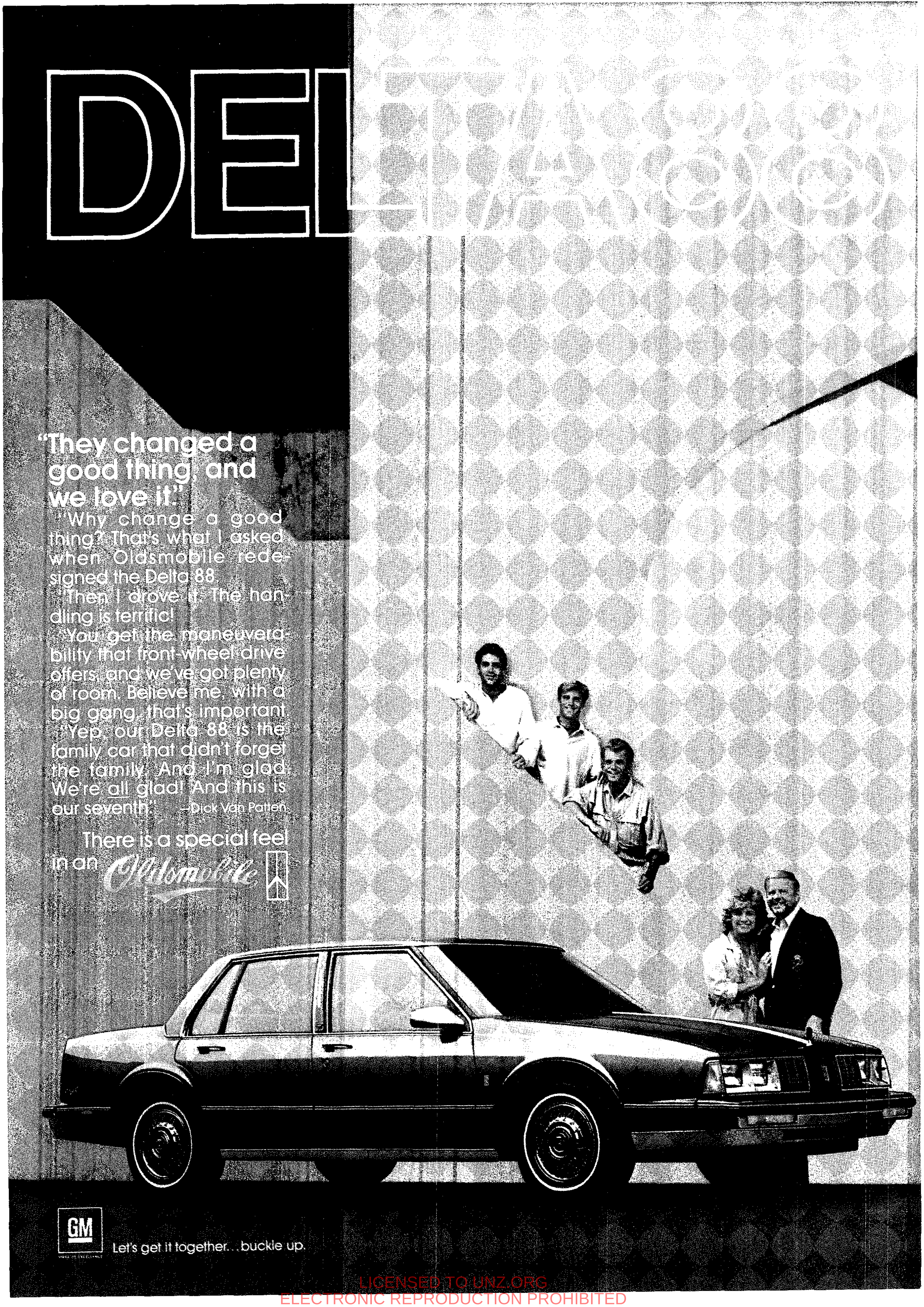

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derful omen. In India, we have a proverb—'The thirsty man goes to the well, the well doesn't go to the thirsty man.' As I suspected, this confirmed that Shapinsky was a well, not a thirsty man. He is incredibly serene. He is *suddhi parush*—this is a Sanskrit expression meaning a wise man, unflappable, unfazed."

Akumal soon completed his lectures in Kansas and flew on, for some reason (he told me why; I just got lost somewhere in here), to Los Angeles and then to Washington, D.C. There, as elsewhere, he managed to find some Indian patrons. "I sing for them," Akumal explained to me matter-of-factly. "Oh, I didn't tell you? Yes, I am a great fan of Indian semiclassical music, and I can sing unaccompanied. Homesick Indians all over the world love to have me stay with them in their homes as long as I sing for my keep." He now launched his siege of the Smithsonian, armed with David's slides. There was a whole series of coincidences here as well, including a fellow named Asman ("This was a wonderful omen, because, you see, *asman* in Hindustani means the sky, and, of course, I was reaching for the sky, and also, in Bangalore, I am known as Chander, the Moon, so that Asman-Chander—you get the idea"), whom Akumal encountered somewhere along the way toward Dean Anderson, "the No. 2 man at the Smithsonian." Anderson was impressed by the slides and dumbfounded that Shapinsky wasn't listed in any of the reference books on his extensive shelf. He promised to pass the slides on to the curators over at the Hirshhorn and get back to Akumal with their response as quickly as possible. On one of the days in here, Akumal happened upon a copy of my book on Poland in a bookstore and noted, from the jacket copy, that I'd also occasionally written on art ("another wonderful omen"), which is why he called me later (very much later) that night. As he pointed out, admiring his own tactical acumen, he'd limited his conversation in that first phone call to the subject of Poland. This was partly, he now told me, because he'd spent much of the interim that afternoon calling New York galleries. "I must tell you I've made a major discovery," he'd told one receptionist after another, "an extraordinary Abstract Expressionist of the generation of Pollock, Rothko, and de Kooning, and I would like to make an appointment to come in and show you some slides." In a few cases, he managed to get past the flak-catchers, but it didn't much help. "Harold *who?*" was a common response. One prominent dealer, Ivan Karp, went as far as to assert, "He couldn't be very major if I've never heard of him." Akumal called thirty-two galleries and got not one appointment. A few days later, on October 30th, undaunted, he boarded a bus for Manhattan. He immediately called on the Shapinskys. They became fast friends, and later that very afternoon he showed up in my office, making his subtle (as it developed, almost too subtle) pitch.

The next day, Akumal called Anderson at the Smithsonian. "The people here are amazed," Akumal recalls Anderson's telling him. "They say either Shapinsky is an outstanding genius of twentieth-century art or he is a first-class derivative artist. They want more time." Akumal pointed out that all Western art was derivative of the East, if you wanted to get picky about things, and anyway art history was not a relay race. He asked whether Anderson would mind if he began showing the slides to art people in Europe. Anderson said of course not, and shortly thereafter Akumal boarded a flight to Amsterdam on the first leg of his prebooked, prepaid return to Bangalore.

We'd now accomplished a half-dozen more laps of the block, and we decided to peer in and see how the TV shoot was going. It was going like most such things—at a snail's pace—and Akumal would not be needed for a bit longer, so we decided to head out for a few more rounds.

"The next coincidence occurred on the plane," Akumal continued. "The KLM in-flight magazine happened to include an article about the Stedelijk Museum, mentioning a curator named Alexander van Gravenstein, so once I arrived in Holland I immediately took to calling him, and eventually obtained an appointment. When I arrived at his office, he invited me down to the museum cafeteria, and I was momentarily alarmed, because I literally didn't have a cent in my pocket and, you know, there is this phrase 'going Dutch,' and, this being Amsterdam and everything, I figured I might be expected to pay for my own coffee. But he was very generous—another good omen—and he just picked up the tab. And after he looked at the slides he said, 'You have brought me the work of a great artist. The work of the late forties and the fifties is especially original.' He gave me the name of Xavier Fourcade, a dealer in New York City, but I decided not to tell him how I'd already called the thirty-two New York galleries, all to no avail."

Buoyed by that exchange, Akumal borrowed money from some Dutch friends and took the boat to England, arriving in London early in the morning and being met by an Indian friend who was studying at Cambridge. Over dinner, their conversation turned to the Booker prize for fiction and the fact that it had recently been won by Anita Brookner, who happened to be a professor of art. "I took this as an omen," Akumal recounted. "And I excused myself momentarily from the table. I went over to the pay phone and looked up her number in the phone book. It was listed, *another* good omen. And since it wasn't too late—before ten, anyway—I placed the call. She answered herself, and I quickly explained my situation and she was very gracious, at the end suggesting that the man to get in touch with was her friend Alan Bowness, the director of the Tate. When I returned to the dining table, my Cambridge friend was aghast that I'd actually called Miss Brookner up like that, but once in a while you just have to be bold."

The next morning, Akumal presented himself at the reception desk at the Tate, insisting on seeing the director. No, he did not have an appointment, but he did have urgent business. Bowness, it turned out, was not in, but Akumal would not be budged. Finally, the receptionist managed to get Ronald Alley, the keeper of the modern-art collection, to come down and attend to this immov-

able Indian. "I pulled out the slides, and as he looked through them he almost immediately said, 'You have made a major discovery.' I said yes. He suggested that what Shapinsky needed now was a first-class gallery, and asked if I'd like a referral. Of course, I said yes again. He went over to his phone and called James Mayor and told him he'd be sending over someone with some very interesting work. I thanked him, left the building, flagged a cab, and immediately proceeded to the Mayor Gallery."

Salman Rushdie, the best-selling author of "Midnight's Children" and "Shame," who was to become another student and chronicler of this affair, has pointed out, correctly, that this was the turning point in Akumal's Shapinsky quest. As Rushdie says, "Now, for the first time, Akumal had become that most *pukka* of persons, a man who has been properly introduced." (*Pukka* is Sanskrit for "complete," "whole," "together.")

Mayor had hardly had time to put his phone back in its cradle when Akumal arrived at his door, pulling out his slides. And Mayor, too, was impressed. He asked for a couple of weeks to think it over, but a few days later, on December 4th, he told Akumal that he would like to schedule a Shapinsky retrospective for the spring. Akumal asked him to frame his request as a letter. Mayor did, and the next evening Akumal told the whole story to Salman Rushdie, whom he'd met a few years earlier when a lecture tour brought the writer to Bangalore.

Akumal now took a boat back to Holland, made his quick and highly successful side trip to the Ludwig Museum in Cologne, and then prepared to resume his flight back to Bangalore, again virtually out of funds. Dutch television had become interested in his story and wanted to scoop the world with news of the Shapinsky discovery. Unfortunately, the sole slot it had available was for a few days after Akumal's prepaid and nonchangeable flight back. Akumal called Rushdie to ask what he should do.

Rushdie offered some tentative advice, but the real import of this call in terms of the saga was that it served to remind Rushdie of the whole affair. This was important, because that evening it just happened—"another incredible coincidence"—that Rushdie was going to be dining with his friend Tariq Ali. Ali, who comes from an area of pre-Partition India that is now in Pakistan, had been one of the foremost student activists in Europe during the anti-Vietnam War period; he'd been instrumental in establishing the Bertrand Russell–Jean-Paul Sartre war-crimes tribunal in Stockholm; and he'd gone on to become a prolific and highly regarded political writer. Ali had also recently been named one of the executive producers of a documentary-film company named Bandung Productions, which was loosely affiliated with Britain's new television network, Channel 4. One of Ali's colleagues from Channel 4 was at the dinner, and Rushdie naturally regaled the group with his improbable tale of Akumal and Shapinsky. As he did so, he warmed to his subject, finally insisting that Bandung and Channel 4 commit themselves on the spot to doing a documentary on Akumal's discovery—or else, he assured them, he'd go to the BBC with the tale the very next morning. He made one proviso—that whoever took on the project should take on Akumal's expenses for the interim as well. He was tired of seeing his friend ricocheting around the world so precariously close to bankruptcy. The dinner reconvened as an instant committee of the whole, they all agreed to Rushdie's proposal and his terms, and Akumal was called the next morning.

And now, a scant three months later, here we were, Akumal and I, negotiating loops around the real-life set of the resultant movie. We decided to go back upstairs, and this time Akumal's services were required. I spoke briefly with the Shapinskys, arranged for a meeting a few days later, when things would have quieted a bit, and took my leave.

Akumal telephoned me the next morning at my office to tell me that he and the film crew would be off to Chicago later that day to shoot a re-creation of the meeting with David ("We're going to reassemble the entire party," he said enthusiastically. "Miss Patterson is going to get to retire all over again"), but first he was going to the Museum of Modern Art to talk to William Rubin, the formidable director of the museum's Department of Painting and Sculpture.

"Do you have an appointment?" I asked.

"Of course not," Akumal shot back. "But, then, I haven't had appointments most other places, either. I'll drop by afterward to tell you how things went."

Twenty minutes later, someone stepped into my office to tell me that there was a Mr. Ramachander asking for me in the lobby. "Well," I said sympathetically as I guided Akumal back to my office a few moments later, "it must have been a short meeting."

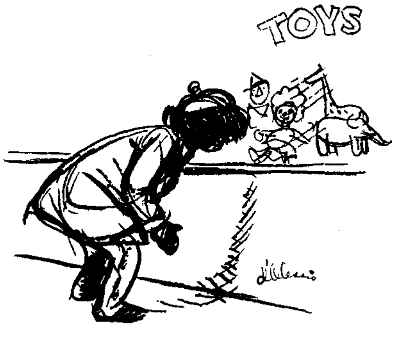
"Ah," Akumal replied sheepishly. "It's Wednesday. I forgot. The museum is closed on Wednesdays. But"—he brightened—"I've made a wonderful new discovery." He reached into his satchel and pulled out a bag. "Croissants! Sort of like French flaky breakfast rolls. You can just go in and buy them at a place right around the corner. Very tasty. Here." He offered me one and then reached again into his satchel, this time pulling out a folder.

"I wanted to show you all the letters," he explained. He had apparently been collecting testimonials as he went along.

"Dear Mr Akumal," the one from Ronald Alley began, under the Tate Gallery letterhead. "Thank you for showing me the slides of Harold Shapinsky's paintings. I am sorry to say he was completely unknown to me, but he is clearly an Abstract Expressionist artist of real interest whose work deserves to be widely known. His pictures have great freshness and beautiful colour, and I think people are going to be very surprised that an artist of this quality could have slipped into total obscurity."

There was one from Dr. Partha Mitter, the eminent Asian Studies scholar from the University of Sussex: "I was deeply moved by [Shapinsky's] immensely joyous paintings which appeared to celebrate life and its manifold creations. They exude power and dynamism, and their range of primary colours and sinuous lines evokes striking impressions of organic forms."

It must have been by way of Mitter that Akumal was able to get to Norbert Lynton, the celebrated historian of twentieth-century art who is also a professor at Sussex. (Lynton's "The Story of Modern Art" was conceived of, and is currently used in classrooms throughout the world, as an adjunct volume to E. H. Gombrich's classic



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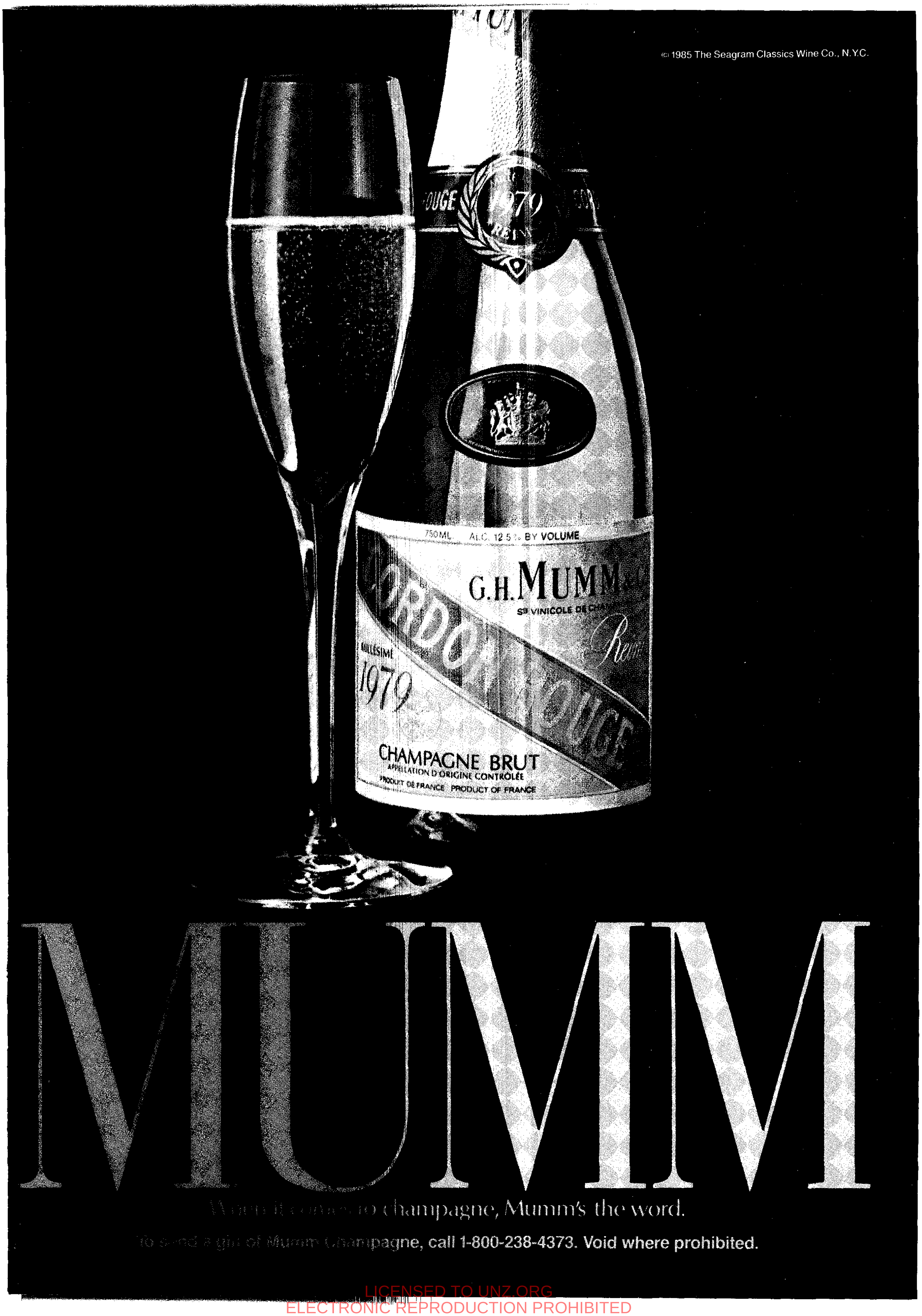

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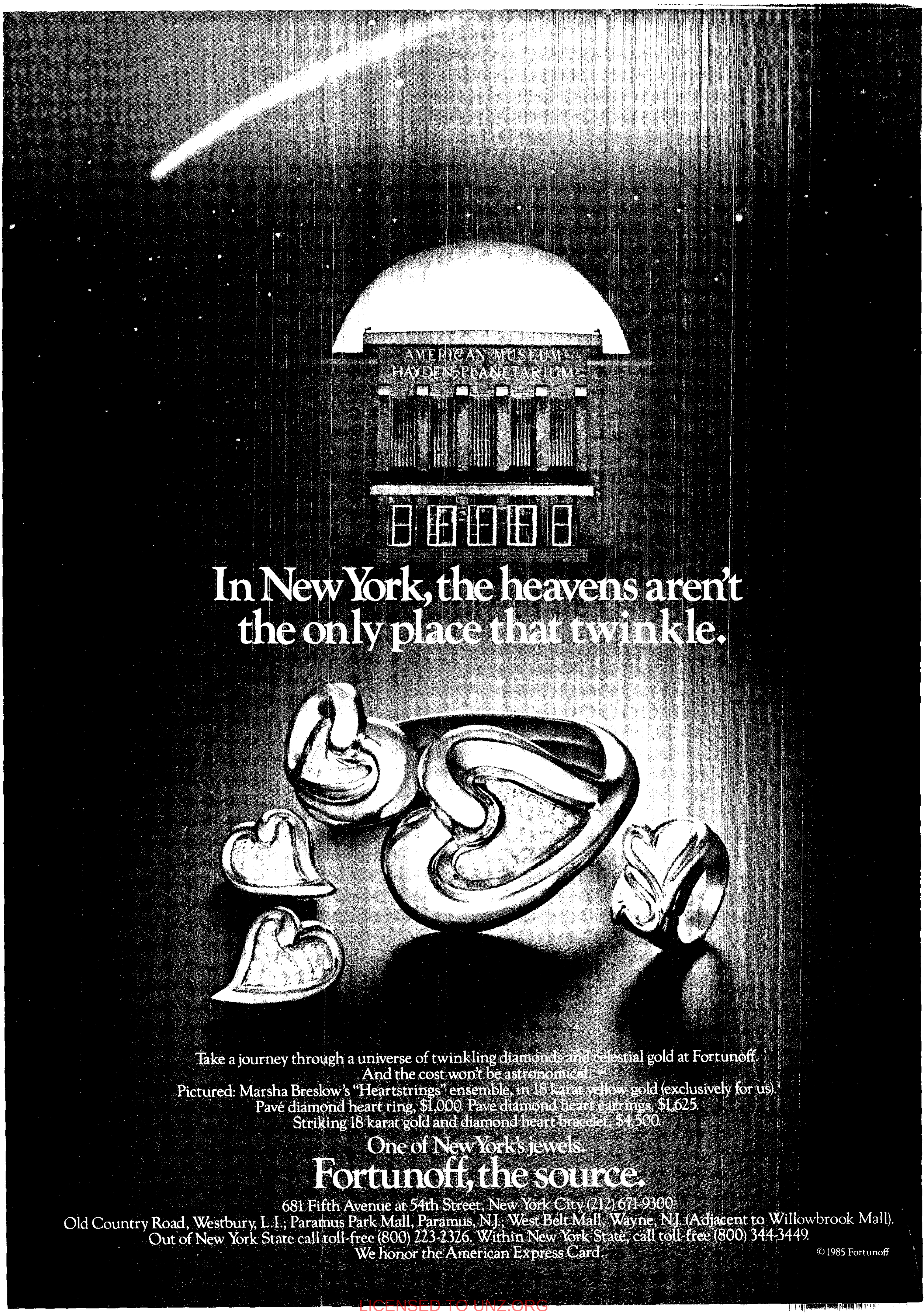

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"The Story of Art.") "I write to thank you for coming in and showing me your slides of the work of Shapinsky," Lynton's letter began. "Some days have passed since then: and though I had intended to write to you sooner the delay has not been without value, in that I find my recollection of many of Shapinsky's works crystal clear, a sure sign (I know from past experience) of artistic significance. He is certainly a painter of outstanding quality. . . . The slides suggest a rare quality of fresh and vivid (as opposed to mournfully soulful) Abstract Expressionism, a marvellous sense of colour, and also a rare feel for positioning marks and areas of colour on the canvas or paper. When you see Shapinsky, please . . . bring him respectful, admiring greetings from me."

There were several other letters in the file as well, and Akumal beamed as I read them. "It's all quite fantastic, isn't it?" he said. "So, don't you think you should come for the opening?"

I told him that I might try to make it to London for the opening, which was two months away. We left it at that.

Then he asked me if I would mind writing a letter, just to say that I, too, had now seen the slides, and that I might be coming to the opening.

I told him I'd try to remember to.

He said it was O.K.; he could wait —he had a few minutes before he had to go catch the airport bus.

SO far, I really hadn't had a chance to talk with Shapinsky, or, for that matter, to get a good look at his work, but now that the travelling documentary show had hit the road and quiet had returned to East Seventieth Street I went over for a chat the next day. Actually, several such visits were necessary: Shapinsky turned out to be as reserved and measured and withdrawn as Akumal was voluble and extravagant and outgoing. He was always gentle and polite, but he was subdued; indeed, at times his restraint verged on the spooky. He answered questions in a flat, becalmed voice with simple sentences often consisting of just one or two words ("Yes, marvellous," "Truly gratifying"). Though his answers eventually got longer, they often seemed pre-set—not that he was being evasive or had adopted some sort of party line but, rather, that his life seemed to hold little curiosity for him, few fresh surprises, no new vantages. His accounts had none of the free-associative, scattershot unpredictability that characterized Akumal's. I could see what Akumal had meant when he spoke of Shapinsky's serenity, but it seemed clearly a serenity that had a cost—there seemed to be a certain exhaustion behind the equanimity.

I was struck on each new visit to the Shapinskys' by the extraordinary spareness of their circumstances. One day, there happened to be three dirty cups in the kitchen sink, and there were not enough clean ones to go around until Kate had washed one of them. Another time, I took along a couple of friends, and there were not enough chairs in the apartment for all of us to sit on until Shapinsky lifted an ancient stereo off a rickety stool, set the stereo on the floor, and brought the stool over to the table. At night, I learned, they pulled a rolled-up thin mattress out of the closet and spread it across the floor to sleep on. During my visits, Kate would occasionally sit with us in the kitchen, knitting (she was always more spry and animated than he); other times, she would repair to the little foyer, on the other side of the thin wall, and operate her sewing machine, using the single bed as a layout table, while tossing anecdotes and amplifications back into the kitchen.

Harold Shapinsky was born in Brooklyn in 1925, which is to say that, contrary to Akumal's telescoped version, he was a good fifteen years younger than most of the first-generation Abstract Expressionists. (For that matter, he was younger than many of the second-generation New York School painters as well.) His parents were first-generation Russian-Jewish immigrants, and his father worked as a designer in the garment industry. Harold was the third of four boys. Music was highly prized in the family —one of his older brothers became a classical cellist, and the other played double bass—but the visual arts were encouraged hardly at all. Indeed, as Harold's precocious drawing talent started garnering notice it began to be actively discouraged. A musician, after all, could always gain employment somewhere, but what possible livelihood could there be for a painter?

Nevertheless, from an early age Shapinsky inhabited a highly visual universe. As a small boy, he was always attracted to the museums—especially the Brooklyn Museum, where he was particularly taken with ancient figurines, Egyptian friezes, and Coptic reliefs. But he also found visual stimulation in contexts other than the formally artistic. For example, he was fascinated by the patterns chalked out across the swatches of fabric his father brought home from his work in the garment industry—"the complex jumble of shapes," he recalls, "and especially the spaces in between." He also spent hours poring over weather maps in the newspaper, his imagination stirred by what he calls "the compression of distances and scale, the layering, the sense of pressures building and spilling into winds, the gracefully sweeping front lines, the three-dimensional density expressed through the simplest of abstract graphic means." He says that the fabric swatches and the maps influenced his later work.

When Shapinsky was in his young teens, his parents divorced, and his home life, which he seldom discusses directly, appears to have become quite strained and unhappy. His mother would find his paintings and throw them out; even more distressing, his stepfather—after she remarried—would find his paintings and paint right over them, in an act of not even thinly veiled jealousy. Shapinsky persevered. He became fascinated by modern European painting—especially Cézanne and Picasso—and he says that by the age of fifteen, in 1940, he had resolved to become a painter. By that time, he had been out of school a year—he had been forced to drop out of junior high to help support his family. He worked at a succession of jobs, and continued to draw and paint in the evenings. His early portraits were highly influenced by the neoclassical Picasso. In 1945, he received some sort of scholarship to the Art Students League, where he studied with Harry Sternberg and Cameron Booth. (I derive this fact from a photostat of a handwritten two-page "résumé," the only documentation that the Shapinskys were able to muster when James Mayor requested a curriculum vitae to be used in preparing the show.) That year, at twenty, Shapinsky moved in to Manhattan—to an unheated three-room, five-flight walkup on the lower East Side, for which he paid twelve dollars and fifty cents a month. (Forty years later, he and his wife share a space almost as small in a similar walkup, although it's in a somewhat nicer neighborhood and costs a lot more.)

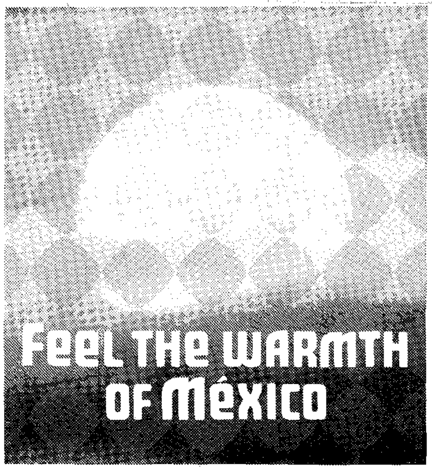
These were to be the high good times of Shapinsky's life—in many ways, its only good times, at least up until October of 1984. He got a job in a ceramics factory, and gradually rose to become head of its decorating department. But that was just part time. All the rest of his time, his energy, and whatever little money he was able to save were poured into his painting. "It was a wonderful period," he recalls. "There was a tremendous camaraderie among the artists. We were putting our all into painting, into the activity of painting itself. We'd get together at the old Waldorf Cafeteria at Sixth Avenue and Eighth Street, and we'd talk about the mission of painting. Nobody gave a thought to money, or to exhibiting, or even to selling the work. It was a pure scene."

The first-generation Abstract Expressionists were just making their breakthroughs—one-two-three, one after the other, like that! And Shapinsky watched as it was happening all about him. "I saw my first Gorky show at the Julien Levy Gallery in 1946, right around the time I was myself turning decidedly toward abstraction," he says. "Although I never met him, Gorky was a great encouragement: he had a beautiful touch—such a warm feeling to him. I met and became friends with Franz Kline around 1947. I saw my first Jackson Pollock show in 1948, at Betty Parsons. Although I saw de Kooning himself a good deal on the street and about town, I didn't see my first de Kooning painting till 1950 or so. But the point is, everybody was painting. We weren't Abstract Expressionists—that designation would only come later. We were just *painters*."

SHAPINSKY met Kate Peters at an all-night New Year's Eve party as 1947 became 1948. She was, she says, "a dancer and a *shiksa*." She was the renegade bohemian offshoot of an established New England family, where her insistence on becoming a dancer received little support, but she kept at it, studying with Doris Humphrey and José Limón, among others. Like many dancers, she hung around the artists. She *had* met Gorky, babysitting for his children not long before his suicide. "He'd walk me home afterward to the Sixteenth Street Y," she says. "He was angry at the world. He had a great big dog. His little girls called his paintings 'broken toys.' " At the party, Kate says, she was immediately attracted to Harold—"He was so thin and gaunt, he had a face like El Greco's Jesus Christ"—but she didn't think she had a chance, because of her New England background. She was wrong. ("She had marvellous form," Shapinsky recalls of his first impression.)

A few weeks later, he tracked her down: she was nude, modelling on a dais at the Art Students League. He borrowed a large drawing pad, scrawled, in big letters, "MEET ME IN THE CAFETERIA," and held the pad up before her. The class broke into applause. And after class she did meet him in the cafeteria. They went off to a pizza joint ("No," she corrects him, "it was a health-food place"), and the dinner cost two dollars, cleaning him out completely. "It was worth it, worth every penny," he says now, smiling over at her fondly. Their courtship was gradual, proceeding by fits and starts, and, like many affairs among artists of the period, it took a long time to formalize. They weren't officially married until 1955, and David, their only child, didn't arrive until 1960.

Shapinsky continued to scramble, hoarding whatever time he could for his painting, though he never seemed to have enough. A great break came when he happened to hear, in the fall of 1948, that a school named Subjects of the Artist was being established on Eighth Street by the painters William Baziotes, David Hare, Mark Rothko, and Robert Motherwell. (They were subsequently joined by Barnett Newman.) After work one evening, he went over to see about the possibility of a scholarship—he certainly couldn't afford the tuition. Baziotes happened to be there, and they had a long talk before class. "Finally," Shapinsky recalls, "Bill said to me, 'Well, let's see what you can do.' So I ran downstairs, found a paint shop, bought some black and white enamel and a board, hauled the things back up, squatted on the floor, and set to work. A while later, Bill came over, and he liked it and said he thought I had a good chance. A few minutes later, Motherwell came over and started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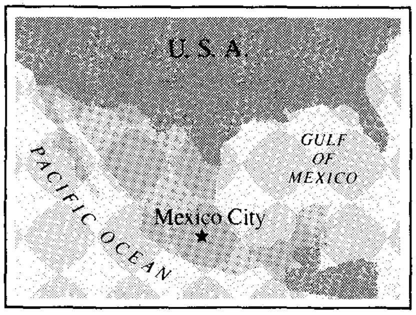

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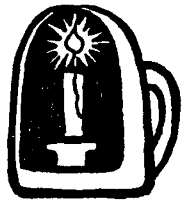
watching. Something went wrong, though, and I became dissatisfied and began scraping the paint away, gouging it and starting over. Motherwell liked how I treated the painting as a process. So they offered me a tuition scholarship on the spot. It was worth thousands—or, anyway, it was worth thousands *to me* at that time. I began hanging out there morning, noon, and night. There weren't very many students, actually—maybe about a dozen—and my work received a lot of attention, caused a lot of talk. David Smith liked it. Bradley Tomlin liked it. Sometimes I would draw with chalk directly on the wall—I like its hardness, the challenge of opening up a space. One time, Mark Rothko, who was terribly nearsighted, was talking to the class, and he began to speak appreciatively about one of my wall drawings as an example. He reached up to get a better look and tried to pull it off the wall—only, it *was* the wall. It was very embarrassing. Baziotes meant the most to me as a teacher, although they all had an impact. He was warm and enthusiastic—the others were more intellectual—and he helped encourage me to continue dealing with issues in my painting that were just beginning to be formulated. That sense of painting as a process. There were Friday-night lectures—Jean Arp came and spoke, Adolph Gottlieb, others."

The school closed toward the end of the winter of 1949. Shapinsky dragged his stuff back to his cramped cold-water flat and continued working. He was pouring all his money into paint and brushes and boards. He was literally living on peanuts, consuming a packet a day. Finally, it all became too much. "I collapsed," Shapinsky recalls. "One day, I couldn't get out of bed in the morning. I couldn't move. It was terrible. If my brother hadn't come a few days later to see what had become of me, I don't know, I might have . . . Anyway, he came, he saw my condition and bundled me up and brought me back out to Long Island for the summer, where they pampered me, fattened me up, let me lie out on the beach, and I slowly recovered."

His brother, however, forgot to pay the rent on the cold-water flat—the twelve dollars and fifty cents a month. It may be that it didn't even occur to him. In the first of a series of terrible setbacks for Shapinsky, the landlord simply came up and cleared out the apartment, tossing several years' worth of work into the garbage. Although almost everything was lost, including all the large paintings, a few smaller pieces were salvaged at the last minute. (Some of them would eventually be slated for inclusion in the Mayor show.) Shapinsky was devastated by the news.

Had Akumal been with us the afternoon that Shapinsky related this sad incident, he might (good student of karma that he is) have noted the date—the summer of 1949. Karma metes out mysterious compensations, uncanny reincarnations: somewhere on the other side of the globe, Akumal Ramachander was being born.



Shapinsky returned to the city around Christmastime of 1949 to take a job as extra help at the post office. Around New Year's, he learned that Motherwell had founded a school in his own studio, on Fourth Avenue, as a sort of follow-up to Subjects of the Artist, and Shapinsky began attending the sessions. He returned to full strength, poured himself into the work once again. At the end of the year, Motherwell selected one of Shapinsky's paintings for an invitational show at the Kootz Gallery.

Samuel Kootz had five artists in his stable and eight slots on his annual calendar, so he was always having to come up with creative ways to fill the extra spaces while not unduly favoring any one or three particular artists. That December of 1950, he invited the five artists themselves—Baziotes, Hare, Hans Hofmann, Gottlieb, and Motherwell—to select three artists each for a "Fifteen Unknowns" show. During one of my visits, Shapinsky foraged from deep within a kitchen drawer a flyer for the show. Most of the unknowns have returned to oblivion, but there are some surprises. Hofmann selected John Grillo. Gottlieb included Clement Greenberg, in his sometime role as a painter, and Helen Frankenthaler—a year before her first one-woman show, at Tibor de Nagy. The Kootz invitational received some good notices, and Shapinsky was among those singled out. In the *Times*, for example, Stuart Preston cited his "deft profiling of creamy shapes, waving like flames in a cross-breeze."

As second-generation Abstract Expressionists go, Shapinsky had staked his claim early. Indeed, in a sense he could have been conceived of as a transitional figure, too young for the first generation but so thoroughly identified with it in terms of ambitions and conceptions of the activity of painting as to be more of a precursor than a simple member of the second generation. But all this speculation soon proved moot. A few months before the opening of the Kootz show came the outbreak of hostilities in Korea, and Shapinsky was drafted. He got a night's leave to attend the opening but had to be back in barracks the next morning. He wasn't sent abroad—in fact, he logged most of his hitch in Fort Dix, New Jersey—but he was effectively sequestered from the scene just as it was beginning to catch fire, or, rather, at the very moment that the torch was being passed from the first generation to the second. Thus, he missed the celebrated Ninth Street Exhibition, in 1951, in which several charter members of the Artists Club invited sixty-one artists to install one work each in an empty storefront in the Village. According to Irving Sandler, one of the period's premier chroniclers, in his book "The New York School," the show included at least thirteen of the younger artists—Frankenthaler, Robert Goodnough, Grace Hartigan, Alfred Leslie, Joan Mitchell, and Milton Resnick among them. It is not inconceivable that Shapinsky would have been included had he been around. He might, at any rate, have been able to capitalize on his Kootz exposure, to insure that he would be part of the transition.

Instead, he was discharged, in the summer of 1952, into what he experienced as a radically altered environment. "The whole spirit had changed," he says, with something between a shudder and a sigh. "Money was beginning to flow in, and it was ruining everything. Politics was setting in. Everything was breaking apart. It was all becoming who you know, cliques, kowtowing, bootlicking. There was a mad scramble for galleries. It just got worse and worse." And Shapinsky began to fall inexorably away. "I couldn't stand all those cocktail parties," he recalls. He and Kate became more and more reclusive. "I tried to do my own work as quietly as possible, enjoy my family, my friends, visit the museums, study the Masters, return to my studio, paint." He'd show once in a long while—a single painting or two in an obscure show at some out-of-the-way gallery. But these shows were marginal, peripheral, in a scene, on an island, where centrality was everything. He looked on, aghast, as the art scene was transmogrified. "Painting became a business," he says. "The painters became like factories. Their product was the new—something new for each season. Most of it nowadays is like newspaper headlines. That's what the galleries seem to want—it creates a big splash, but then it doesn't mean anything. The work can be quite competent technically, but it's dead. You don't feel the artist's hand. It's all superficial. It's launching bandwagons and chasing after them. Nobody is concerned about *feeling* anymore, about the journey."

One day, as he finally took me into his little bedroom studio to show me some paintings, he said, "Look. *Feeling is everything*." One after another, he pulled out works from 1946, 1958, 1963, 1982, 1970, 1948 . . . It was amazing: isolated, utterly alone, working for no one but himself, unconcerned about wider acceptance, not kowtowing to any gallery or potential moneyed patrons, Shapinsky had almost managed to make time stand still. The paintings *were* quite lovely. The ones he showed me (like all those slated for the Mayor Gallery show) were small, and many of them were on paper. Shapinsky explained that he would have loved to work on large canvases, but he could never afford the canvas or the paint; he never had the room to stretch any large canvases, or the space to store the resultant paintings. So he condensed his art, working in what the Abstract Expressionists would have considered a miniature format—eighteen by twenty-four inches. Remarkably, however, he seemed able to compress a great deal of energy into those limited spaces, so that there is occasionally an almost epic quality to the small images—or, rather, they start out lyric and seem to hover, to modulate toward the epic.

But the main thing about them was this sense of their being frozen in time. Perhaps, ironically, one of the functions of occasional gallery shows for an artist is to force him or her to focus and summarize and then to push forward to the next thing. Shapinsky never seemed to feel that pressure. In 1953, Robert Rauschenberg was erasing his de Kooning. Color-field painting, Pop Art, Op Art, Minimalism—they would all now come and go, and none of them would be in any way reflected in Shapinsky's stubborn, obliviously resolute passion. For almost forty years, Shapinsky would continue to do 1946-50 New York Abstract Expressionist painting. And Shapinsky's words, as he now spoke about his paintings, also seemed to come barrelling out of some sort of time warp. "It's all a struggle with fluidity and spontaneity," he told me that day. "It's a journey—when you start, you don't know where it will take you, how it will all come out, how you will come out." Now he was becoming animated. "Sometimes I just start by throwing the brush at the blank surface. Then I try to respond to that mark. I enter into a dialogue with the surface. Then I try to deal with the surface tension. With enough tension, the piece comes alive, it begins to breathe, it swells, there's a fullness. I try to *puncture* the surface, to go deep inside, to build up the layers. I love to listen to music as I work—Mahler, for example, Bach, jazz—and, as they say, painting becomes a sort of visual music. It's abstract, but there's a sense of the world in it. I love to take walks in the park, see the way the branches intersect and sway, the swooping of the birds. I love looking down on the city from rooftops—the clean verticals and horizontals, the movement of traffic. All that gets filtered in. But, above all, it's *feeling*—feeling that is then carefully composed and constructed and integrated. Feeling that breaks apart and then comes together again. It's feeling, and a human touch, an existential trace."

Time passed. Shapinsky became a father. He held various jobs. For a while, he was an antiquarian bookseller. He taught art to children, ran an arts workshop with his dancer wife. He became a neighborhood activist, organizing the Sixth Street Block Association in the East Village. He continued to paint. And his health broke again. A back injury from his Army days gave him chronic problems. He contracted a severe, lingering case of pneumonia, was bedridden literally for years during the late sixties and early seventies. He suffered from hypoglycemia. For a period, he almost went blind: much of his work from the seventies is even more miniature than usual—intricate murals on sheafs of eight-and-a-half-by-eleven-inch paper. He trembled. It was thought that he might have multiple sclerosis. Perhaps it was partly a physical manifestation of his frustration and despair at having been left behind as the train pulled out of the station—that, and the perversity of somehow being condemned to continue living right there inside the station amid all the noise and bustle of the new trains as they came and left: to wait there, eternally cordoned off.

d.ehrenberg

The family was poor. One evening, David Shapinsky recounted for me over the phone how for long stretches he and his parents had lived below the poverty line. "It wasn't the lack of material comforts," he said, "but, rather, the recurrent anxiety that come the end of the month there wouldn't be enough money to pay the rent and we might end up being thrown out on the street."

"I learned very early that sometimes you buy things just to make yourself feel better—and they don't," Kate told me one day. "Things you can buy usually don't matter." Kate began knitting sweaters and sewing patchwork-quilt vests and jackets, and selling her wares to Henri Bendel. What with one thing and another, they got by. And Shapinsky continued to paint. Time passed—everywhere but in his painting world, where it seemed to stay 1948. He'd become like one of those tribes secreted deep in the jungle by the headwaters of some lush, narrow New Guinean stream, a little cusp of the world where the Stone Age still holds sway—and then, one day, over the godforsaken, fog-shrouded pass, in stumbled Akumal.

IN the ensuing weeks, I showed a set of transparencies of the twenty-two paintings selected for the Mayor Gallery show to various dealers around New York. A consensus quickly formed among those dealers. There was no question but that Shapinsky could paint. "This is the work of a real painter," André Emmerich, of the André Emmerich Gallery, told me. "Technically, these are very proficient, smart paintings. This one here"—he picked out the transparency of "Poe," a black-and-white

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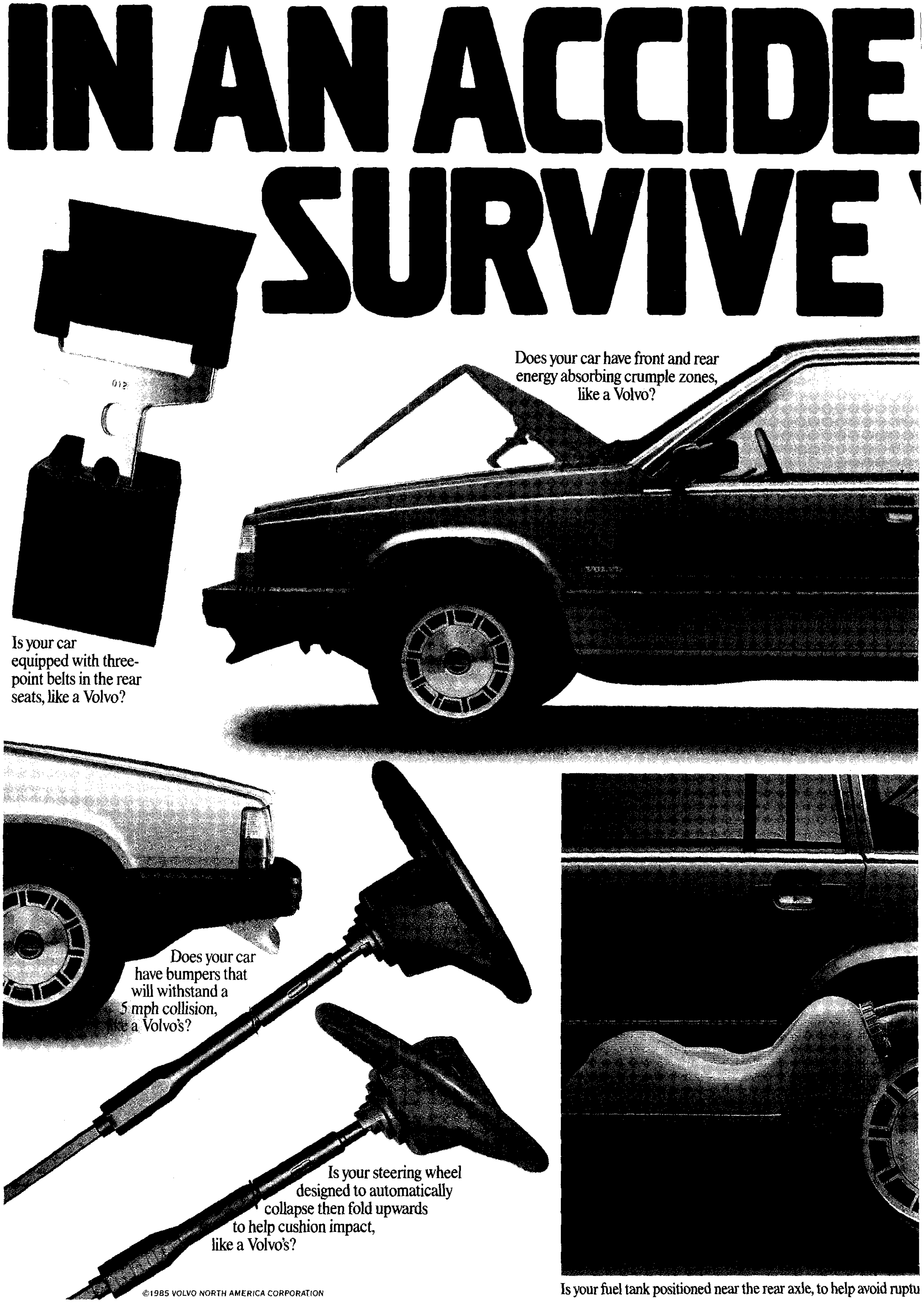

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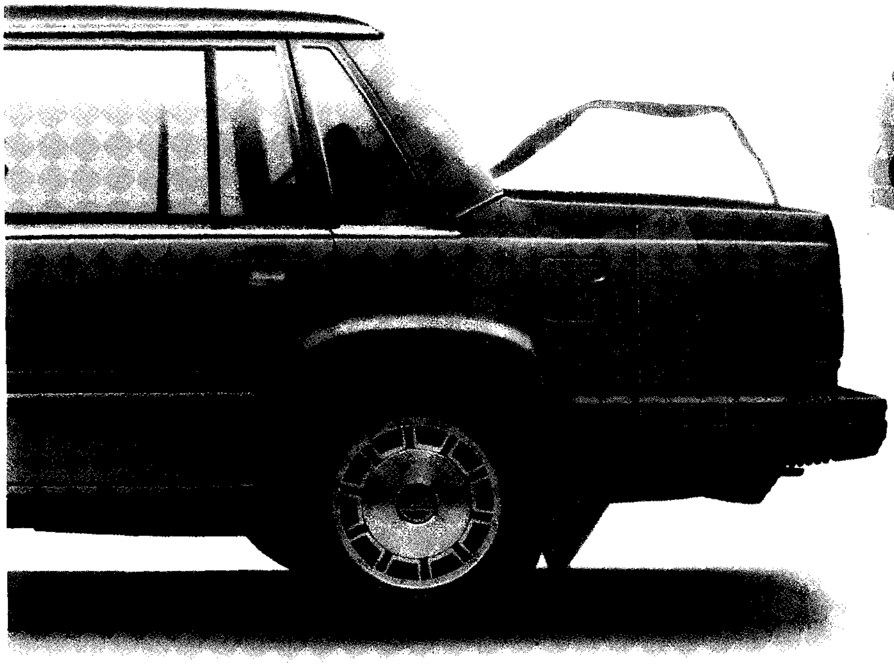

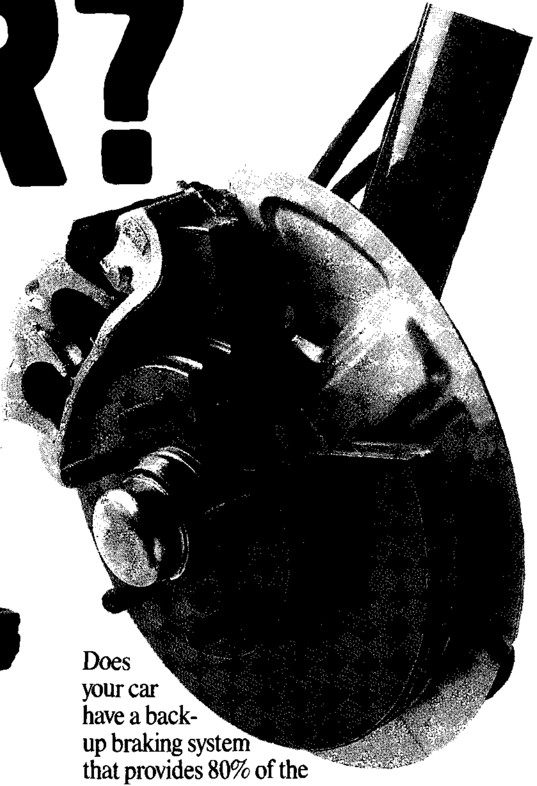

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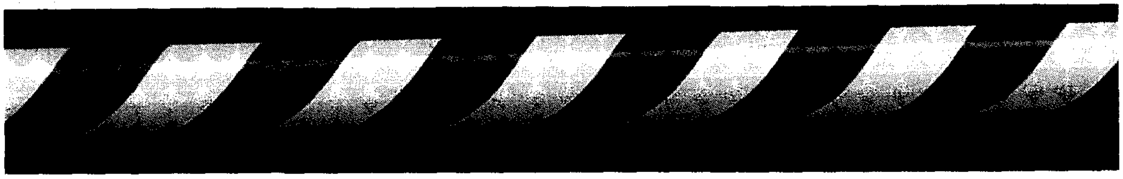

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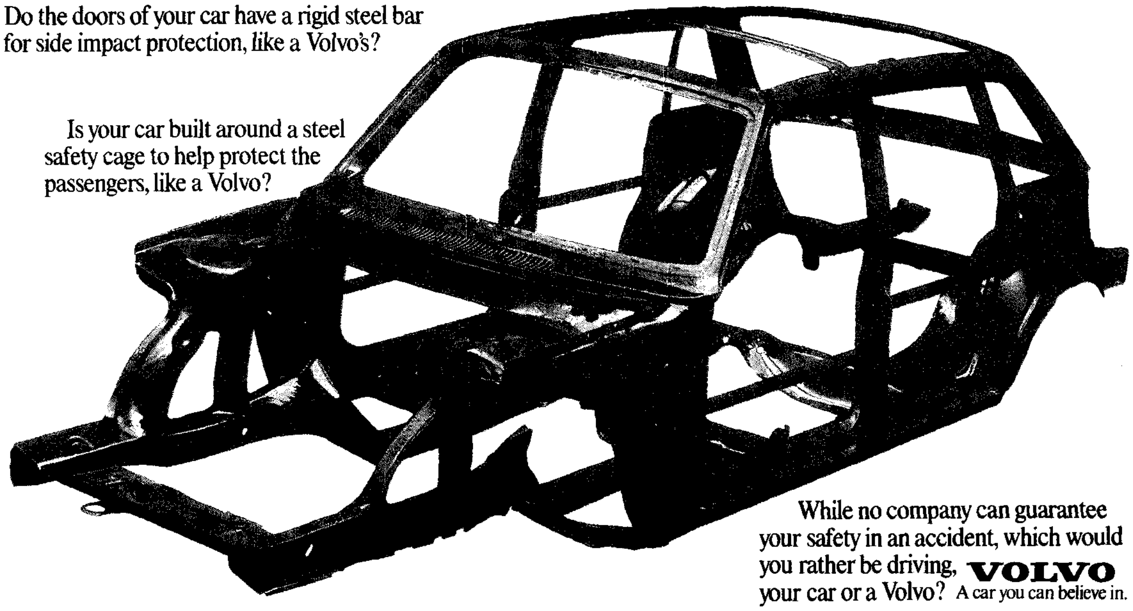

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piece from 1949-50—“is excellent.” Other dealers singled out other paintings as “charming,” “beautiful,” or “strong.” “Really a very fine painter,” I heard over and over. But almost everyone followed up such observations with a string of misgivings. For one thing, the paintings were too small. “You simply couldn’t work this small and be a true Abstract Expressionist,” Emmerich declared. “The whole point about Abstract Expressionism was that sense of Action painting, and that required scale.” I started to point out Shapinsky’s explanations for the small size of his works—the problem of storage, for example—but Emmerich wasn’t buying that. “Canvases roll up,” he said. “I could probably store all of Morris Louis’s lifework in this little room.” (The room *was* little, but, in fairness, it was still larger than Shapinsky’s entire apartment.)

The most frequent recurring misgiving, however, was some variation on the theme that Shapinsky’s lifework was very close, uncannily close—indeed, uncomfortably close—to that of Willem de Kooning. “It’s funny,” Emmerich commented. “Future art historians might well have been excused if they’d accidentally attributed these works to de Kooning. That wouldn’t have surprised me at all.” Sidney Janis, of the Sidney Janis Gallery, agreed—the works seemed enormously derivative. Over and over, dealers would reach for their de Kooning catalogues and track the parallel years. “Look,” one said. “See, here de Kooning is doing that sort of thing six months before Shapinsky—and he’s doing it better.” Shapinsky faced something of a double bind with these comparisons, because on those occasions—and there were several—when it appeared that Shapinsky had anticipated de Kooning (some of his paintings from 1947, for example, displayed the loose, lazy, languid curves of the very late de Kooning; and one Shapinsky, dated 1955-56, seemed to radically simplify the complexities of prior work, indulging in wide swaths of luminous, uninterrupted color, a full year before de Kooning was doing the same sort of thing), the dealers uniformly challenged the accuracy of Shapinsky’s dating, suggesting that he had probably got it wrong, if only accidentally. Since Shapinsky was judged derivative as his work went into the analysis, all the work *had* to be derivative by definition, and certain dates therefore *had* to be mistaken, since de Kooning, the man whom Shapinsky was ipso facto deriving everything from, hadn’t yet reached that point. Q.E.D.

Irving Blum and his partner, Joseph Helman, of the Blum Helman Gallery, were the most blunt in their evaluation of Shapinsky’s significance. “It’s just too dicey!” Blum exclaimed. “The early paintings are versions of de Kooning and the late paintings are versions of the early paintings. There were dozens of guys like this. He’s just another one of those close-but-no-cigar cases.”

“Look,” Helman said, pulling the current copy of the magazine *Flash Art* from a nearby shelf and flipping through the pages quickly. “Look at all these Neo-Expressionist surrealists operating today. Dozens of painters with virtually identical imagery. Look, look, here, this one, this other one—a whole page of them here. Now, if one of these guys goes on and develops, if he keeps pushing, if he breaks through, if he can demonstrate his power and strength over and over again, if he can keep it up—well, then you’re talking about someone worth considering. But by itself—nothing. You can go back and look through some issues of *Art News* from the late forties and early fifties, and I’m sure you’d find the same sort of things—dozens of Shapinskys. De Kooning had a lot of clones—he was an enormously influential figure, an overpowering presence; he exerted a tremendous force field, warping all sorts of careers around him—but *he* moved on. He changed over the years across a sustained career of dazzling inventiveness. Just because somebody was painting like him at one particular point in time doesn’t make him his equal, by a long shot.”

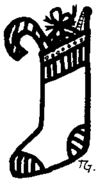
I pointed out that they had both agreed that some of the Shapinskys were good paintings. Didn’t that count for anything?

“You can’t separate the issue of being derivative from the issue of being good,” Helman replied. “They’re deft, they’re flashy, but . . .”

What about the European museum people and art writers who had vouched for the work?

“They never understood Abstract Expressionism in the first place,” Blum said.

Helman agreed. “Most of the Europeans missed it when it was happening, and now they’re misreading it in retrospect.”



Blum asked me how much Mayor was going to be charging, and I told him I’d heard between fifteen and thirty thousand a painting, average around twenty-five.

“Look,” Blum said. “That’s big stakes. And this could all just be a bubble, hype feeding on itself. It can be smashed flatter than a pancake in an instant—and it may well be. These paintings will not bear the weight.” Blum paused for a moment, and then continued, “The scene today is enormously protected, enormously serious: too much money is at stake.”

Outside the office, as I left, the gallery walls were graced by a gorgeous selection of recent paintings by the thirty-three-year-old Donald Sultan—so recent, in fact, that you could smell some of the panels as they dried. Blum Helman had sold the show out before it had even opened, at sixty thousand dollars a pop. The whole question of art and money has become terribly vexed this past decade—we are living through a period of cultural inflation—but it seemed to me that some of these dealers were being a bit harsh. Given that a painting’s true value bears almost no relation to its financial worth, its financial worth may just be whatever the market will bear. It had yet to be seen what the market would bear in Shapinsky’s case. Hype, at any rate, is always the other gallery’s publicity. As far as Shapinsky goes, as he nears the end of his career—in many ways a noble career, which has produced certain paintings of merit, of beauty—I couldn’t see what was so terribly offensive about his finally being rewarded.

THE questions of Shapinsky’s relationship to de Kooning and of his true historical place in the transition between the early generations of Abstract Expressionism in New York were interesting ones in their own right, completely independent of any implications they might have for the market in Shapinsky’s paintings. They were difficult questions to research, however, partly because there was virtually no history of exhibitions or critical commentary on Shapinsky’s case to refer to. And now many of the principal witnesses were dead or unavailable for comment. De Kooning, in particular, has for many years maintained a policy of refusing to be interviewed.

I did reach William Baziotes’s

widow, Ethel. It turned out that she had barely met Shapinsky while Baziotes was alive, but she well recalls her husband's talking about his young colleague during the years before his death, in 1963. "The teachers and fellow-artists liked him enormously," she recalls. "They felt his gifts were evident, so much so that Franz Kline gave him several works—and there is no higher praise a painter can give a fellow-artist than that. They thought of him as a younger brother. They trusted him. They knew he would not confuse the issues or choose the easy way. Bill felt that Shapinsky had a grave mind. It had known many hells, he used to say—he seemed to need to fight alone, to be terribly singular. His dark, painful youth, Bill felt, had conditioned him to move obliquely. Bill felt that Shapinsky would take a sober course at great cost but that he would stay the course. He used to say that once in a while he had come upon a student like that, and that that had made it all worthwhile."

I then called Robert Motherwell, at his home in Connecticut. I summed up the recent developments and asked him if he remembered Shapinsky.

"Oh, yes," he said, but hesitantly, seeming to reach far back. "Extraordinary, the way things like that return on you. Yes, yes. Harold Shapinsky: big horn glasses, very pale, thin." He paused. "There was no question with him that the talent and the dedication were real. There were a lot of students moving through those schools, and many of them were just passing through, but Shapinsky was clearly the real McCoy. However, the main thing I remember about him was how terribly intense he was—a combination of extreme intensity and shyness. He'd tremble; he'd quiver with all that intensity. It was too bad, because whereas that sort of temperament might have worked ten years earlier—many of those first-generation people were loners, they were into profound psychological and existential self-exploration—that just wasn't the way things were developing after 1950. By then, people were becoming looser, more optimistic, more sunny, more social."

Our conversation turned to how Shapinsky had fallen away. I mentioned his having been drafted.

"That's odd," Motherwell said. "He must have been registered with some other draft board than the one in Greenwich Village. The draft board in the Village, if they heard you were an artist they assumed you must be some sort of Communist—or, at any rate, you were manifestly unreliable—and they had no use for the likes of you in their Army, so it meant an almost automatic deferment." (I subsequently asked Shapinsky about this, and it was true: he had been registered in Brooklyn, at his mother's address.) Motherwell agreed that Shapinsky's forced absence from the scene couldn't have helped his career. "But he would probably have been temperamentally unsuited in any case," he said. "He was so wound up. He couldn't have been one of the boys; it would have been like asking Kafka to be one of the boys. That second generation, they loved to party. I can't imagine Shapinsky enjoying a party or talking for hours at a time on the phone. I was married to one of them, Helen Frankenthaler, for twelve years, and I used to marvel at how much time she and her fellow-artists spent on the phone. That first generation—there wasn't a single phone person. No, I take that back. Barnett Newman used to love talking on the phone. But Shapinsky just never could have been made to fit into the way things developed through the fifties."

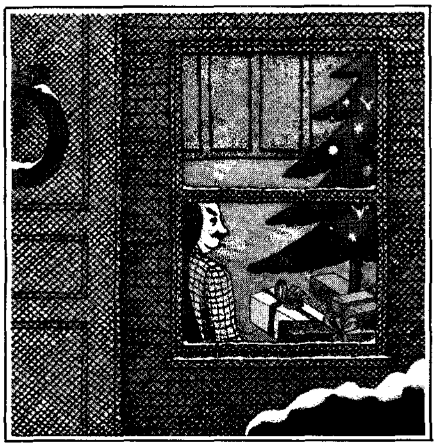
I also visited with Irving Sandler, the chronicler of the history of the New York art scene since the war, at his apartment, in New York University faculty housing. "In my own work, I have a zillion loose threads," he said, smiling, as I laid out the basic contours of my Shapinsky subject. "Graduate students are going to be picking them up for years." Sandler had never heard of Shapinsky but seemed delighted at the prospect of widening his horizon. "What I love about the story as you've told it to me is that it touches on two of the most prevalent art-world fantasies of the time," he said. "One of them we all used to talk about was the fantasy of the late discovery at the very end of a career, after years and years of unsung labor. And the other one was the fantasy of the lonely secret master, slaving away somewhere completely apart: that here all of us were, expecting the Master to emerge from our midst—we were, after all, the center—but in fact he was patiently working off in some barn or up in some garret, far away from it all. This Shapinsky story manages to fulfill both of the fantasies at once." Sandler, however, was less than overwhelmed by the transparencies I now began to show him. "They're good paintings," he said. "Some of them are very good. But they're de Kooning. There were a lot of artists like this, but this one is almost the most de Kooning-like of any of them." Sandler then spoke for a little while about de Kooning's impact on the second generation. He read me a passage from a recent monograph he had written on Al Held, about the way de Kooning had labored heroically to create a new language, one that the second generation could now take for granted, could simply pick up and *start making sentences with*. Shapinsky fitted in there somewhere. Sandler continued to riffle through the transparencies, marvelling at the dates. "His uniqueness is that he's still doing it. The conviction carries all the way through: the later ones are as fresh as the early ones. *He still believes it.*"

FIRE DEPT.
EICKE

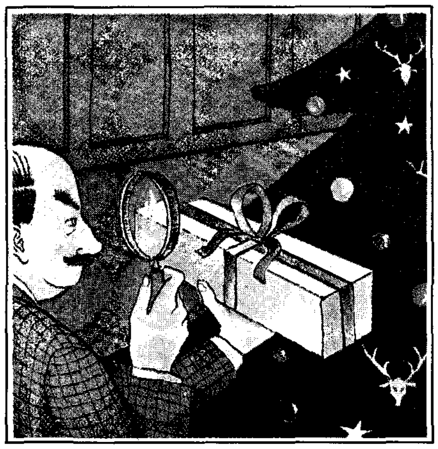
WEEKS were passing quickly now, and the London opening was less than a month away. I went over to the Shapinskys' apartment once again. (They had ended up not joining the film crew on its transit to Bangalore to film Akumal in situ.) I wanted to get a clearer focus on Shapinsky's own sense of his relationship to de Kooning.

Shapinsky was in his subdued mode again, puffing on his cherry-scented tobacco. It was difficult to narrow in on the issue—or, rather, Shapinsky's statements remained calmly consistent with his earlier claim that he had seen virtually no de Kooning work before 1950 or so. "I knew we were working in the same general terrain," he explained. "People kept telling me so. So I guess I bent over backward not to see his work. One time, he and Noguchi came by the Subjects of the Artist,

THE CASE OF THE HOLIDAY HOAX



"Bah, humbug," I cried unseasonably as I surveyed the puzzling presents clustered 'round my tree. " 'Tis not the spirit *behind* the gifts that's mystifying me," I mused, "the haunting question is the spirit *in* them."



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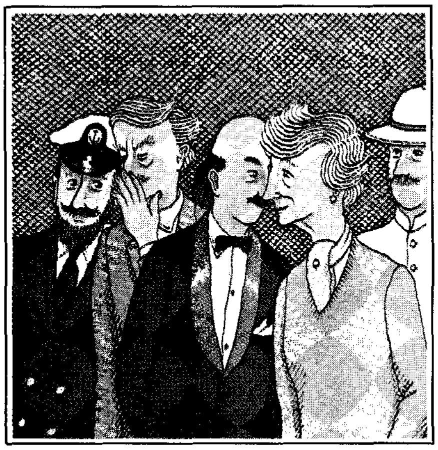
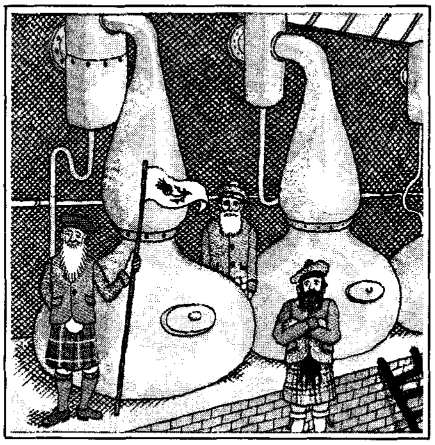
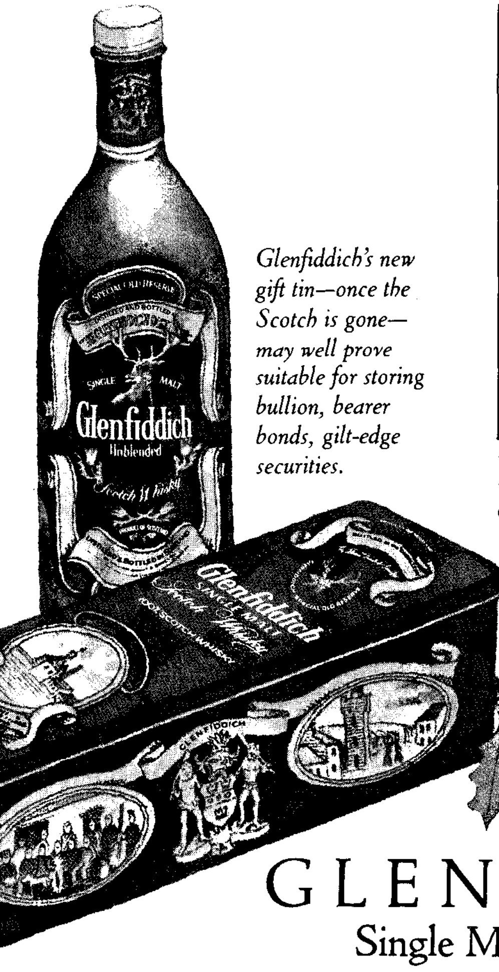


Despite the good will of the season, base suspicions filled my mind. "Was there a plot amongst my pals to put a *blended* Scotch beneath my tree? Had some cabal of cronies shared the sterling Single Malt among themselves?"



Then the horror of it struck me. "If my friends were not at fault, had the ancient copper stills worn out? Had Scottish Nationalists seized Banffshire? Was there no more *Glenfiddich* to be had?"



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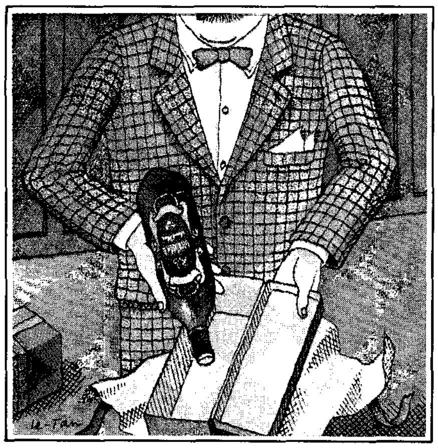

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and they were walking around looking at some of the students' work when they came upon one of my canvases—I happened to be on the other side of the room at the moment—and they spent a long time talking about it very intently with each other. That kind of thing didn't happen very often; it was sort of embarrassing. Later, de Kooning would call down to me from the window of his studio, inviting me up, but I intentionally made excuses, because I didn't want to be worried about the overlap."

He paused, and then said, "No, I really don't see de Kooning's having been that big an influence. Gorky, perhaps, a bit more. And several of the Europeans, definitely—Cézanne, Kandinsky, Miró. And above all Picasso. We were all of us drawing on the same sources, but Picasso was paramount. Everything you tried to do, Picasso had already done. It drove some people crazy, and they tried to reject Picasso. But I thought he was fantastic, and he was most important."

I decided to leave things at that, and asked him and Kate if they were getting excited about the coming weeks.

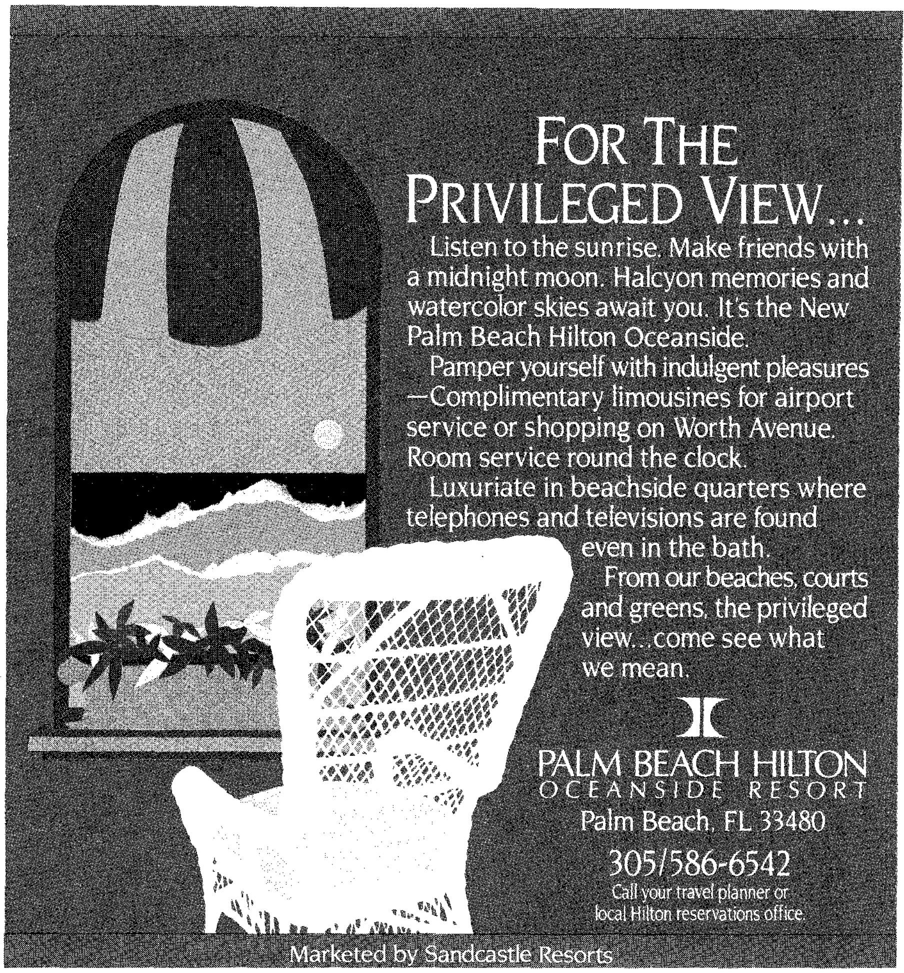
"Oh, yes," Shapinsky said, with about as little excitement as I suspect it's possible for a human being to muster. "It is all very gratifying." He was silent for a moment. "The work will be seen."

"I can't get over it myself," Kate said, with more than enough animation for both of them. "I find myself on the phone talking to London—me, London!—and I can't believe this is really happening. At first, it was really scary—the prospect of life's becoming a little easier came as quite a shock. I have a rich fantasy life. I wrote whole novels in my head about what was going on, entire scenarios of calamities playing themselves out. But it looks as if everything is going to be all right."

I asked them how they'd imagined that things might go in the days before Akumal.

"I always had the feeling that something like this would occur sooner or later," Shapinsky said. "That the work would someday be seen."

Kate said, "I used to cry at night. I'd cry and pray to my grandfather, who was a minister. It was so unfair, so terrible to live with this man who was creating so much beauty, and not have anyone know about it. The worst came about a year ago. I heard about an old artist who died; all his lifework was just tossed out onto the street, stray people passing by were picking at



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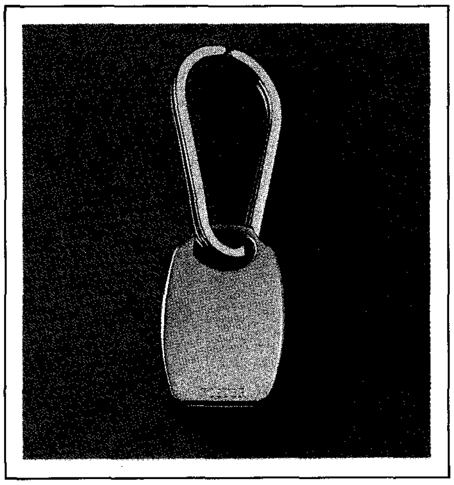

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it. . . . That really got to me. I prayed all the harder. Akumal was like the answer to my prayers. Seriously, I think he's an angel." She said that Akumal had at first refused to accept any reward for all his labors but that she and Harold had insisted, during his most recent trip, and he'd finally agreed to accept a percentage of whatever they would be realizing from Harold's art from now on.

We made arrangements to meet in London. (This was going to be their first trip to Europe.) "Yes," Shapinsky said in his monotone. "It should be a big event."

"He's not like this all the time," Kate confided, smiling lovingly over at him. "Sometimes, lately, he just starts dancing. Sometimes he turns the radio to a disco station and suddenly he's *dancing*."

I HAD just arrived at my London hotel and was emptying the contents of my bags into the drawers and closets, and absent-mindedly listening to a television program called "The Antiques Road Show." It was apparently part of a series of such programs, and it essentially played out endless permutations of the same basic formula. Doughty plebeian matrons of one sort or another would bring in examples of antique bric-a-brac, describe how they'd happened to come by them ("Oh, it were up in me attic, sir, just lying about for years"), and the supercilious experts, dressed to the nines in the most distinguished Bond Street finery, would then lavish their silken expertise upon the proffered objects—a tea set, a china bowl, a pewter jug, a dresser, a pocket watch—in ostentatious displays of virtuoso discernment. At first, I thought it was a Monty Python skit, but it was all in dead earnest—these were real people. The show generally proceeded as a sort of morality play: those who came on too confidently were obviously destined for a fall. One woman stood before a large early-nineteenth-century English landscape painting and smugly predicted that it was a Constable, offering as proof positive a letter of evaluation she'd procured from a putative expert named Thomas Keating. The television expert, however, was not impressed: he evaluated not only the painting but the prior expert's letter as well. "Really, very typical late Keating letter, this. Because he goes on to conclude it to be 'possibly a sketch by Constable' and in fact he gives you every reason to believe that it

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is an extremely important painting. Now, you know, Tom Keating during his lifetime was a likable rogue—really, frightfully sad about the heart attack and all—but I can tell you without the shadow of a doubt that this painting has nothing to do with John Constable. Were it a Constable—three million pounds plus. But no, Madam, it's not a Constable. It's not an F. W. Watts. *It's not even a John Paul.* Maybe it's a Paul." The most humble of all the petitioners—a squat farm woman who could barely mumble her own name, so awestruck did she seem in the presence of her tuxedoed expert—had somehow managed to cart in an antique chest of drawers the size of a prize bull. The expert was beside himself: "This is the most important piece of furniture we've had on the Road Show, and doubtless the most valuable. It's a commode—that's the official term, French term. French shape, English built. To begin with, note the exquisite construction, and how it's been covered over with the most extraordinary collection of veneers. How ever did you come by it?" The woman's tongue remained hopelessly tied. "This is—please, Madam, pray, sit down here, yes—this is a piece of national, no, of *international* stature. It was made between 1770 and 1785 by one of three or four people, maybe even by Pierre Langlois himself before he went back to France in 1773. Should you choose to put this commode up for sale—naturally very carefully, with a great deal of expert advice—you ought easily to realize forty thousand pounds, and soon it should be worth twice that." The farm woman started to cry.

The phone rang. "Welcome! I've got wonderful news. The *Observer* Sunday magazine is going to be featuring a full-color spread on the discovery with an article by Salman Rushdie. In addition, *Time Out* will be running a major story by Tariq Ali. And that's not all. Chatto & Windus, the top-class publishers, will be bringing out a big illustrated autobiography of Shapinsky."

"Hi, Akumal," I said. "I didn't know Shapinsky could write."

"No, no. *I'm* to write it."

"Well, sounds as if you'd been keeping yourself busy and productive."

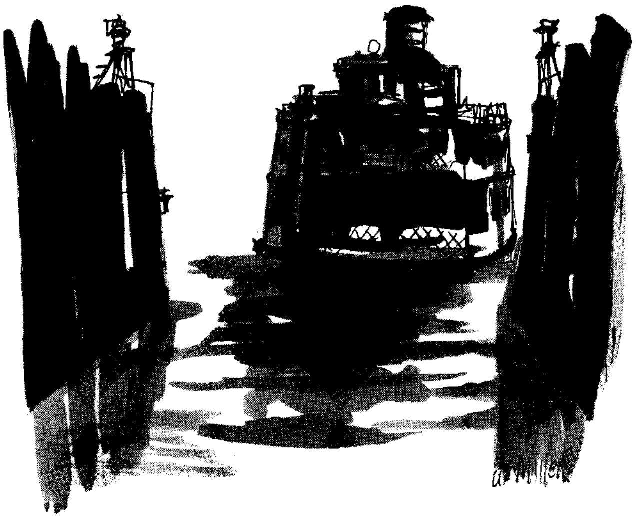
"Yes, everybody's talking about the discovery. I'd come over to visit with you right now, except that I'm afraid I must head over to the airport. I've got three friends coming in from India for the opening. It will be quite an international affair. There will also be six friends from Holland, three from West Germany, and one from America."

A COUPLE of days later, on May 21st, Shapinsky's sixtieth birthday (and not even seven months since Akumal phoned me that first morning), I set out for Mayor's. Cork Street is a short nub of a thoroughfare, teeming with fashionable art establishments. Leslie Waddington seems to own most of them: four or five bear his name, and this May they were showing, among other artists, Alexander Calder, Sam Francis, David Hockney, Henry Moore, and Claes Oldenburg. John Kasmin runs another—the British outpost of Knoedler—right next door to Mayor's, and his current fare consisted of recent ceramic-and-steel wall constructions by Frank Stella. When I got to Mayor's, its large street window announced, in big white painted letters, "HAROLD SHAPINSKY." Inside, Mayor and his partner, Andrew Murray, were making subtle adjustments to the lighting, and waiting for Akumal and the Shapinskys, who were going to drop by and give their final approval. The front two rooms contained the twenty-two Shapinsky paintings, framed and displayed to full advantage. Beyond the second room, a large, vaultlike space opened out and down (with a corkscrew stairway curling to the floor below), and that space was filled with Rauschenbergs, Lichtensteins, Twomblys, Rosenquists, and Warhols—remaining evidence of the preceding show, "A Tribute to Leo Castelli." Before long, Akumal and the Shapinskys arrived. This was the first time the Shapinskys had seen the show, and Kate was thrilled. Harold took it all in calmly, puffing contemplatively on his pipe, admiring the work. "Very good painting, that one," he ventured, in his flat monotone, before moving on to the next. "This one, too—fine painting. Nice sense of swell."

Akumal came over to me, flushed with freshly building excitement. "I brought you advance copies of the texts of Salman's and Tariq's articles," he said. "And here." He reached over and pulled a catalogue of the show out of a bulging box. "You'll want to have a look at this, too. And, oh!" He riffled quickly through his folder. "Look at this." He produced another letter from Ronald Alley, this one handwritten on Tate Gallery stationery. "Now that I have actually seen some originals of Harold Shapinsky's work I feel I must congratulate you again on your discovery," Alley had written Akumal some weeks earlier. "Colour slides can be very misleading, and I had expected to find lyrical work with glowing colours. Instead his pictures turn out to be much more thickly painted—definitely paintings rather than drawings—and, above all, much tougher and more dramatic. One senses a real drama and tension, even anguish, behind the works, which though small are very highly charged." As if in harmony with my reading, Shapinsky, on the other side of the room, was commenting, "Nice tension in this one here. Very gratifying."

David Shapinsky now entered the gallery, a surprisingly young man with delicate features, blondish hair, wire-rim glasses, and, yes, a very kind face. Kate greeted him warmly, and Harold came over as well. I could see that in this slightly offbeat, mildly daft family, David plays the role of the steady anchor, the responsible center, and had probably been doing so for some time.

Akumal, Kate, Harold, and David presently set out to find a suit for Harold for the opening; he didn't seem to own one. After they'd left, James Mayor and I found ourselves talking about Akumal and his mania for letters. "Did he have you write them, too?" Mayor asked me. "Most extraordinary: every time we have a conversation, he seems



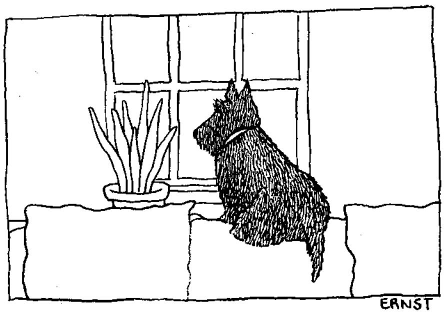
to want me to write it up as a letter—on the spot."

Back at the hotel, I flipped through the various texts Akumal had gathered for me in preparation for the evening's opening, beginning with the catalogue—a handsome, thirty-two-page booklet in square format with an elegant plain gray cover, twenty-two illustrations, four of them in color, a preface by Ronald Alley, and an extended essay by Marta Jakimowicz-Shah, a Polish artist-friend of Akumal's who now lives in India. Alley's preface was laudatory in a careful, measured sort of way, concluding, "I am delighted that Shapinsky is at last beginning to get the recognition that he greatly deserves. Such a shame he has had to wait so long. As for Akumal, he amazes me more and more. Speaking for myself, it has usually been my experience when I try to help someone that the outcome is total disaster; but at least this time everything seems to have come out right." Well, not quite everything, I soon realized. Ms. Jakimowicz-Shah's catalogue essay, anyway, was—well, problematic: absolutely without any critical distance as it celebrated Shapinsky's virtually unparalleled importance.

Rushdie's and Ali's articles likewise tended to go a bit overboard in proclaiming Shapinsky's significance, but neither of them was claiming any expertise in art, and both were mainly enthralled by the saga of the discovery itself. The circumstances of the discovery, the character of Shapinsky's art, his reticent nature—all seemed to act as a sort of Rorschach inkblot, with each of the various writers projecting his own rich themes of signification upon the material. For example, Tariq Ali, a formidable political pamphleteer, discerned a moral in the Marxist tradition: "It is almost a truism these days to suggest that Art is big business. Late capitalism has completed the transformation of works of art into commodities. Most art galleries in the West function as ruthless business enterprises." Shapinsky in this version came off as a sort of martyr to the vagaries of art capitalism who through Akumal's fluky intervention may yet receive some measure of justice at the last moment. "One can safely assert," Ali concludes, "that there are many Shapinskys in different parts of the world (including Britain), most of whom will never be 'discovered'! It is only when the priorities of the existing social order are irreversibly altered that they will ever stand a chance."

Salman Rushdie, for his part, found a different moral in the story. He had recently been involved in a fairly heated polemical exchange with, among others, Conor Cruise O'Brien, growing out of an article Rushdie published in the British literary quarterly *Granta*. In that article, entitled "Outside the Whale," he'd attacked the current spate of Raj fictions—the television serializations of "The Far Pavilions" and "The Jewel in the Crown," and the films of "Gandhi" and "A Passage to India"—describing them as "only the latest in a very long line of fake portraits inflicted by the West on the East." It was not surprising, therefore, that the aspect of the Akumal-Shapinsky story which seemed to appeal most to Salman Rushdie was the theme of The Tables Turned. "For centuries now," he wrote in the last paragraph of his *Observer* piece, "it has been the fate of the peoples of the East to be 'discovered' by the West, with dramatic and usually unpleasant consequences. The story of Akumal and Shapinsky is one small instance in which the East has been able to repay the compliment, and with a happy ending, too."

Ronald Alley, in his catalogue preface, glancingly hinted at another Rorschach reading. He recounted how, early in the saga, Akumal had been taking his slides around to show to people. "He even telephoned about thirty galleries in New York and asked if he could bring the slides round, but not one said yes," Alley wrote. "I suppose they thought that the chances of a visiting Indian finding an unknown Abstract Expressionist painter in New York who was any good at all were so remote as to be not worth thinking about." His next paragraph began, "When I saw the slides I was amazed," and from the silent interstice between those two sentences welled up the theme of The Smug, Closed, and Self-Satisfied New York Art Scene, with its subtheme of Europe Still Open and Curious. Ironically, this theme received its fullest exposition in Rushdie's piece, his rage at the smugness of the Empire notwithstanding. "There has been a certain amount of gleeful hand-rubbing going on, because the Shapinsky case reflects so badly on the New York art scene," he reported. "New York has been ruling the roost for so long that this piece of European revenge must taste sweet indeed."



THE shopping expedition had been a success: Shapinsky was decked out in a smart new suit when I finally caught sight of him in the midst of the throng at the Mayor opening—a debonair gray flannel outfit with sleek, fresh creases tapering down to a pair of blue canvas deck shoes. The cherry aroma from his pipe wafted about the assembly throughout the evening, which Shapinsky spent quietly enduring the sometimes effusive adulation of his new admirers. In the face of this onslaught, his composure attained almost epic proportions. As for Kate, she was wearing one of her patchwork vests, a lovely medley of black and white rectangles with an occasional highlight of bright, bright red. Toward the end of the evening, when the crowd had thinned, she pulled out a ball of wool and resumed her knitting. All the careful work that Mayor and Murray had put into modulating the lighting on the paintings went more or less unnoticed; in fact, this was one of those openings so crowded that the paintings themselves are virtually unseeable. In any case, this particular evening the lighting was drowned out by the roving television kliegs of the crew from Bandung Productions, capturing a few last shots for their documentary, which would be broadcast in a week.

"This is really more of a literary crowd than an art one," one of the guests told me. "But, then again, there really isn't much of an art scene here in London. The English like to look at words, not pictures."

"The whole thing is quite romantic in a shaggy-dog sort of way," I overheard one woman saying. "Aladdin's lamp and that sort of thing."

"But where had this fellow Shapinsky *been*?" her companion replied. "It all reminds me of those blind white fish swimming about deep in those underground caverns in Kentucky or wherever it is they do all that."

"Yes, look at him! He even *looks* like Rip Van Winkle, newly emerged

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from his sleep, his eyes still blinking in the glaring daylight."

"The Japanese soldier on that island outpost who's only just found out the war is over—say, what?"

At one point, I met Ronald Alley, who turned out to be a tall man in his late fifties, with a gentle, dignified bearing. "Originally," he recalled for me, "I went downstairs that morning simply to try and rescue my colleague from the siege of what she was describing to me as a very persistent Indian caller. I mean, you get people turning up like that from time to time, and I do try to go down and see them whenever I can, partly out of courtesy but partly in the hope that something like this might happen. It almost never does, but this"—he included the whole thronged room in his gesture—"sort of justifies the whole enterprise, doesn't it?"

For me, the opening provided an occasion to speak with several Indians who were able to offer me a much deeper understanding of Akumal's passion. (That passion appeared all the more remarkable to me when I learned, as I did in passing, that Akumal was suddenly deep in debt again, pending the eventual success of the show, because he had paid for part of the travel fares and lodging for several members of his Indian, Dutch, German, and American contingents.) Up to that evening, I'd seen Akumal's quest as by turns comic, resourceful, vaguely frenzied, but always inspired. Through these new conversations, I began to get a sense of some of the darker imperatives underlying his intensity. One of his group from Bangalore, a beautiful woman draped in a luminous blue-and-green sari, noted that Akumal had always been like this, that it was sometimes exhausting to be with him for more than fifteen minutes at a stretch, but that to understand him "one has to realize how stultifying, for example, is his daily regimen at the school where he teaches, as is the case in most Indian academic settings." She continued, "You also must try to imagine how incredibly hard it is in India for someone from the lower middle class just to survive, let alone rise. I think Akumal derives a lot of his energy from this being betwixt and between."

A few moments later, Salman Rushdie amplified on this theme. "I think with Akumal there is a sort of desperation in part of his makeup," he said. "To describe him as a teacher of English at an agricultural college is gravely to diminish him—but that is his status in Bangalore. It is a terrible thing when someone's picture of himself does not coincide with the world's. You have to realize that the gulf between the classes is much greater in India, and for Akumal to have pulled himself up by his own bootstraps, as he has done, has all along required the continuous projection of the kind of frenetic energy he's now been demonstrating in this affair."

I asked Rushdie how Akumal had got access to him in the first place.

"Well, I was in Bangalore briefly during a lecture tour a few years ago," Rushdie said. "My hosts had escorted me to my hotel and had just left the room when there was an immediate knocking on the door. I figured that it was my hosts returning with one last bit of instruction, or something; when I opened the door, I was instead confronted by the hugest garland of flowers I'd ever seen, deep inside which, barely visible, stood Akumal. He barged into the room in this overwhelming, unstoppable frenzy of vast smiles and flashing eyes, proclaiming that he was my 'No. 1 Fan in Bangalore,' and describing how he'd been pestering the editors of all the local papers for weeks, demanding that they include features and supplements on my coming visit, so that now, here, this was the result—whereupon he thrust a bunch of newspapers at me, all with big photographs and long stories. It was a unique and fairly winning sort of approach. I would then see him occasionally on his visits to Europe, although I must say I was a bit incredulous when he launched into this story about his discovery of an American painter. I mean, Akumal sometimes strikes one as a bit of an operator. But it's impossible not to warm to his evident enthusiasm for life, his disarming openness, and his obviously genuine devotion to the arts. And he's pulled it off. Well, I hope that maybe this success will bring him a measure of peace."

A few minutes later, I was talking with Tariq Ali, an expansive and friendly man, with none of the archness of his occasionally polemical prose. "When Akumal first told Salman the story about Shapinsky, Salman says, he thought Akumal was making this artist up," Ali reported. "Well, when Salman subsequently told me about Akumal, I thought *he* was making *Akumal* up—I mean, I figured he'd gone a bit over the top. Akumal sounded so much like a character in one of his own fictions. But I eventually saw the slides and met the man. It was all true, and the story seemed a natural for Bandung."

We watched for a few minutes as Akumal buzzed about the room, bringing his contingents over to meet James Mayor or Ronald Alley or Salman Rushdie. "The thing about India," Ali continued, "is that this synthesis of almost two hundred years of British rule and native tradition means that there are a lot of people like Akumal—people with this very wide range of worldly, cosmopolitan interests who are condemned to live fairly narrow, constricted, provincial lives. I think part of his nervous energy comes from this being between classes, between cultures. It was a very moving experience going to Bangalore with the film crew to shoot that part of the documentary. People would come up to us and ask what we were doing. We'd tell the story, and they'd be quite dumbfounded. 'Are you serious?' they would ask. 'All this is happening because of our Akumal?' Or his students in the English class: 'Our Professor Ramachander has accomplished this?' I mean, Bangalore is a large and growing city, but in many ways it's like a Chekhovian small town, with Akumal as the village eccentric, the character from the local coffeehouse scene who suddenly makes good in the world. I mean, he's been doing this sort of thing all along in Bangalore, but everybody there is just amazed by the *scale* this time around."

Akumal had gone over to talk with Shapinsky. "A character from Naipaul meets a character from Bellow," Ali said.

ON the evening the Shapinsky show was opening at the Mayor Gallery, a couple of miles away, at the Aldwych Theatre, Paul Eddington was starring in a revival of Tom Stoppard's metaphysical farce "Jumpers." About halfway through the first act, Eddington, playing the role of a second-rate philosophy professor, delivers himself of the following contention: "Of the five proofs of God's existence put forward by St. Thomas Aquinas, three depended on the simple idea that if an apparently endless line of dominoes is knocking itself over one by one then somewhere there is a domino which was *nudged*." It occurred to me on several occasions during the next few days, as I kept returning for visits to a teeming Mayor Gallery, that in the case of Akumal's discovery of Shapinsky *two* lines of dominoes had needed to be nudged. For this was a story of how the lifelines of two individuals—marginal, utterly peripheral figures in their own societies—had, most improbably, managed to intersect, and then of the entirely improbable chain reaction that their intersection had subsequently set off. Actually, *three* coincidental factors were playing themselves out in this story: Akumal, Shapinsky, and the specific, highly peculiar (one might use the word “marginal” here as well) situation of the art world itself in 1985. To shift metaphors, Akumal and Shapinsky were like two stray crystals dropped into a flask: it was only because of the special conditions obtaining inside the flask—the specific momentary chemical dynamics of the supersaturated medium—that these two crystals were able to conjoin and blossom in such a surprising way. I am convinced that had Akumal met Shapinsky in 1975, say, or even in 1980, his quest would have got nowhere.

There are two major reasons for this. The first involves a sea change that has been occurring in the dominant aesthetic sensibility over the last decade. Fifteen years ago, Minimalism was at its height. The past decade has seen a resurgence of interest in both figurative and expressive imagery. This has proved true both retrospectively (witness the sudden rediscovery of the late Picasso at the Guggenheim last year, a phase of the Master's career that had been almost entirely dismissed until just a couple of years before; and the considerable popularity of the de Kooning retrospective that was up at the Whitney at about the same time) and with regard to the most up-to-date in gallery fashions as well (witness the proliferation of Neo-Expressionist imagery throughout the world over the past five years). It is hardly surprising that the time was ripe for a comprehensive reconsideration of the second generation of Abstract Expressionists, and, indeed, precisely that was beginning to happen: completely unbeknownst to Akumal during that afternoon in September, 1984, when he was first being exposed to Shapinsky's work via those primitive slides in David Shapinsky's apartment, a major travelling exhibition entitled “Action/Precision” and featuring work from the fifties by six of the second-generation luminaries—Norman Bluhm, Michael Goldberg, Grace Hartigan, Al Held, Alfred Leslie, and Joan Mitchell—was touring the country. (The exhibition was organized by the Newport Harbor Art Museum.) The show's unusually lovely catalogue features several excellent essays touching on this sea change in aesthetic sensibility—a change that, of course, has had a bearing on Shapinsky's reception as well. Robert Rosenblum, for example, recalls what it was like in the mid-fifties, as the tide began pulling out for interest in that sort of work: “For me and many of my contemporaries, Rauschenberg, Johns, Stella swiftly became the Holy Trinity that led us from the Old Testament to the New, liberating us from the burden of living under the oppressive yoke of the coarse and sweaty rhetoric of Action painting, whose supreme deity, de Kooning, suddenly loomed large for many younger spectators and artists as a conservative force, a tyrant of past authority who demanded the instant embalming of any youthful, liberated spirit . . . a suffocating father image.” Paul Schimmel notes how “the rich and diverse paintings of [the six artists in this show] were relegated to obscurity because they embraced and expanded upon the revolutions of their predecessors rather than reacting against them.” Rosenblum talks about how at the time he thought he could “write off most of the work by the six artists in this show as irritating anachronisms, the product of loyal but growingly irrelevant satellites.” This “temporary black-out of visibility” for the second-generation Abstract Expressionists lasted almost thirty years. But suddenly they were back. “And now how do they look?” Rosenblum asks. “For one thing, they look surprisingly up-to-date, riding in unexpectedly as ancestral figures behind the latest Neo-Expressionist wave from Germany, Italy, or our own shores, a wave that once more permits us to wallow and frolic in the primordial ooze of oil paint. Seen as a whole, these pictures have the tonic quality of sheer sensuous enjoyment. . . . For anyone who was getting chilled by the laboratory calibrations of so much Minimal and Conceptual art and by the puritanical ban on color and palpable textures, this is the perfect antidote, a drunkenly deep breath of visual oxygen.”

Akumal was thus going to find himself hawking just the right sort of elixir for 1985: the atmosphere in which he would be moving stood a good chance of welcoming Shapinsky's sort of oxygen. But the previous decade had also seen a second transformation in the art world—one that would have an even more dramatic impact on Akumal's and Shapinsky's fortunes. This had to do with the changing character of the art market. Prices across the board, as I suggested earlier, had shot completely out of sight.

The explanation is extremely simple: the market for art had exploded in size—the number of players (collectors) in the game had multiplied many times over. The explanation for *this* is more complex. For one thing, the baby-boom generation had come of age, gone to college in record numbers, and been exposed to the humanities and, in particular, the contemporary arts; and now many of its members were becoming professionals and earning substantial incomes, with the result that collecting seemed worthwhile to them both as an avocation and, increasingly, as an investment. Sidney Janis recently observed, “More money is being spent these days because more money is being made.” Around the same time, corporations began to enter the art market, building up vast company collections as exercises both in good public relations and in shrewd investment. There was a tremendous increase in the number of museums and a tremendous upsurge in museum attendance. According to a recent article in the Los Angeles *Times*, West Germany will witness the launching of thirty new museums by 1990; another article in *Progressive Architecture* cites similar figures for the United States. Japan is involved in a parallel frenzy. Each of these new museum projects features dozens of empty walls, a board of trustees, and a carefully tended hive of supporting collectors. The infrastructure of art commerce—the network of galleries, art journals, and auction houses—has developed great sophistication, including extremely supple engines of publicity. Literally tens, and perhaps hundreds, of thousands of potential consumers are being funnelled into the system. At recent contemporary-art

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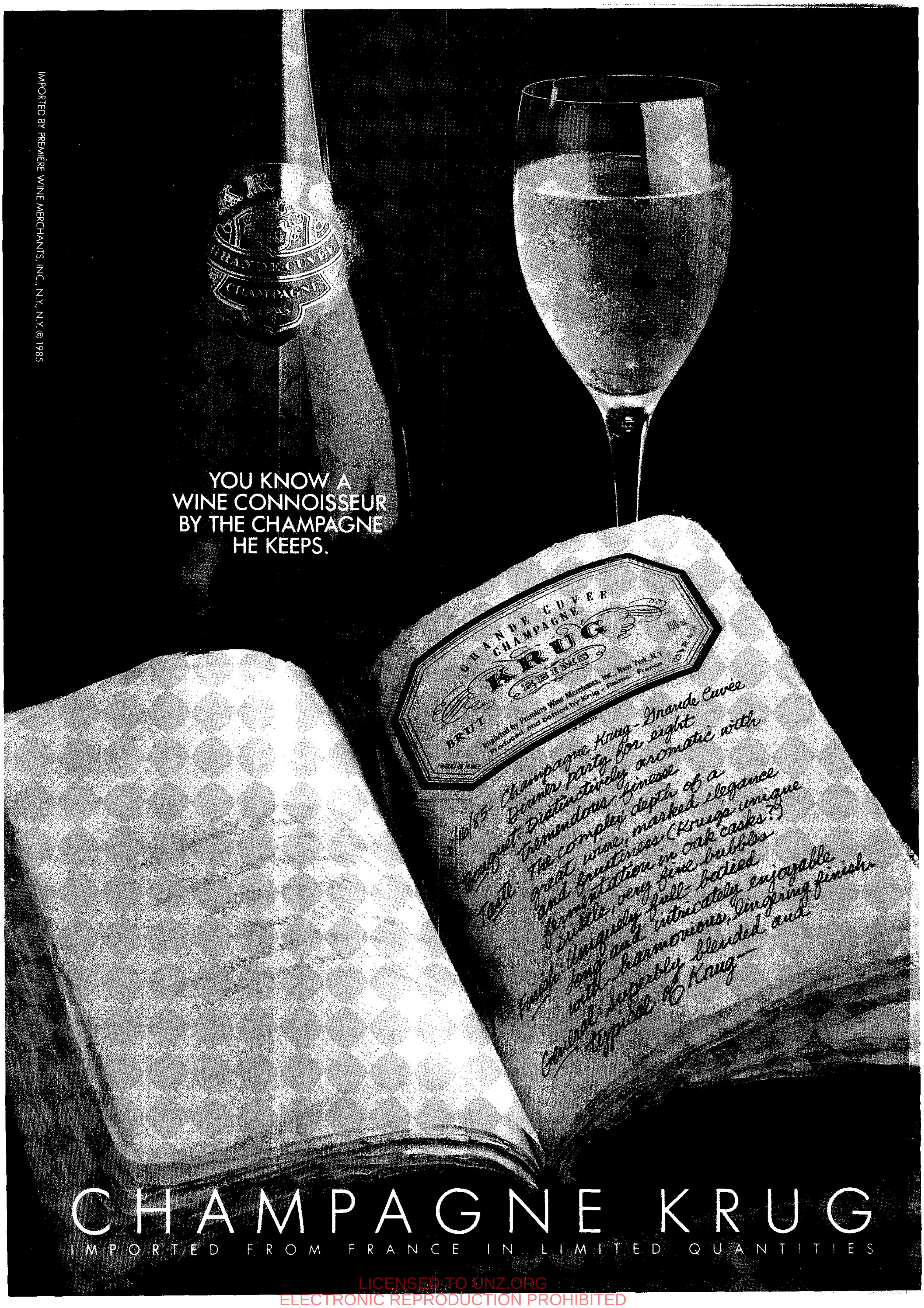

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auctions, of a sort that just five years ago were being attended by only a few hundred collectors, well over a thousand people are jammed into auditoriums filled to standing-room-only capacity—and that's not even counting many of the highest bidders who choose to avoid the crush by phoning in their entries.

A friend of mine, the director of one of Europe's finest small museums, recently told me, "There's simply not enough work of superior quality anymore to go around—work, that is, by the *grands maîtres*—so the prices, of course, go way up, and prices for the next layer of artists, the *petits maîtres*, rise up in turn, to answer the demand. Paintings by artists I had barely even heard of until a few months before are going for fifty thousand dollars at auction."

This situation was recently encapsulated in a succinct formula by the Paris-based art critic Souren Melikian. In an article entitled "The Ten-Percent Law," which appeared in *Art & Auction*, he wrote, "Over the last twelve months a new law has been verified with increasing frequency in the Impressionist and Modern masters field. Artists regarded rightly or (not infrequently) wrongly as second fiddles to famous artists are worth one-tenth of those from whom they supposedly took their cue." This assertion might at first appear to knock the wind out of any enthusiasm the *petits maîtres* could have been expected to arouse; but, on second glance, when one recognizes that individual works by *grands maîtres* are now selling for many millions of dollars, ten per cent looms back up as a figure worth reckoning with, or for. Melikian cited several examples in his article. A work by Charles Angrand (1854-1910), a Neo-Impressionist artist who "greatly admired van Gogh, who returned the compliment," recently sold for two hundred thousand dollars—one-tenth of what a van Gogh with a similar composition would fetch. This ratio also obtains between the works of Roger de La Fresnaye (1885-1925) and those of Braque, as it does between the works of Paul Sérusier (1863-1927) and those of Gauguin.

Lucy Havelock-Allan, the director of contemporary art at Sotheby's auction house in New York, recently confirmed for me that a similar trend was beginning to be noticeable in the contemporary market—though not yet at quite the same percentage rate. She noted that artists like Esteban Vícente, Conrad Marca-Relli, and Joan Mitchell are all getting personal record prices for their works these days. "One reason people are looking at works by artists like these is that they can't afford de Kooning, especially the de Kooning of the late forties and the fifties, and they know they never will be able to," she explains. "Theodoros Stamos, for example, languished at around twenty thousand dollars for years, then last year a painting of his sold for forty thousand, and this year we saw a fine one go for over ninety thousand—this for a work that ten years ago would have been lucky to bring five thousand."

Almost in passing, Melikian includes the interesting observation that the ten-per-cent law "has nothing to do with beauty, as non-specialists would call it, or 'quality,' as the sophisticated professionals like to put it." He cites the example of a "stunning" 1892 landscape by Maurice Denis (1870-1943) which recently sold for twenty-five thousand four hundred dollars, or roughly "one tenth of any Neo-Impressionist painting of similar size, even of third-rate quality, by Monet, of which the great man committed more than a few." Melikian concluded, "In art-market thinking, there is no such thing as a masterpiece by a painter who is not currently dubbed a great master."

This last proviso would not have bothered James Mayor, if he read the article. With the price of de Koonings what it had come to be, he still had a lot of room to maneuver. I spoke earlier of the Rorschach responses that Shapinsky's story seemed to summon. To these must be added Mayor's own calculations. Mayor may well have been—indeed, no doubt he *was*—authentically taken with Shapinsky's work. But he must also have realized that if he could just get Shapinsky included in the lists of the *petits maîtres* working in de Kooning's wake, his prices would have a vast horizon. This was especially the case in Europe, for when Europeans began collecting American art in a serious fashion, in the sixties, they initially went after Warhol, Oldenburg, Stella, Rauschenberg, and Johns, and, later, Pollock, but not so much after de Kooning, because, ironically, they saw him more as a transitional European figure, and *Americans* were what they wanted. By the time they realized their mistake, de Kooning's prices were out of reach for all but the wealthiest among them. Collectors with a speculative turn of mind would realize this, too: as long as the current bubble in *all* art prices lasted (and there was no particular reason to believe that it would burst anytime soon), and assuming Mayor was going to be successful in establishing Shapinsky's status as a second-generation Abstract Expressionist, Shapinsky's paintings at twenty thousand dollars each might prove a good investment. As Ronald Alley explained to me while we huddled together at the opening, "There's a tremendous interest in Abstract Expressionism now, and the prices of the famous names have gone straight through the ceiling. Here's a chap who's been producing work of enormous quality, and his prices are starting from scratch. I mean, it seems to me it's a dealer's dream, and a collector's dream."

Anne Burgess

I WASN'T the least bit surprised, therefore, a few days later (I'd returned to New York in the meantime) to be awakened—at 8 A.M.—by a phone call from Akumal telling me, "Wonderful news! The show has already sold completely out." The review in the London *Times* by the redoubtable John Russell Taylor had been a rave. ("An extremely good and original abstract expressionist . . . his forms have an extraordinary interior energy . . . exquisitely subtle harmonies.") A few days afterward, however, the Shapinsky juggernaut had received a bit of a jolt when the *Guardian* published a scathing review by its critic, Waldemar Januszczak, not so much on Shapinsky (whose paintings apparently left the critic fairly unmoved either way) as on Akumal and Tariq Ali and Salman Rushdie, and all their hype. All three of them immediately dispatched Letters to the Editor, and all three letters were published two days later, *along with a cartoon*. "It didn't really bother us," Akumal told me. "I was a little surprised, the fellow being of Polish stock and all, but even the Poles once in a while . . . And, anyway, it just doubled the ratings for the documentary on Channel 4 the next evening. The folks *there* were very pleased. And the BBC have invited the *Guardian* critic and Tariq to square off in a live televised debate next Sunday, and that should be interesting." The screening of the documentary had gone extremely well, and now Akumal was being stopped on the street, at bus stops, and so forth—especially by fellow-Indians who were eager to congratulate him on his discovery.

I called up the gallery to see how things were going there. Andrew Murray answered the phone in the gallery's basement storeroom. "James and I are holed up down here, I'm afraid," he said. "It's the only place where there's any room. It's like a railway station up there—all chockablock. The limousines are queued up around the corner!"

Mayor picked up another extension. "There's a waiting list for Shapinsky! The last several purchases went to big world-class collectors, your household names. I've never seen anything like it. The press is all over Shapinsky. We had Greek television in here yesterday morning, Canadian national radio in the afternoon, the Jerusalem *Post*, two of the biggest German art periodicals. This morning, Shapinsky was being interviewed by a pair of Chinese reporters. Not Hong Kong—Peking!"

I asked them how Shapinsky was holding up under all this. "He's starting to talk," Murray reported. "It's bizarre—he's turned positively loquacious."

Mayor confirmed this improbable finding: "It's as though he were back in the Waldorf Cafeteria."

The following week, I got another call from Akumal. "You'll never guess what happened to me." I didn't even try. "I met a man from California who'd read about the controversy in the *Guardian* and went to see the show. He'd just been over to the gallery and the paintings had bowled him over, and now he wants me to fly to Hollywood to meet a producer friend of his, so we can talk about the possibility of making a movie." Akumal seemed even more excited, however, by the fact that two of India's leading weekly magazines were going to be doing major stories on the discovery. "And I have another important bit of news," he added. "Norbert Lynton was in the gallery again yesterday, and he inscribed a copy of his book, 'The Story of Modern Art.' Listen to the inscription. I have it right here: 'All good wishes to Akumal, who is doing his best to force us all to rewrite our art histories.' So, you see, I think it's a good omen. I may yet win the second half of my bet with David." It occurred to me that whether or not Akumal succeeded in forcing Shapinsky into the Encyclopædia Britannica, he himself stood a good chance of transmigrating one of these days straight into the Oxford English Dictionary: "Akumal: *n.* A genie, a fairy godfather, a doer of good deeds, esp. with regard to artists who regard him as a sort of patron saint. *e.g.*: 'Marcel had been slaving away at his easel for years, all to no avail; he was beginning to wonder if he'd ever meet his *akumal*.' "

"You know what the moral of the story is?" Akumal asked me. All the others had given me theirs. I wondered what Akumal's would be. "That sometimes the good can win," he said. "Yeats, the poet I admire much more than Eliot—he wrote a poem called 'The Second Coming,' and two lines of that poem go, 'The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity.' There is pure motive and there is impure motive. I see it as my mission to give the best some passionate intensity. And, you see, this is a story that celebrates the unity of the human race. Think about it: there are Dutchmen, Americans, Englishmen, Poles, Germans, Indians, Pakistanis—all united by a karma to bring a little good into this world. Don't you think it's wonderful? No matter what happens now, Harold will have a few years to paint in peace. He'll be having a big show at a gallery in Cologne—did I tell you? Fifteen paintings at increased prices, later this year—it's all arranged. But it doesn't matter anymore if not a single other one of his paintings sells, because now Harold and Kate will have a little comfort. They're even talking about moving here to England." Akumal was silent for a moment, seeming to bask in the light of his good works. "With me, you see," he concluded, finally, "it was always *pure* motive."

—LAWRENCE WESCHLER

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While a Legion bugler played "To The Colors," the first flag was hoisted on DeVane Park's 30-foot flagpole, followed by David Rinald singing the national anthem.—*Lake Placid* (Fla.) *Journal*.

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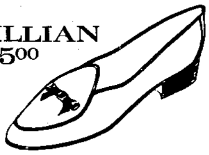

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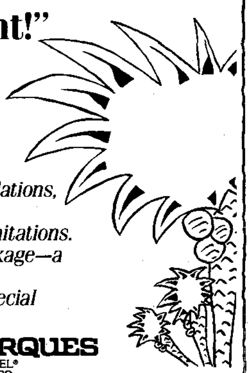

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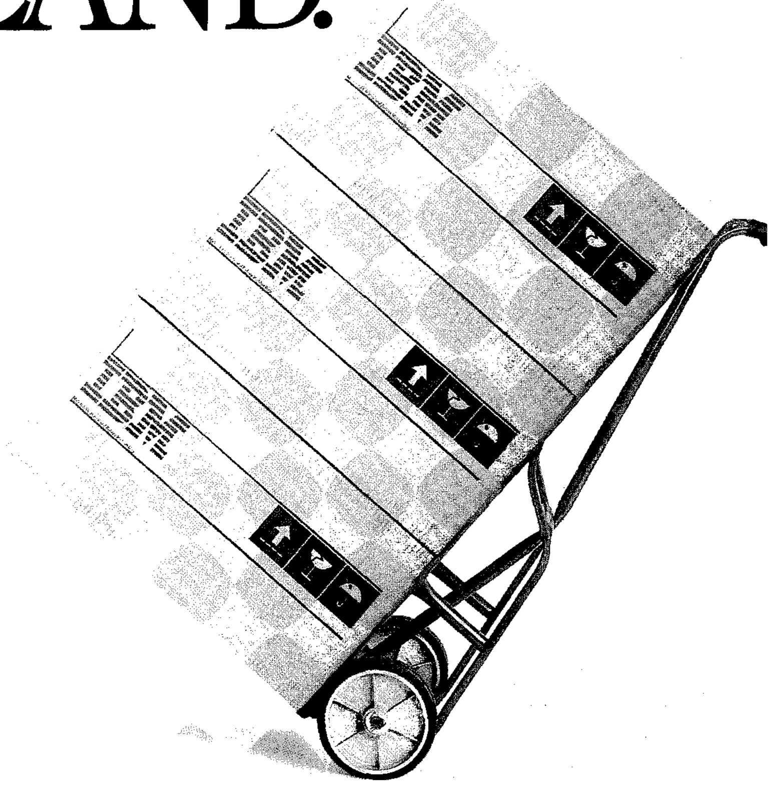

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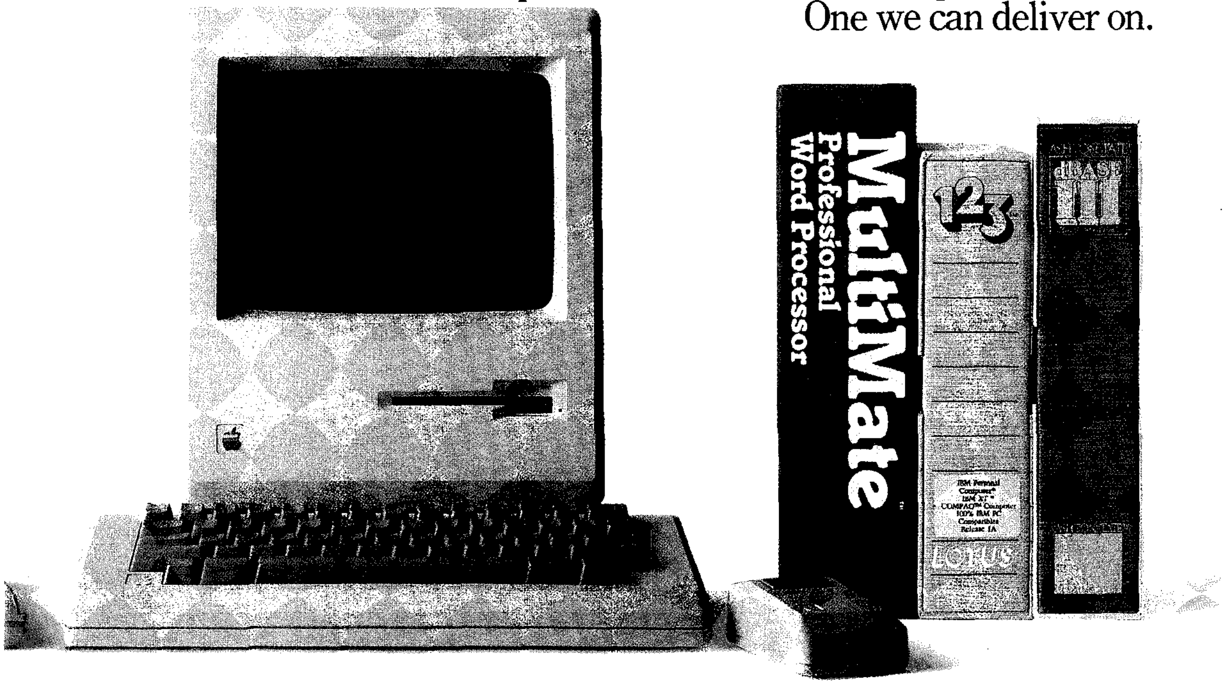

BUSINESSLAND MARKETING REPRESENTATIVE

EXPERIENCE

Marketing Representative, Businessland, Houston, Texas
March, 1984 to present

Fortune 1000 experience selling Local Area Networks and Business Systems solutions. Attended President's Club in 1985 for top performance. Successfully performed all aspects of account management including marketing, sales promotion, new product introductions.

Marketing Manager, Fortune 100 Corporation, Houston, Texas
October, 1979 to February, 1984

July, 1981 to February, 1984

Marketing manager supervising mini-computer product sales. Primary focus on accounting sales to manufacturing companies. Responsible for competitive product analysis, department budgeting and presentations to major clients and investors. Achieved President's Conference as marketing manager.

October, 1979 to June, 1981

Sales representative of mini-computer products. Achieved 125% of quota for two years. President's Conference for two of the three years. Dealt with all levels of management both with written and verbal proposals. Experience with business shows, demonstrations and training in hardware and applications. Promoted to marketing manager.

Sales Representative, NYSE Corporation, Houston, Texas
July, 1976 to September, 1979

Sales representative for copier and word processing and office equipment. Focused primarily on manufacturing industry. Graduated top 5% of sales class. Chosen as one of 20 representatives to introduce new product line.

EDUCATION

1976	University of Michigan BS Business Administration/Marketing Graduated Magna Cum Laude
1977	Xerox Professional Selling Skills graduate

PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATIONS

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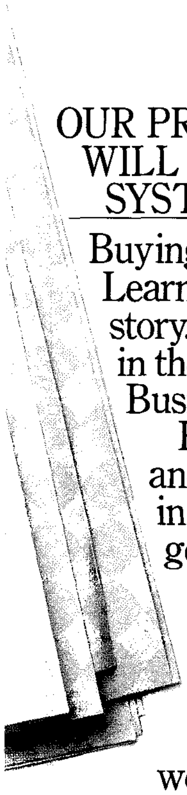

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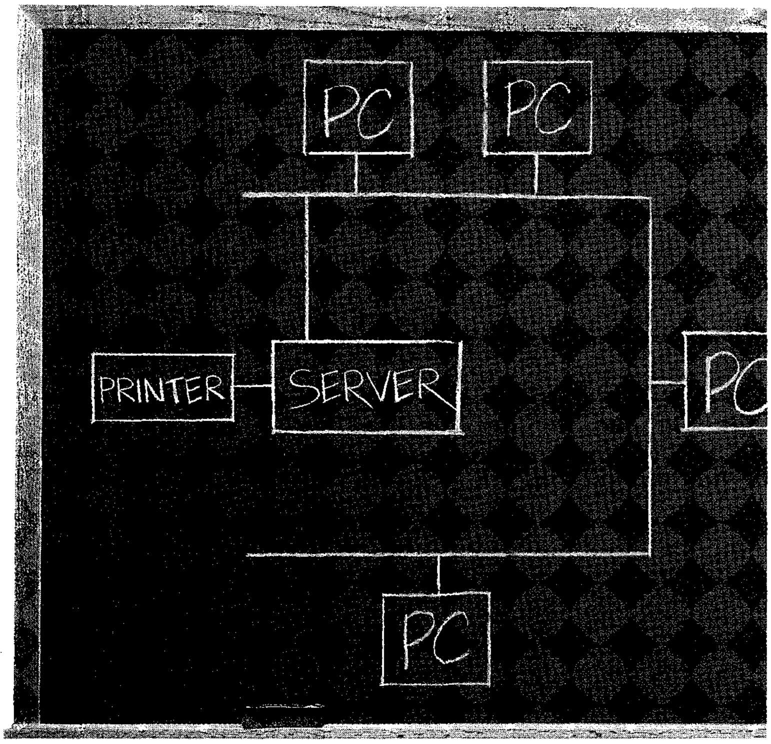
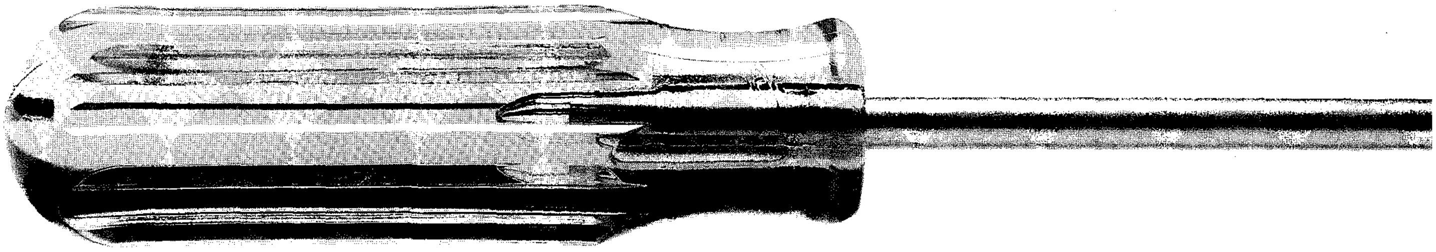


We're even willing to hold class at your place if it's more convenient.

Because if experience has taught *us* anything, it's that sometimes you have to go out of your way to give people what they need.



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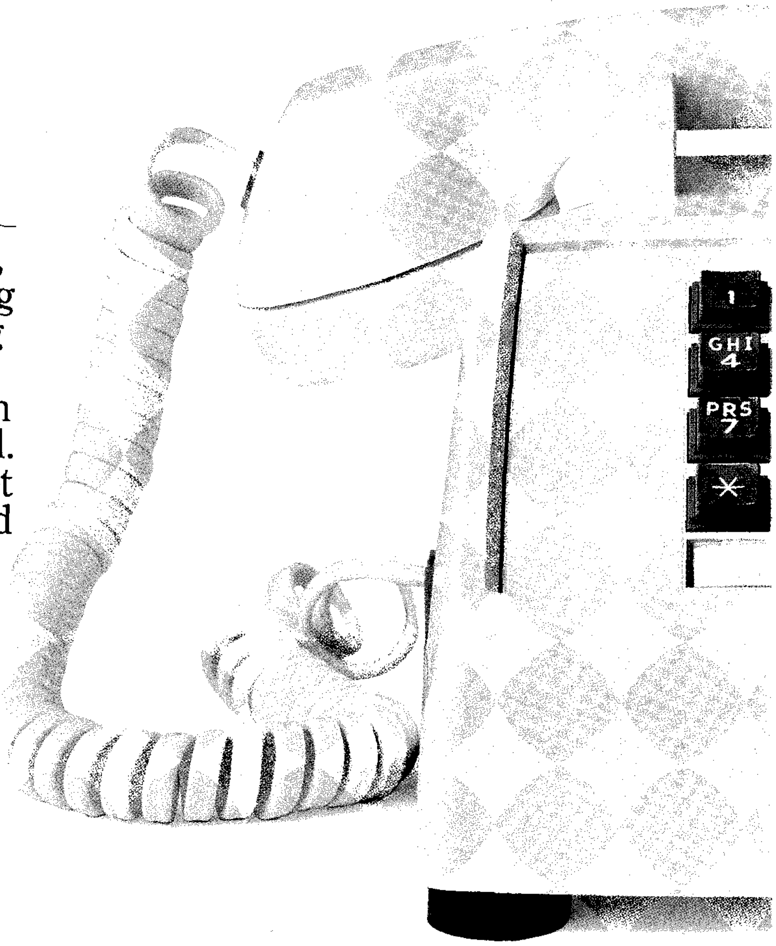

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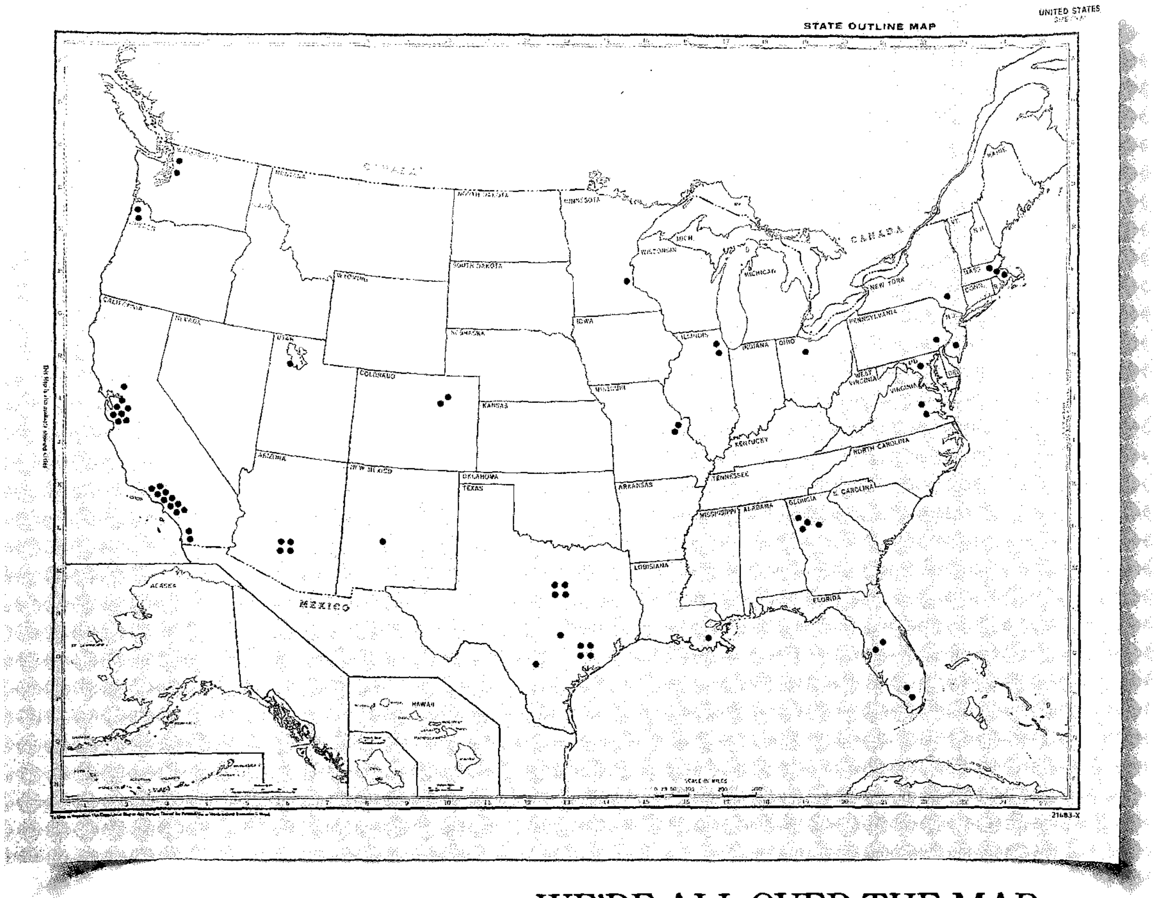

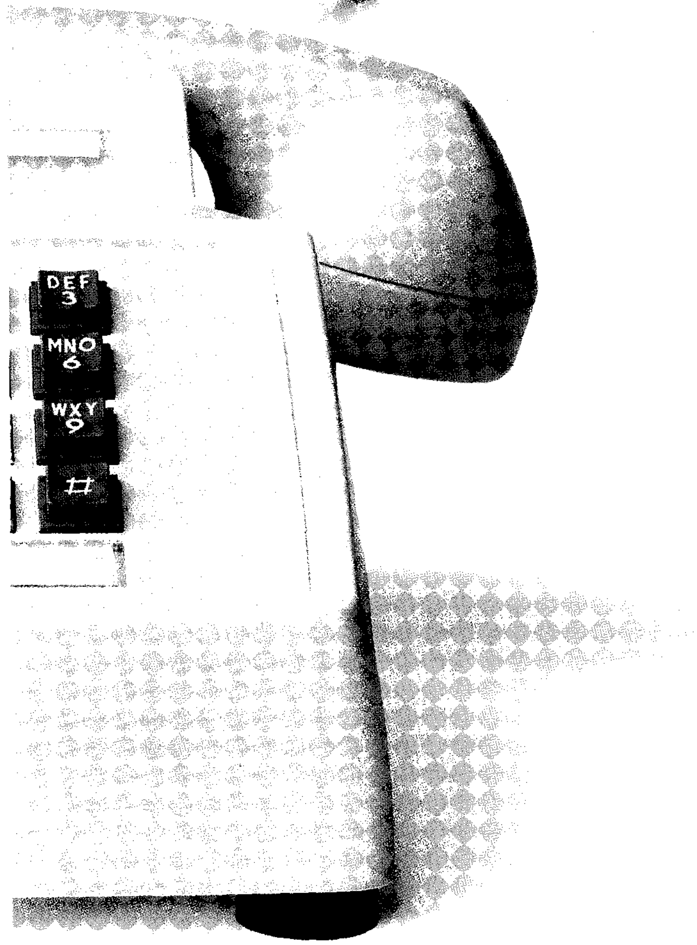

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN

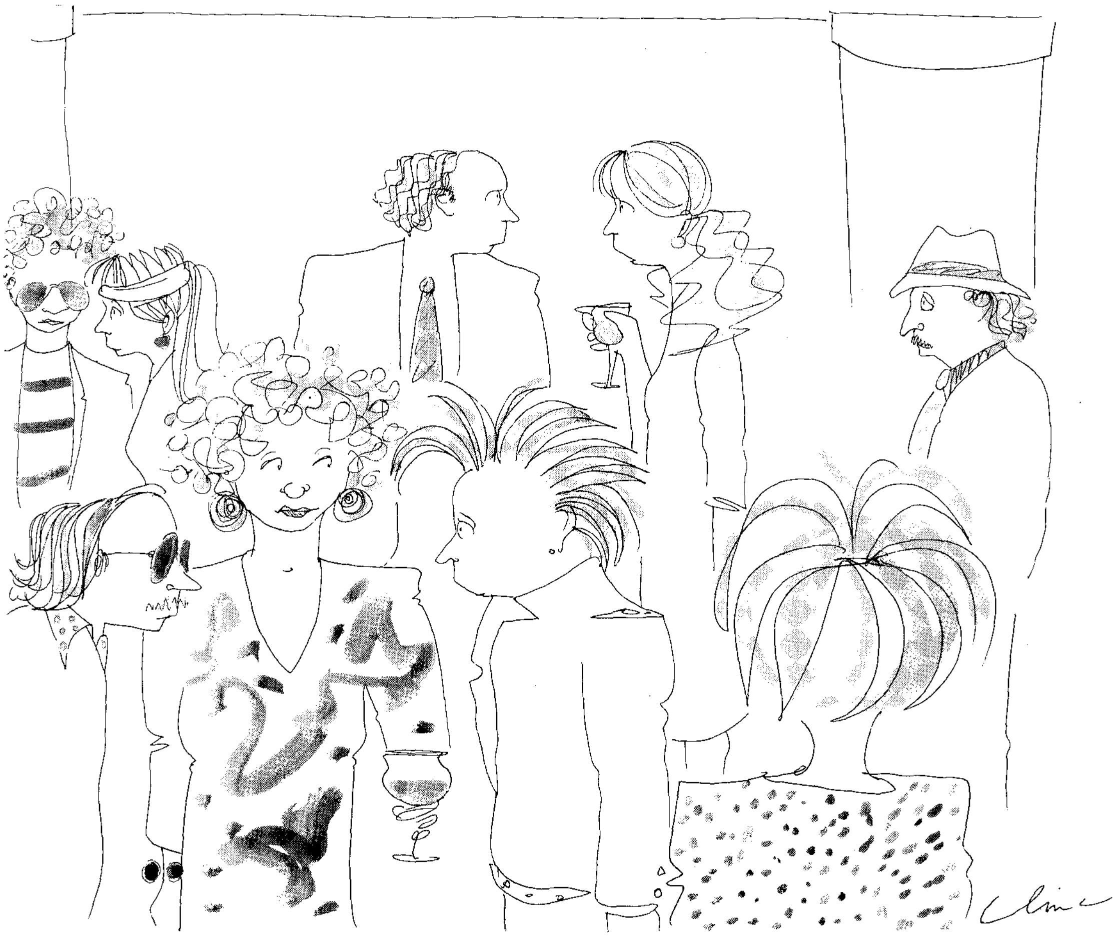
WHAT do men want? After the silence that ensues when many men we know are asked what they might like for Christmas, and eye contact with an invisible object on a far wall is broken off, one wistful request that comes up, now and again, is a time machine. The gearshift on such a machine is usually set in reverse; one friend would be pleased if Santa brought him a ticket for a quick jaunt back to 1947—just long enough to buy a nine-room duplex apartment with a view of Central Park for eight thousand dollars. Other, more modest fellows would be happy enough to be propelled back to some decade between 1890 and 1970—depending on their present age—in which they might be found knee-deep in the murmuring woods, getting on with the tricky business of capturing frogs and putting them in mason jars with air holes punched in the lids.

Henry Adams, who began his boyhood in the decade of the eighteen-forties, was the grandson and great-grandson of Presidents but did not end up in the Oval Office himself, and he was, it seems to us, one of this country's first spiritual remittance men. His description, in "The Education of Henry Adams," of the worlds of city and country, and of winter and summer, that school the hearts of those brought up here on the Northeast Coast is the most evocative we know:

> To the boy Henry Adams, summer was drunken. Among senses, smell was the strongest—smell of hot pine-woods and sweet-fern in the scorching summer noon; of new-mown hay; of ploughed earth; of box hedges; of peaches, lilacs, syringas; of stables, barns, cow-yards; of salt water and low tide on the marshes; nothing came amiss. Next to the smell came taste, and the children knew the taste of everything they saw or touched, from pennyroyal and flagroot to the shell of a pignut and the letters of a spelling-book—the taste of A-B, AB, suddenly revived on the boy's tongue sixty years afterwards. . . . His idea of color was a peony, with the dew of early morning on its petals. The intense blue of the sea, as he saw it a mile or two away, from the Quincy hills; the cumuli in a June afternoon sky; the strong reds and greens of colored prints and children's picture-books, as the American colors then ran; these were ideals. The opposites or antipathies, were the cold grays of November evenings, and the thick, muddy thaws of Boston winter.

A new series of Audubon Society Nature Guides, with elegant spines of black cloth and heavy laminated covers, features comprehensive color photographs of the flora and fauna of the Northeast and other regions. In the "Eastern Forests" volume, by Ann and Myron Sutton, for instance, are a full-face portrait of the pygmy shrew; the destroying-angel and violet-toothed polyphore mushrooms; the northern walking stick (an insect that looks like a toothpick-size malacca cane); the fuchsia-plumed summer tanager; the spicebush-swallowtail butterfly with holly-berry markings; and the silver, red, and sugar maples. The pleasure of these guides is that everything is here, as it is in the woods, whereas most nature books presuppose that the nature-walker is a monomaniac. The prefaces are thoughtful and informative. Other volumes in the series include "Atlantic and Gulf Coasts," by William H. and Stephen H. Amos, and "Wetlands," by William A. Niering. The guides are published by Knopf, and they are $14.95 each at Scribners, 597 Fifth Avenue (48th).

Clear, tenderly detailed watercolors by Karl Bodmer—of rivers, buffalo, turtles, Western vistas, and members of the Mandan, Sioux, and Assiniboin Indian tribes, among others—have been collected into an impressive volume called "Karl Bodmer's Ameri-

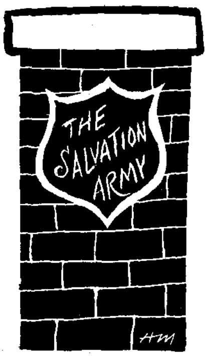


"Is it my imagination, or are people today more alive?"

ca." The images, which Bodmer recorded during a journey up the Missouri River in the company of the German Prince Maximilian of Wied-Neuwid in 1833 and 1834, were painted under trying conditions—the artist often had to heat his frozen paints over a fire. Bodmer seemed to know he was travelling through a vanishing landscape, and there may be no more thorough—or more beautiful—visual record of the North American West before much of the wilderness gave way to settlements. The book, which also served as a catalogue for an exhibition of Bodmer's drawings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art this past summer, is on sale at the museum; $65.

For a look at the changes that time has wrought in town, the New-York Historical Society Museum Store, at 170 Central Park West (77th), can supply an 1813 plan of New York City and the surrounding countryside (including what was then usually called the North River) "as they were in the Years 1742 . . . 1743 . . . and 1744: Drawn by D. G. in the 76th year of his age who had at this time a perfect and correct recollection of the same." The map, colored mint green, pale yellow, and coral, depicts a populous lower Manhattan, with farmland north of Tenth Street; $3. The museum also has an abundant flock of Audubon reproductions, including an exhibition poster for $20 and an elaborate print of four wood ducks engaged in the frenetic activity of whiling away a summer afternoon for $80. Audubon's illustration of the domestic life of house wrens (three openmouthed baby birds nesting in a battered stovepipe hat are being fed a spider while a neighboring moth looks on) is $40. Unmounted eight-by-ten-inch reproductions are a dollar, and a book, "John James Audubon for Birds of America," which includes four hundred and thirty-one color reproductions of the original collection of watercolors, is $39.95. Also on hand here is the 1986 Farmer's Almanac Calendar, for those hardy souls who are planning activities after the New Year which require data on weather conditions. For the first through the third of January, the calendar predicts cold in the Northwest and snow in the East, and, for those already thinking about *next* year's holiday season, the period between December 28 and December 31, 1986, is heralded as "Terrible weather! New England and Mid-Atlantic States will remember this one!" The calendar is $7.95, and a gift membership in the New-York Historical Society—its museum is the oldest in the city—is $35.

THE American Museum of Natural History is another source of gifts for men with an interest in birds. The recording of Roger Tory Peterson's "A Field Guide to Bird Songs of Eastern and Central North America," jointly sponsored by the National Audubon Society and the National Wildlife Federation, features the calls of two hundred species, including eighteen different types of sparrows; $19.95 for the two-record album. For auditory trips farther afield, there is a recording of birds and other creatures that live in African rain forests, prepared by the Federation of Ontario Naturalists in conjunction with the museum. The jacket copy describing the cry of the fruit bat (Mpanga Forest, Uganda) reads, "A curious sound: I assumed it to be a nightjar of some kind when I first heard it. Calling can be continuous for long periods." The double-record set is $19. To simplify life for men who rest easier when they can find out at a glance exactly what time it is everywhere on earth, the museum can supply a round-faced world-time clock. A standard clock is set in the middle, surrounded by a separate moving time band upon which the names of cities designate the changing times there. A helpful little red airplane, painted on a moving disk, indicates the seconds. The price is $62.50.



Small replicas of elephant tusks serve as door handles at the newly opened Banana Republic store at 2376 Broadway (87th). Banana Republic, which also has new emporiums at 205 Bleecker Street and the South Street Seaport, was, until its appearance here in the flesh, known to New Yorkers as a successful mail-order concern operating out of San Francisco. The stores bill themselves as purveyors of safari clothes and travel gear, but the idea of safaris, and their discredited concomitant colonialism, has been modified by the reigning movie myth of the sincere, risk-taking journalist or explorer who is off to some unidentified torrid clime. A friend told us that when a telephone

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BONDS OF BEAVERDALE	Des Moines	IA
ARMSTRONG'S	Dubuque	IA
EWERS MEN'S STORE	Iowa City	IA
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YOUNKERS	All Stores	IL
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ST. CLAIR-ROUANG	Fergus Falls	MN
HANNY'S	Rochester	MN
BILL'S TOGGERY	Shakopee	MN
JONES STORES	Kansas City	MO
BELK STORE	All Stores	NC
DELENDRECIES	Fargo	ND
SILVERMANS	Grand Forks	ND
YOUNKERS	All Stores	NE
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BREECHES	Freehold	NJ
CHRISTIAN ST. JOHN, LTD.	Fairview Park	OH
DIAMOND'S	Middleburg Hts.	OH
LION STORE	Toledo	OH
THE SIR SHOPPE	Davis	OK
CASTNER KNOTT	All Stores	TN
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CASTNER KNOTT	Nashville	TN
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HEMPHILL-WELLS	San Angelo	TX
DORFS	Baraboo	WI
H. C. PRANGE	Green Bay	WI
CARNEY'S CLO.	Kenosha	WI
BOSTON STORE	Milwaukee	WI
J. & F. HABERDASHERY	Oconomowoc	WI
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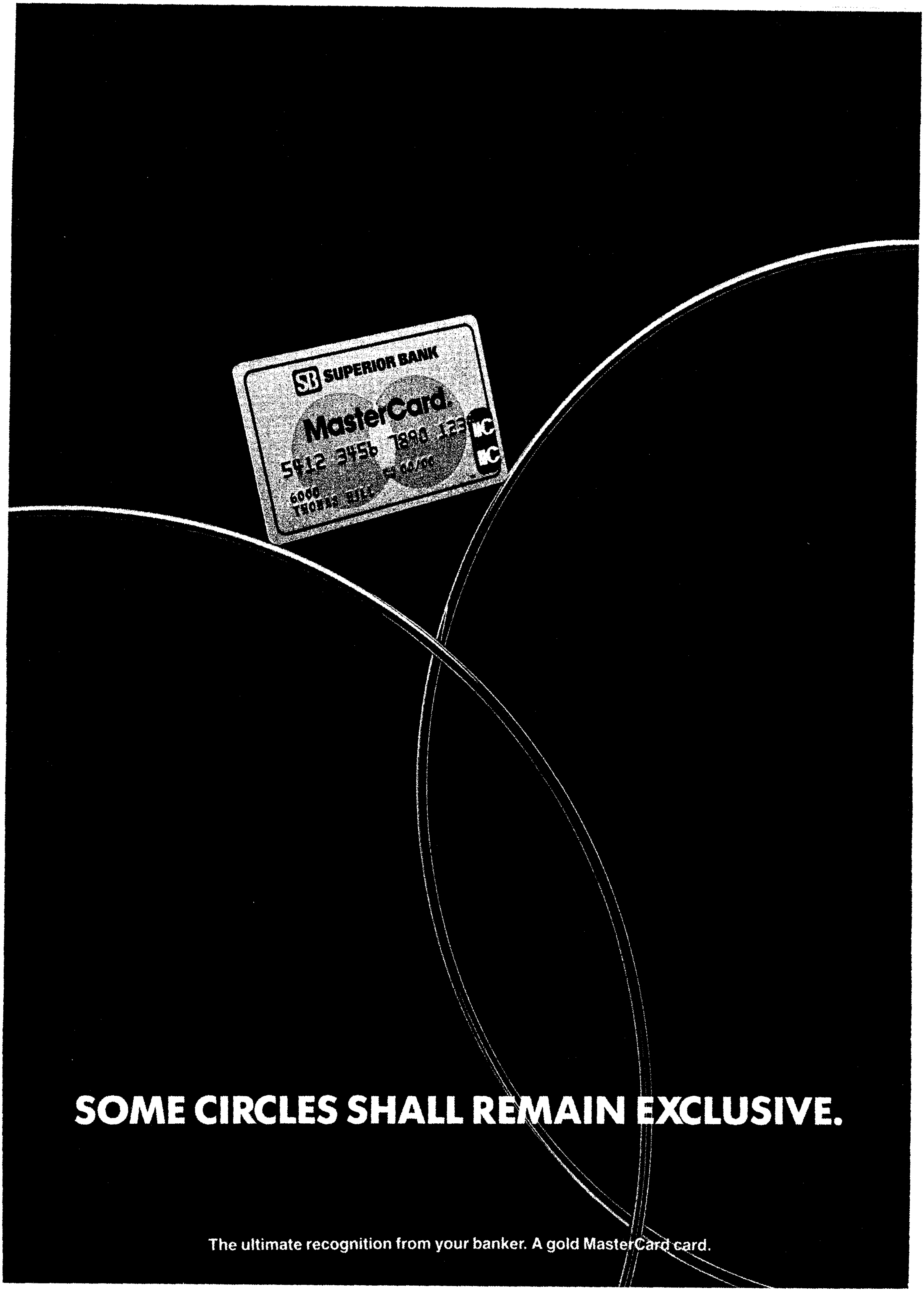
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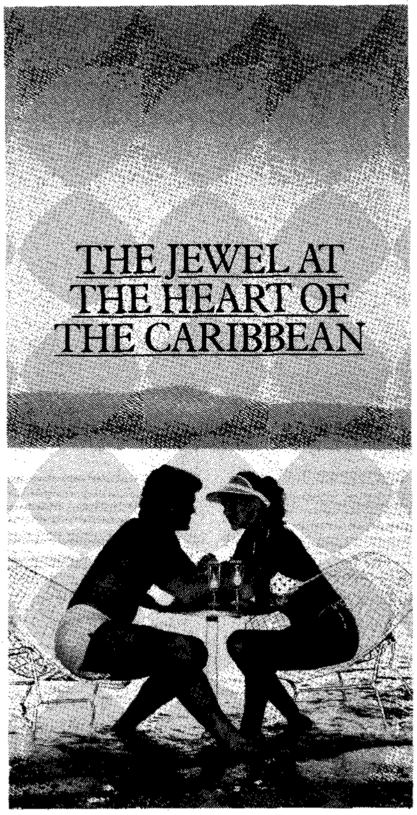
caller to the Banana Republic headquarters in California is obliged to wait on "hold," he is serenaded by jungle noises; we tried it, and it is indeed true. Of course, many millions of people in far-off lands live without safari jackets, khaki trousers, Australian Bushman raincoats, and chambray shirts, all of which can be bought on the street level of the Broadway store, but many men like to have them, and the general atmosphere of the store—rough-hewn walls with shiny postcards and a poster of a sweating writer huddled in a tent and banging away at a typewriter, and an accompaniment of piped-in, tinny music—is so filled with bubble-gum joie de vivre that for anyone in the throes of the Christmas spirit (which, after all, is about supplying some background props for the dreams of loved ones) its appeal is hard to resist. The prices for the garments are reasonable, ranging from $49, for khaki pants, to $129, for a raincoat. Perhaps the most luxurious item in the store is a glossy, supple leather "bush vest," which is encumbered by ten pockets and is the sort of thing a glossy photojournalist might don when he is not working; $159.

In Banana Republic's travel bookstore, downstairs, are three thousand titles, which seem to cover every kind of ground, from "The Indonesian Phrase Book" (Lovely Planet; $2.95), to "100 Hikes in the Alps," by Henry Edwards and Ira Spring (The Mountaineers; $9.95), to "The World Atlas of Golf: The Great Courses and How They Are Played," by Pat Ward-Thomas, Herbert Warren Wind, Charles Price, and Peter Thomson, with a foreword by Alistair Cooke (Gallery Books; $16.95). The bookstore also stocks an innovative, and even provocative, device—a pocket translator, constructed along the lines of a pocket calculator. The translator —there are English-Spanish, English-German, and English-French models—has a memory bank of eight thousand foreign and English words. By means of a button, one scans for the first letter of the word in question, and then for the second. Next, the user presses the "search" key, and the device runs through its vocabulary of words that begin with those two letters. When the needed word appears, one presses a button marked with an equal sign, and the foreign equivalent appears on the screen. Besides being infinitely more amusing to play with than a phrase book while one is waiting for a tiresomely late train, the machine, we discovered, like most items that concern themselves with language, has a logic and beauty of its own. Translating into French an alphabetical group of words that—in English—start with the letters "i-n," the machine issued a little string that might have been organized by Baudelaire: *blessure*, *injustice*, *encre*, *amoureuse*, *auberge*, *innocent*, *informer*, *par rapport à*, and *insecte*, which translate back into English as "injury," "injustice," "ink," "in love with," "inn," "innocent," "inquire," "in relation," and "insect." The price of the machine is $70.

Star Magic, at 275 Amsterdam Avenue (73rd), is another new arrival that has its flagship store in San Francisco and a second New York store in the Village (743 Broadway, at Astor Place). The tone here is a cross between "The Hobbit" and "2001;" the other night, we happened to pass by the store while riding the No. 7 bus, and saw a radiant electric-lit rainbow ellipse projecting through the front door and out over the dark sidewalk, like a beacon welcoming benign outer-space visitors. Here are clear quartz crystals, which, according to the earnest staff, are good to have around offices, because they generate certain vibrations of positive energy. "Crystals are like little radios in the earth," said Susan Silverstream, a young, flaxen-haired woman wearing a crown of crystal leaves. They can also be held in the hand, like worry beads, and Star Magic especially recommends pink quartz for men who tense up in the city; $2 to $400, depending on size and configuration. Turning our attention to larger, untherapeutic concerns, we found some illuminated globes, including Rand McNally's Mercury model, for $75, and the Apollo, by Hammond, for $85. The store also carries Hammond's illuminated celestial globe, the Galaxy II; $85. For men whose lives tend toward extreme circumstances, Fisher Space Pens will write upside down, underwater, over grease, and in a vacuum, and also in temperatures ranging all the way from -50 degrees to 400 degrees Fahrenheit. The pens, it was explained to us, are filled with visco-elastic ink that responds to pressure; $12.95 to $19.95.

Star Magic also has a batch of kalei-



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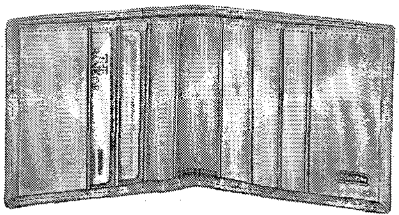

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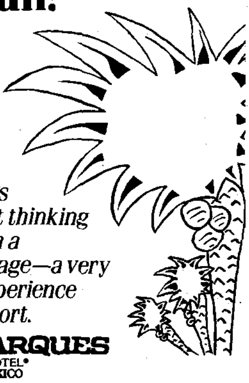

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doscopes. Finger-size cylinders start at $2.50, while larger ones, among them some employing paper cutouts that fall into Josef Albers patterns, and some that are aswirl with iridescent oils, range from $7.95 to $100. For looking straight into the dark for Halley's comet (the merchandise hanging on to the tail of this event is enough to raise the question whether, in the absence of the real comet, the commercial world would have projected one onto the heavens), here is Edmund Scientific's Astroscan 2001 telescope, which is of solid, no-nonsense design, not having been jerry-built during the last few months to satisfy the demands of the comet-happy public; $299.95. (We have been told, though, that an old pair of binoculars will serve nearly as well. Star Magic has a full selection of new ones.) "The New York Times Guide to the Return of Halley's Comet," by Richard Flaste, Holcomb Noble, Walter Sullivan, and John Noble Wilford (Times Books), is $7.95, and, for nights after the comet has departed, Star Magic can provide a star-and-planet locator that would be useful in any mid-latitude area in the Northern Hemisphere for clearing up mild disagreements about the locations of Andromeda and Cassiopeia. The device, which comes with a calendar and an explanatory booklet, has a price tag of $1.95.

Tender Buttons, at 143 East 62nd Street, has a collection of antique Merlin buttons with moon and star motifs. The predominant theme is a bearded old man napping in a hammock formed by a reclining crescent, but there is also a lunar landscape with an erupting volcano, and Saturn with its orbiting rings. The buttons range from $12 to $45 each. Here, too, are waistcoat buttons from the defunct Paris button firm Albert Parent & Cie, set with fingernail-size mirrors, marbles, or opalescent stones; from $2 to $25. The store, which is generally considered the best place in the city to find the twin of a missing button, also has a good many horn buttons of the type used by Savile Row tailors, and a large selection of antique double-sided cufflinks, some made from buttons. An 18k.-gold set with facing busts of Napoleon III is $375, and a stately pair of Edwardian amethysts is $265. Blazer-button sets start at $25, and a set depicting Little Orphan Annie, for Daddy Warbucks, is $325. Antique waistcoat sets include 19k. gold with pearl, $85, and 15k. gold with moss agate, for $80. And for the vast number of men who by now have learned, by hook or by crook, how to sew on their own buttons, there is a drawerful of antique brass, silver-plate, and sterling-silver thimbles; from $25 to $45.

Vito Giallo Antiques, 966 Madison Avenue (76th), is a source for period fountain pens, any one of which might make a merciful gift for a man who sees the Jordan River between himself and a chair fronting a word processor. A Waterman's pen overlaid with an Art Nouveau bamboo-trellis pattern in sterling silver is $150; a nineteen-twenties Parker lapis-lazuli-colored Duofold, with its patented push-button filler, is $125, and a later model, the Parker Vacumatic—its claim to innovation may be laid at an ingenious device that had to be pushed ten times before any ink would flow in—is $75. A Sheaffer White Dot pen from 1928 (the white dot indicated a lifetime guarantee), in marbled Bakelite, is $90, and a Waterman's Ripple pen from the same year, so called because of its wavy design, is made of hard rubber and costs $125. Mechanical pencils that were usually paired with the pens, and thus had the same patterns, are priced from $35 to $50. Mr. Giallo also has an assortment of nineteenth-century Chinese snuff bottles, which are pleasing to hold in the hand. A moss-agate bottle with a jade top is $200; a flame-red openmouthed dragon surrounded by smoky-blue clouds on a bottle of Peking enamel is $324; and a bottle hollowed out of a jade pebble that had been rounded by the waters of a running stream is $175.

Other natural forms more at home in watery environments than on shelves can be found at Seashells Unlimited, 590 Third Avenue (38th), where they are presided over by Veronica Parker Johns. Of the paper nautilus, Marianne Moore wrote, "close-laid Ionic chiton-folds like the lines in the mane of a Parthenon horse," and here the nautilus can be bought for a mere $12; a deep-side half shell is $10, and the shallow side is $6. The shell of the *Cardium pseudolima* looks like a valentine when it's viewed from the side; such shells range in price from 25¢ to $25, and examples include a giant pink cockle, from East Africa,

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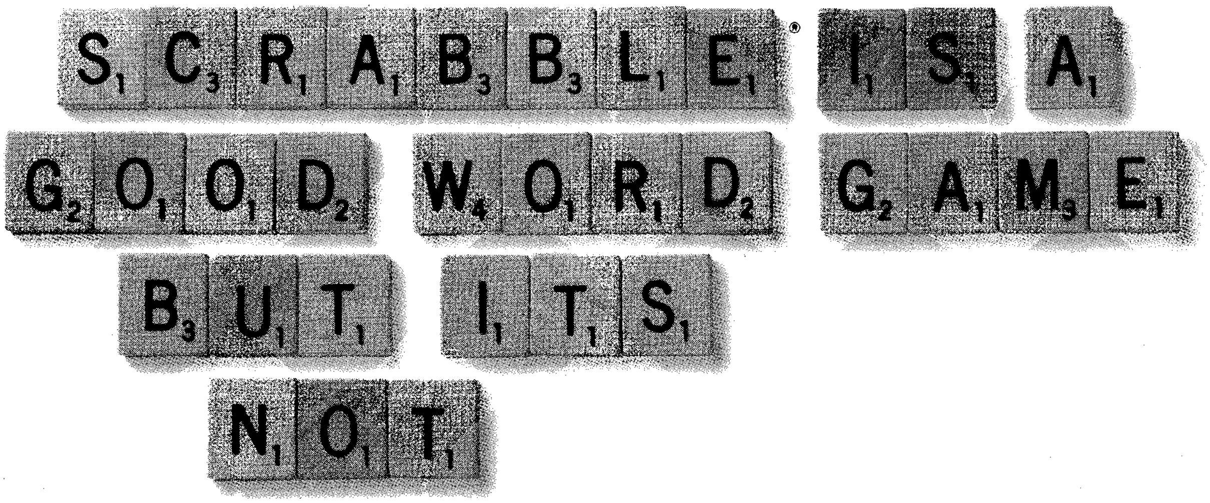
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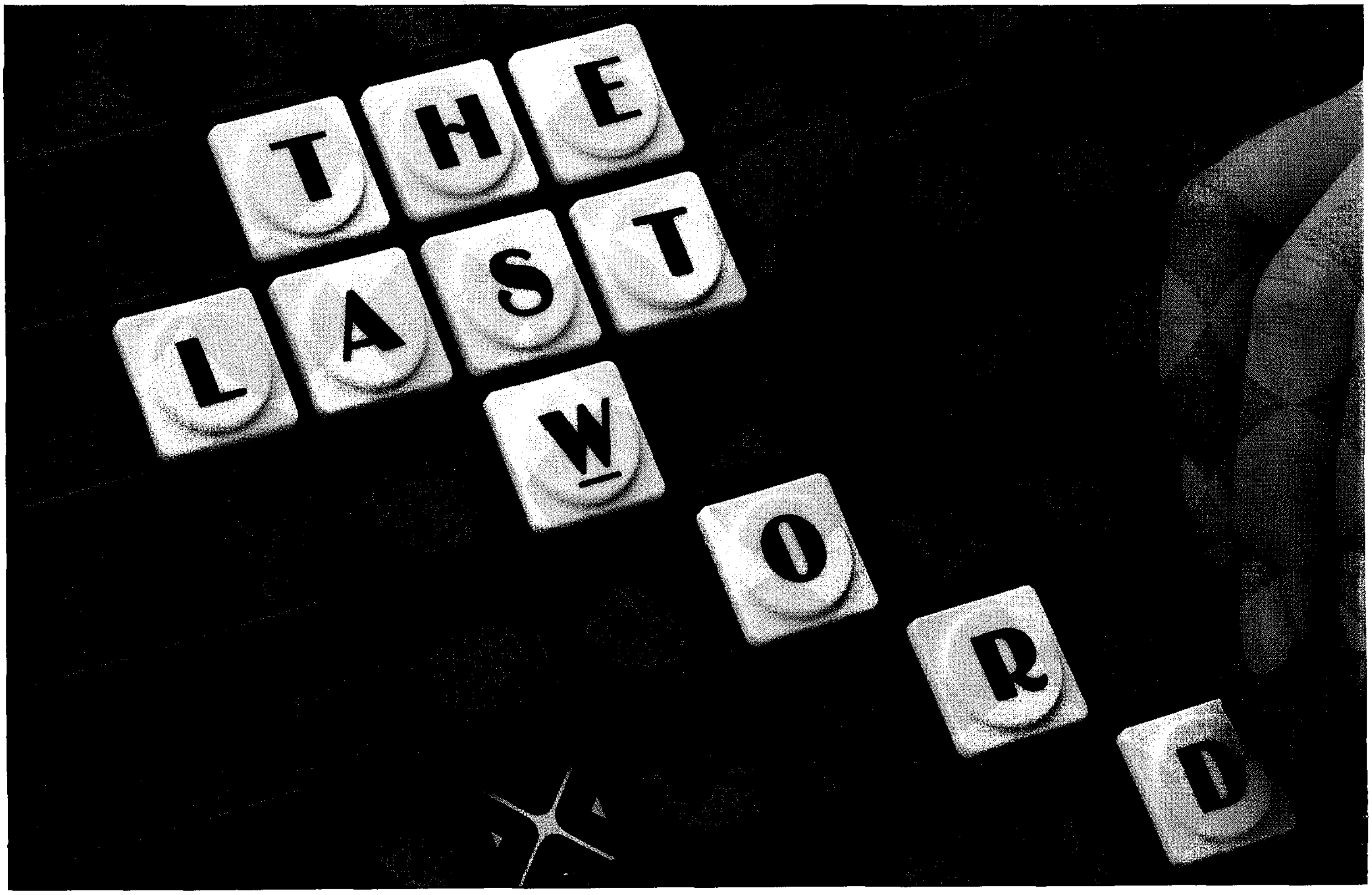
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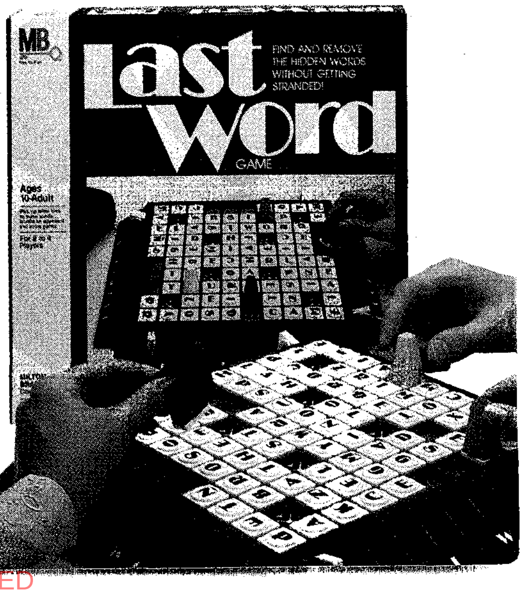
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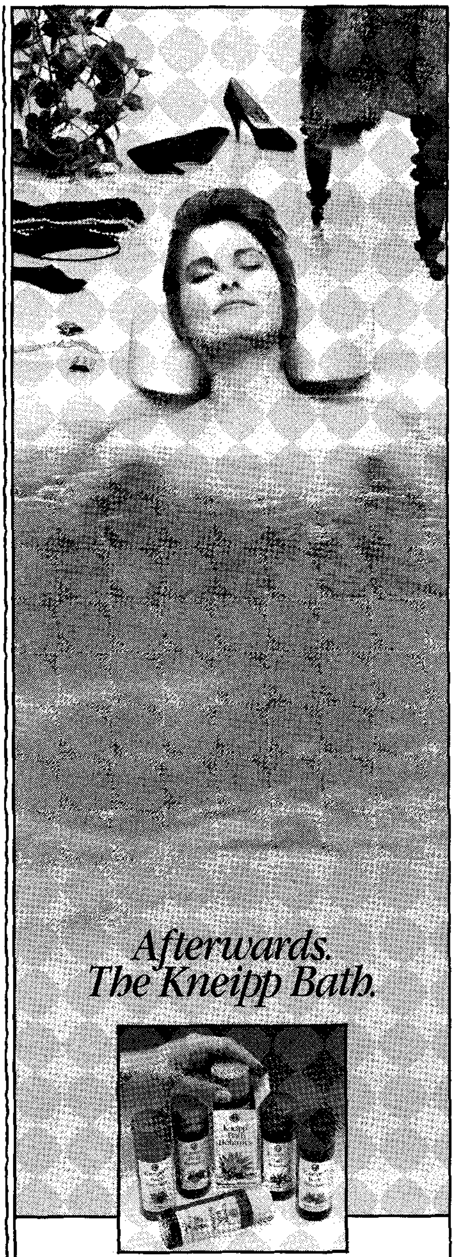
for $20. The *Thatcheria mirabilis*, or Japanese wonder shell, looks just like the exterior of the Guggenheim Museum—there is a story that Frank Lloyd Wright once showed a Thatcheria to a class and said, "Look what the so-called primitive life-forms can do, and there you all are, designing split-level ranch style." The shell is $15. Pieces of Indonesian blue coral cost from $5 to $35, depending on size; blush-pink land snails from Ceylon are $1.50; and the Xenophora, or carrier shells, which are encrusted with tiny shells as if with paillettes, are $15 to $50. ("*Xeno* means 'stranger,' and *phora* means 'carrier,' " says Miss Johns. "The shell carries strangers. Think of Christopher—'he who carries Christ.' ") Japanese noble-scallop shells ($10 each) are preternatural colors—orange, violet, and bright yellow—and Haitian tree snails are striped with narrow, primary-color bands (fifty cents).

The wares at M. J. Knoud, 716 Madison Avenue (63rd), are objects relating to *Equus*, rather than crustacea. Here we rest for a moment outside—summoning our thoughts back from distant ports of call—on a wrought-iron bench with a seat of varnished wood. Set into the back of this particular bench are two brass castings of racing thoroughbreds, jockey up, and in the center a casting of hunting whips crossed over a victory plate. The bench may be ordered like this or with polo or foxhunting motifs, for prices ranging from $1,475 to $2,150. The store has all the English haberdashery necessary for the horseman. Pigskin and cowhide saddles, for hunting, shows, or pleasure riding, are priced from $600 to $1,600, caps from $60 to $190, and jodhpurs and breeches, in cotton, corduroy, or various stretch materials, from $71.50 to $115. Hacking jackets and hunting coats that the store has in stock range from $200 to $650. Custom-made coats can run as high as $1,500, and a recipient often likes to supply the buttons and collar himself. (We remember clearly, one wintry sherry hour in upstate New York, being shown a set of hunt buttons that had supposedly been taken along by a certain astronaut on a flight to the moon.) The store will also supply single and double Old-Fashioned glasses and highball glasses that feature pictures of jockeys; the silks may be painted to order with the owner's registered colors. The price is $125 per dozen, and wine or champagne glasses are also available, at twelve for $165.

WELCOME
LSJ

After sending the glasses, the indulgent Christmas shopper might follow them up with a case of Mouton Rothschild 1982 ($810), which can be ordered from the Acker, Merrall & Condit Company. The store has been on Broadway between Eighty-sixth and Eighty-seventh Streets since the repeal of Prohibition, but now, alas, the block is being torn down (residents of the upper West Side are no longer surprised when the market that supplied them with milk in the evening is a hole in the ground the following afternoon), and the firm is moving to 160 West 72nd Street. A welcome gift on a lesser scale might be a case of Chanut Frères Nouveau Beaujolais ($43), which is bottled under the auspices of one of France's few female winemakers, Mme. Roux. Delivery is free, and the store will also bring over a chilled bottle of Taittinger Comtes de Champagne Blanc de Blancs Brut on Christmas Eve; $45. The phone number is 787-1700.

For reminding one to harvest one's own grapes, scheduling a meeting in Buenos Aires, or picking up a child at his or her clarinet lesson, the appointment calendar that many people have enjoyed this year is the Filofax, which is imported from England. The manufacturers of the Filofax prefer to call it a "system," apparently feeling that a more quotidian appellation—"datebook," maybe—would in no way indicate the rigorous planning that goes into each hour of the Filofax user. The fun of the Filofax, which measures five by seven inches, is that, like a car, it comes with options: maps of major cities, currency rates, menu planners, graph paper, music-composition paper (for scribbling a sonata during a Concorde flight, perhaps)—all these and more can be bought and slipped into its ring binder. Or the planner, which comes in calfskin, lizard, snake, or full-quill ostrich skin (at prices ranging from $150 to $500), might take care of any number of people who have never lost their love of plain white unscrawled-over calendar



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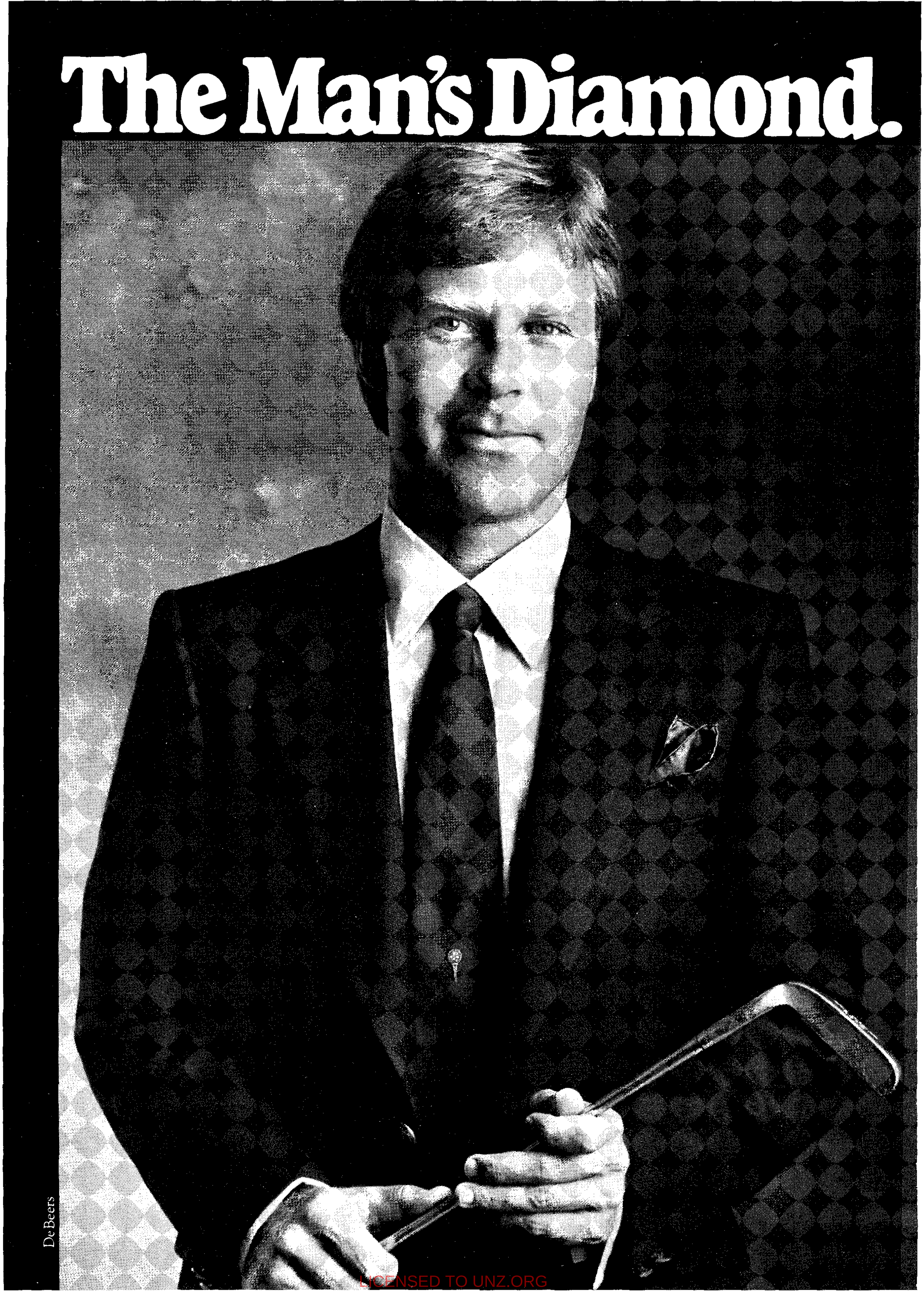
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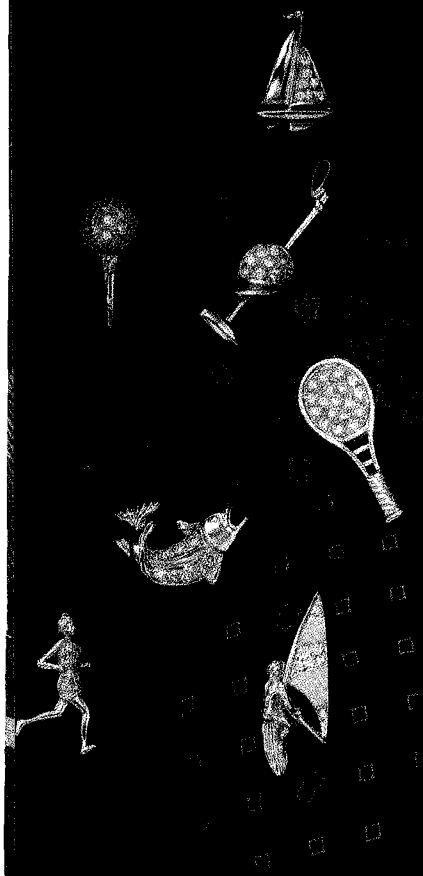

The diamond tie tacks shown are selected designs from The Sportsman's Diamond Collection. For information on the entire collection, just write to: Diamond Information Center; Department DFM-BC-NY, P.O. Box 1344, New York NY 10101-1344.

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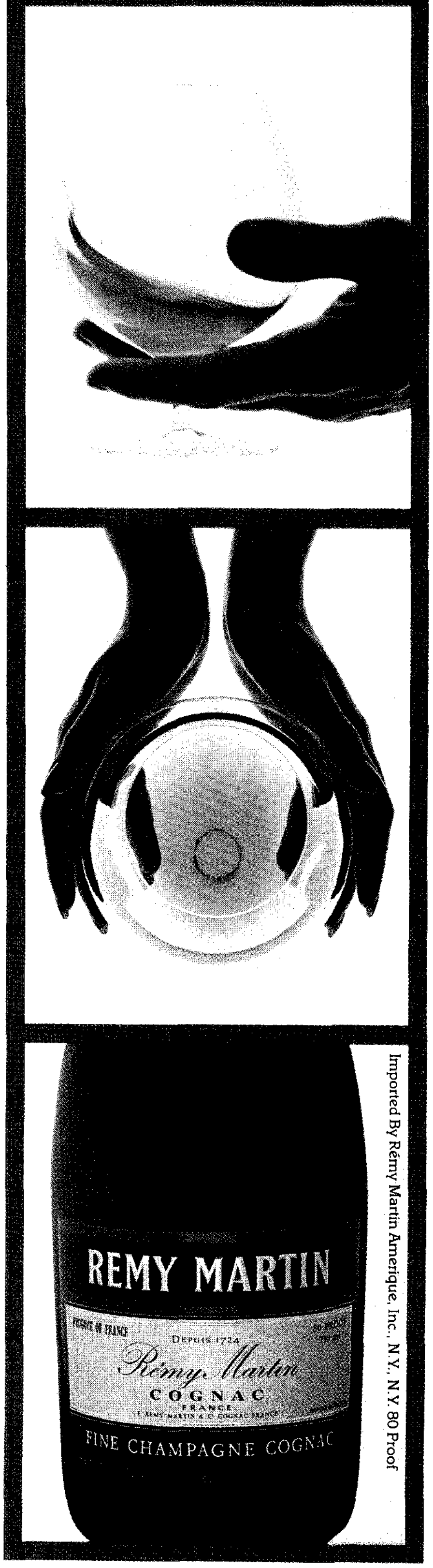
pads. The Filofax is on sale at most department stores, including Lord & Taylor.

"THE accessory of the year is a baby," said Vincent Ehly, of Charivari for Men, 2339 Broadway (85th), where the Filofax is prominently displayed. In addition to composing a recommendation for a four-year-old to the Dalton school, one might also please a man who is writing his own part as a storybook father with a poinsettia-colored, raglan-sleeved crewneck sweater, with a Carl Larsson design of pine trees. The sweater, which is by Gianfranco Ferre, is $349. A big, plush merino-wool turtleneck, under the Charivari label, is $135—the color is plum—and long-sleeved lamb's-wool sweaters in Day-Glo orange, yellow, or green are $90. Shaker-knit cotton caps in the low-tide colors favored by Issey Miyake—moss, black, and old coral—could accommodate a full mane of dreadlocks ($55), and wool gloves, also by Miyake, have subtle plaids (yellow and slate, or rust and gray) on the palms and backs of the hands ($50). Wool-lined black leather gauntlets have diamond-patterned quilting extending over the wrists; designed by Gianni Versace, they are $145. The store also has a counter of vivacious socks. There are wayward Argyles and Nordic prints, and some, designed by Laura Pearson, are printed with that maker's impression of the Empire State Building; the socks range in price from $10 to $250. A pewter cotton shirt by Katharine Hammett, of London—lately, the English menswear designers seem to be turning their hands to ensembles made up of solid-color components—has a button-down collar, two breast pockets, and long penguin tails; $120. The window displays at Charivari often give the peculiar impression that its stock of trousers includes only plus fours; the mannequins do not have full legs, so that pants stop a few inches below the knee. On the rack, however, long pants are the thing. A Beau Brummell wool suit by the glad-of-heart designer Kenzo is double-breasted, has high lapels, and the weave is a snappy claret-and-black houndstooth on a cream ground. The price is $129 for the pants and $269 for the jacket; they may be bought separately.

The accessories counter at Paul Stuart, Madison Avenue at 45th Street, holds an interesting Italian ballpoint pen, which escapes being gimmicky

EXPLORE THE SENSE OF Rémy



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thanks to the elegance of its design. When its ends are pulled as if it were a piece of taffy, the pen, which is made of sterling silver, expands to a metric/English ruler. Opened, it might also be put to use for pointing out lines on graphs; the price is $350. On top of a case of antique cufflinks there is a candy-box selection of silk knots to be used in place of links on French cuffs, in a full array of Life Saver colors. They're $4 a pair, and Sea Island-cotton shirts, in a variety of stripes and solids, some with French cuffs, are $85. The store also has a selection of fanciful evening suspenders. The designs include red-winged cherubs tangled in a Maypole ribbon that is decorated with stars, and circusy jugglers and Harlequins; $80. Paul Stuart can also supply cummerbund-and-bow-tie sets; the price is $40 for solids or polka dots on grosgrain silk, and $45 for red silk plaid. At the scarf counter, handsome chestnut silk paisley is backed with cashmere ($115) or wool challis ($69.50), and a cozy alpaca muffler in a tan-and-brown houndstooth weave is $98. Douglas Fairbanks foulard ascots range from $29.50 to $62.50; the materials include lustrous ancient madders printed with what seem to be fern-inspired designs. An Irish farmer's outer shirt of earth-toned Donegal tweed is thick enough to do double duty as a light jacket, and has an overlay weave of windowpane plaid. The plaid is either green or blue with a narrow stripe of warm magenta, and the shirt, which has a leather neckband, costs $210. Less rustic is a wool flannel vest the color of a new gold piece; it has four pockets and a gold silk back with a back belt, and it might look good on a jovial barrister; $95. Many grown-up Christopher Robins have lately taken a fancy to duffel coats. A navy-blue version here has a plaid lining and horn toggles; $210. English cashmere robes, in claret or marine blue, are $395; for nights away from home, the store has on hand a pair of soft kidskin travel slippers so elegant that any dog—even one belonging to the least vigilant country host—might think twice about chewing them. The slippers, of burgundy leather, fit into their own matching travelling case; $55.

WHEN we bid adieu to the Messrs. at Paul Stuart, our feet, clad in sturdy brogues, turn south on Madison Avenue and head—propelled by kinesthetic memory—to Brooks Brothers, at 346 Madison Avenue (44th). Here is a full quartermaster's storeroom of what some men we know consider one of the necessities of life: cotton pajamas. (Heading the lists of necessities composed by these men might be Brooks Brothers itself.) The styles include white or light-blue broadcloth, bleached crimson or blue madras (trimmed with bands of navy-and-green or yellow-and-navy piping, respectively), and English two-by-two cotton weave in white or blue, with one breast pocket, two patch pockets, and a loop for hanging the pajamas up; the prices for these range from $34.50 to $72. The above are coat style, but many other pajamas are also available in slipover models; all the pants have drawstring waists. For country sleeping, there are cotton flannels in navy-and-green, red-and-green, or navy-and-red plaids, and for the backwoods, out past Wilton, there are red or blue buffalo plaids; the patterned flannels are all $37.50, and solid flannels are $28.50. Over on the sweater islands is a cable-knit wool cardigan vest with horn buttons, in red, natural, or gray; it has two pockets, and costs $68. Cashmere sweaters from England are worked in diamond patterns of yellow, blue, and gray, with red accents; $225. Shetland-wool Argyle sweaters are $59.50. For several years, Brooks Brothers has stocked what is surely one of the most beautiful classic Fair Isle sweaters in town. The intarsia snowflake design is knitted with rust, violet, magenta, and teal-green yarn on a dark-blue ground, and the price is $130. There are men who profess an unwillingness to replace their frayed and worn-out belts, especially if these are belts they wore in college. Nevertheless, a new one, found under the tree and then introduced into the closet, might gradually be made use of. The well-made belts here include a slim calfskin in black or brown, at $27.50, and a serviceable cordovan belt in Wellington calf, at $40. The store also has a case full of Italian-leather picture frames to stand on a tabletop or desk. They come in blue, red, forest green, or burgundy, and cost from $21.50 to $58, in sizes ranging from a double three-by-five-inch frame to eight inches by ten. There is also an attractive caramel-colored calfskin frame; the eight-by-ten size is $63.

Lederer, the leather-goods firm at 613 Madison Avenue (58th), also has some pleasing picture frames, made of curved, carved pieces of sea-green rock crystal. The photograph is slipped down into the frame, and the curve and the sea-green tint impart a dreamy, long-ago-and-faraway quality to family snapshots. The prices are $79.50 for a three-by-five-inch frame, and $119.50 for one eight by ten.

It is possible to outfit not only Papa but *Maman et les enfants* at the new store of the Paris designer Daniel Hechter, 625 Madison Avenue (59th). It's an all-white two-floor boutique with a spanking-clean, hygienic look, as though the counters had recently been scrubbed down with Bon Ami. *Pour l'homme*, here is a big pictorial sweater: a man in a red jacket punting across what might be Lake Annecy (there are mountains and coniferous trees behind him). The price is $80. A cranberry-colored chambray shirt covered with cherries, cerise stags, and orange rabbits is $65, and a white cotton-twill shirt with a covered placket, like a French butcher's overblouse, is also $65. Lamb's-wool scarves in many hues are $35, and an Yves Montand white silk-jacquard evening scarf is $75.

At Alan Flusser, a store that has just opened on the penthouse floor at 16 East 52nd Street, the idea is an interpretation of the services available on Savile Row, transposing them up a key to match the pace of New York City. A framed placard on the wall proclaims "The Man Who Knows What to Avoid Is Already the Owner of Style" (a slogan that can fill many hours of idle musing). All suits and shirts are made to measure (the staff will come to a client's office to do the measuring, if that's desired), and the high price of this coddling is $105 for a shirt and from $775 to $1,200 for a suit. The store will also run up odd trousers and sports jackets (there are five leather-bound books of swatches), and if a man has a favorite pair of old trousers that defy further mending Alan Flusser's tailors will copy them. Prices for this sort of thing range from $575 to $625 for the sports coats and $135 to $265 for trousers. Socks can be designed by the customer to incorporate any motif—sailboats, football helmets, Lear jets—along with his initials. The socks are $35. Ordinary ready-to-wear garments are here transformed into heirlooms by use of luxurious materials. Rugby pullovers of Italian cashmere have pearl buttons, and come with contrasting stripes on mustard, puce, or tan; $200. A lemon-colored lamb's-wool cardigan is lined with Barbados

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green-and-blue paisley-printed lamb's wool; $325. And handmade Henry Higgins dressing gowns, with tassel belts, are made up in ancient-madder silk; $650.

"GENTLEMEN like a nice linen handkerchief," says Miss Lia Villari, of Villari, Ltd., which is tucked away in Suite 516 of the Dorset Hotel, 30 West 54th Street. Here one can order hand-rolled Irish-linen handkerchiefs with tidy, three-initial filet monograms (the monogram is achieved by snipping threads out of the linen and leaving an openwork mesh), and these handkerchiefs, which are lovely without being too pretty, are $12 each, or three for $33. Villari will also work a full name into the handkerchiefs; then the price is $15 each, or $42 for a set of three. Plain Irish or Swiss-bordered handkerchiefs with a diamond three-initial monogram are $11.50, or $33 for three.

For those who have been inspired by the ghost of Christmas past to consider knitting some gentleman a sweater, it is just about the right time, by our reckoning, to start buying supplies for a sweater to be given to the loyal chap next Christmas. The Yarn Company, at 2274 Broadway (82nd), can supply skeins of wool of every imaginable hue and weight. The prices start at $5, for a three-ounce skein of heathery wool, and go up to $8.95, for a three-and-a-half-ounce skein of heavy Alpine tweed. The staff will also supply informal instruction to knitters who may have overestimated their own prowess. In the meantime, Barneys, at Seventh Avenue and 17th Street, is another source of items enlivened by the nimbus that seems to be thrown off by the handmade. On the ground floor are fishermen's knit sweaters made in the Mourne Mountains, in Ireland, from the wool of Basine or black sheep. Attached to each sweater is a tag signed by the knitter responsible. (The sweaters we examined were made by Mrs. McLecky, Mrs. Shaw, and Mrs. Tinelly.) A shawl-collared cardigan costs $165, and a turtleneck or crewneck style is $150. Barneys also stocks traditional briefcases, from the hundred-year-old London firm Tanner Krolle. Even the hardware of a calfskin briefcase lined with blotting-paper-green leather is handmade, and the inside of the lid is equipped with two built-in files for papers; $475. Also at the leather-goods counter is a calfskin manicure case, holding tweezers, clippers, nail file, scissors, pocket-

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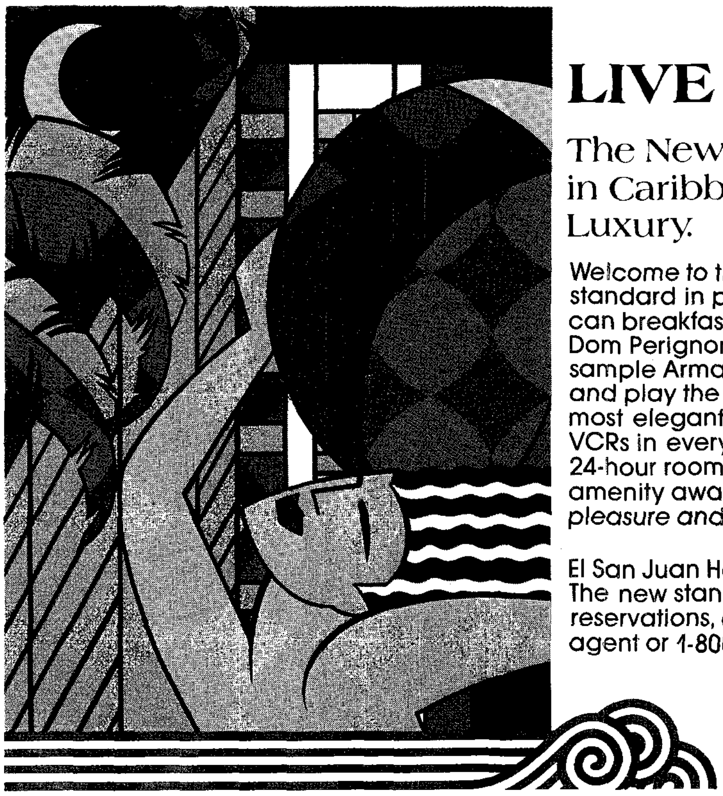
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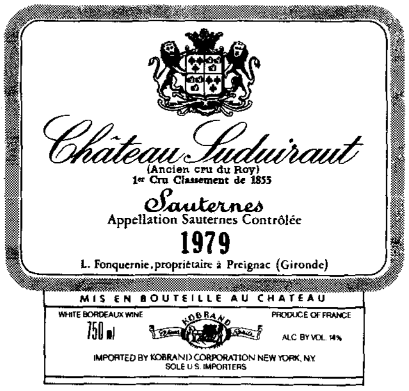
Second: the knowledgeable people who discover new wines—the wine writers, the gourmets, the travelers—know us well. They trust us with their treasures.

Thus, we first heard about Nozzole Chianti from an international financier, and about Barré Muscadet from a famous American wine writer.

Recognizing the difference in individual preferences, we know that no one wine will delight every palate. What our trademark does assure you of is a wine you can select with confidence. And serve with pride.


Château Suduiraut
(Ancien cru du Roy)
1er Cru Classement de 1855
Sauternes
Appellation Sauternes Contrôlée
1979
L. Fonquernie, propriétaire à Preignac (Gironde)
MIS EN BOUTEILLE AU CHATEAU
WHITE BORDEAUX WINE
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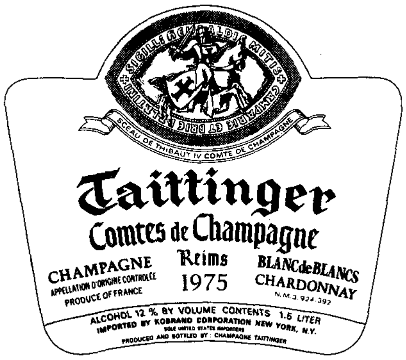
SCEAU DE THIBAUT IV COMTE DE CHAMPAGNE
Taittinger
Comtes de Champagne
CHAMPAGNE
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1975
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CHARDONNAY
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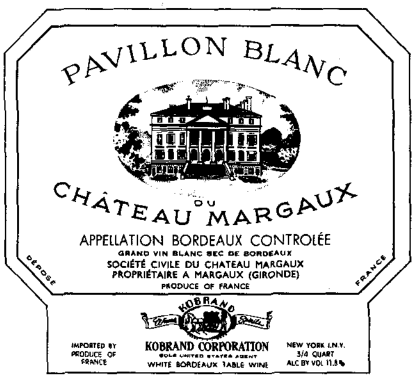
PAVILLON BLANC
CHÂTEAU DU MARGAUX
APPELLATION BORDEAUX CONTROLÉE
GRAND VIN BLANC SEC DE BORDEAUX
SOCIÉTÉ CIVILE DU CHATEAU MARGAUX
PROPRIÉTAIRE A MARGAUX (GIRONDE)
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
DÉPOSÉ
FRANCE
KOBRAND
IMPORTED BY
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
KOBRAND CORPORATION
WHITE BORDEAUX TABLE WINE
NEW YORK, N.Y.
3/4 QUART
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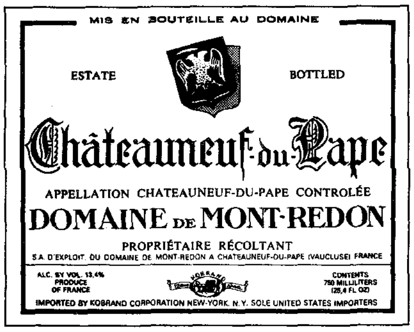
MIS EN BOUTEILLE AU DOMAINE
ESTATE
BOTTLED
Châteauneuf-du-Pape
APPELLATION CHATEAUNEUF-DU-PAPE CONTROLÉE
DOMAINE DE MONT-REDON
PROPRIÉTAIRE RÉCOLTANT
S.A. D'EXPLOIT. DU DOMAINE DE MONT-REDON A CHATEAUNEUF-DU-PAPE (VAUCLUSE) FRANCE
ALC. BY VOL. 13.4%
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
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CONTENTS 750 MILLILITERS (25.4 FL. OZ)
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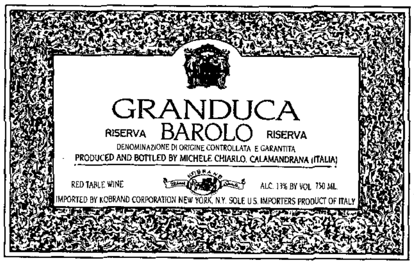
GRANDUCA
RISERVA BAROLO RISERVA
DENOMINAZIONE DI ORIGINE CONTROLLATA E GARANTITA
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY MICHELE CHIARLO, CALAMANDRANA (ITALIA)
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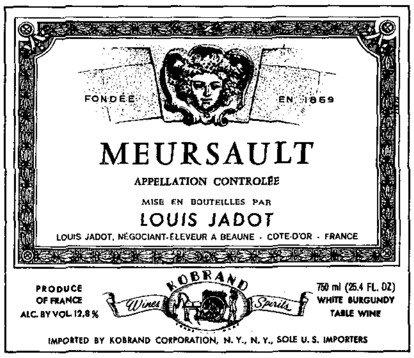
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Spirits
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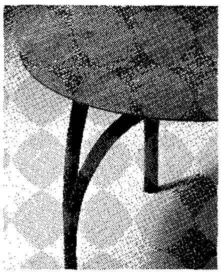

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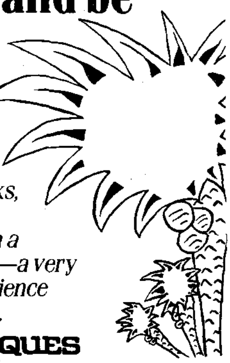

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knife/corkscrew, and a bottle opener; $83. Crocodile accessories include a billfold, at $275; there is a compartment for change. Hip flasks covered in black or pumpkin pigskin have sterling-silver tops; $75. For keeping a grip on the flask in nippy weather, Barneys can oblige with a pair of gray suède lambskin gloves whose original fleece makes a cozy lining; from England, and $58. Soft, elegant butter-colored chamois evening gloves are unlined, and cost $45, and from France there are black wool berets for $25. In the International Shop, also on the ground floor, a sweater vest by the London designer Jean Muir has an abstract blue-and-gold design on a tomato-red background. The design suggests molecules, and the vest costs $395. A Scottish cashmere sweater vest has horizontal charcoal and royal-blue pencil lines; $295. And there is a pair of dandified, don't-step-on-me blue suède evening slippers, also by Jean Muir, with a regal-looking pheasant embroidered in gold thread on the vamp of each; $125.

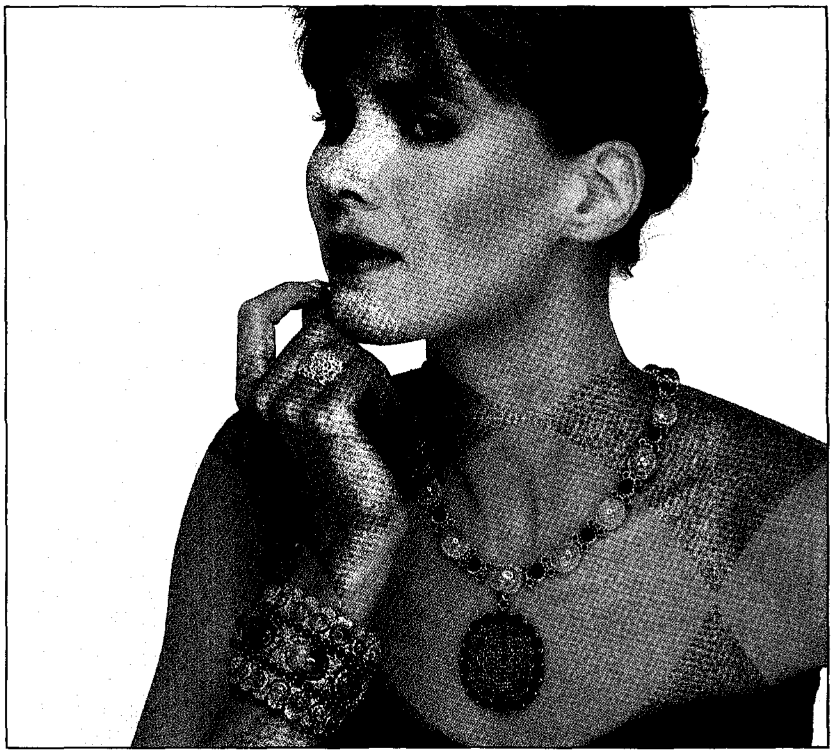
Bonwit Teller, which in 1979 was blown out of its neck of the woods at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street by the real-estate mogul Donald Trump, has sent out a scouting party from its new flagship store on 57th Street and opened Bonwit Teller for Men, in the Trump Tower. Here is a puffed-up urban-gray bomber jacket, lined with gray-and-taupe striped wool, designed by Giorgio Armani; $265. Also from Italy is an exuberant Missoni vest, made up of a Lincoln Logs arrangement of pine-green, blue, moss-green, rhubarb, and gold lozenges; $285. Oversized umbrellas, with small, sober tartan patterns and brass fittings, are $29.50, and a black leather desk set for a traveller includes ten items, such as a fluorescent-green highlighter pen, a tape measure, and three paper clips; $35. Here, too, is a corralful of Ralph Lauren's painstakingly weather-beaten Polo dungarees. The leather patch on the back of the waistband looks as though it had been scorched by the noon sun that burns a hole in the sky over the Rio Grande, but Mr. Lauren has stopped short of putting his signature holes in the knees; the dungarees are $43. Many men like to beat up their clothes on their own. At the Gap, which is also a good place to pick up hearty, durable sweaters and shirts for not too much money (sweaters range in price from $25 to $40), there are left-alone Levi's bluejeans, with either five-button or zip-fly fronts; $20. The Gap has ten stores in the city, one of them at 750 Broadway (8th).

FOR riding on unpaved roads or firmly addressing potholes on city streets, the new set of wheels is the all-terrain bicycle. Chunky country cousins to ten-speed touring bikes, they are on sale at the Toga Bike Shop, 110 West End Avenue (64th). The Ritchey Team Comp is considered by some fast-pedalling aficionados to be the Ferrari of mountain bikes; its parts are by the Japanese manufacturer Shimano, its hubs are by Dura-Ace, a subsidiary of Shimano, and it has a chrome-molybdenum steel frame and quick-release wheels. At twenty-six pounds, the bike is about two pounds lighter than other models; it looks like a sparkling, souped-up Schwinn, and the price is a steep $1,345. A smaller outlay—only $695—will buy unlimited rides on the Cannondale SM600. The bike has a smaller back wheel, for better hill climbing, and SunTour cross-country gear and brake components, and it comes in chrome yellow or willow-tree green. A helmet, which the concerned shopper might tie up with a red ribbon and hang, like a Christmas ornament, from the bike's handlebars, is available at prices ranging from $36.95 to $50, and it might be accompanied by a request that the recipient promise not to use the bike on nature trails.

Paragon, at 867 Broadway (18th), is full of equipment relating to fitness. Here is the Precor M6.2 rowing machine, which counts strokes per minute. The machine comes with a device that elevates the seat; working out while thus uplifted simulates the sensation of rowing against the current—like sculling up the Charles from the Weeks Bridge to the Weld Boathouse. The Precor has quiet cylinders, so there's none of the hissing noise emitted by most other landlocked machines, and the price is $365. For those who have shed pounds and feel they must add to their body weight to get the maximum benefit from exercise, Bio-Soft has one-pound ankle and wrist weights, covered in bright terry cloth; the colors include popsicle orange and grape, they are machine-washable, and they cost $15 a pair. This Christmas, we chose to stand, boggled, outside the area on Paragon's ground floor which houses its collection of racquets for squash, tennis, and racquetball, but nevertheless our gaze lit on a number of ready-for-play balls, any of which would fill out the heel of a stocking. Three Wilson Championship tennis balls (chartreuse) are $2.29, and two Voit Rollout Bleu racquetballs are $2.95.

In recent years, runners have become increasingly injury-conscious. Eddie Bauer, a mail-order company that has so far managed to refrain from opening a store in New York (its address remains Fifth and Union, P.O. Box 3700, Seattle, Washington 98124, and the toll-free phone number is 800-426-8020), has in stock a two-ounce pulse monitor and stopwatch, called the Actimeter, that straps onto the wrist. The device has a small hood attached that slips over a finger, and it beeps if the runner's pulse falls forty per cent below or goes seventy per cent above its preset optimum rate; $80. A second device, the RunAlert, clips onto a waistband and measures the amount of stress in each footfall. It has ten settings, and comes accompanied by an instruction booklet; $30. For armchair or footloose globe-trotters who like to keep an ear to the ground, regardless of international boundaries, a Hanimex HR 1290 AM/FM Nine Band world receiver from Bauer has seven different shortwave settings, and also picks up local traffic and weather reports. The radio weighs twenty-eight ounces, and measures a slim four and three-quarters inches by seven and one-quarter, and thus could be easily transported to a rustic hut where the beauty of the scenery might occasionally be weighed against the untoward difficulty of getting the *Times* delivered; $90.

Portability is also the salient feature of a few of the up-to-the-minute record players and radios that are arrayed, as sleek as dominoes, at Harvey Electronics, 2 West 45th Street. The baggage of audio has become so refined, so slight—so far removed from those radios the size of the Parthenon which people used to gather around to listen to President Roosevelt—that it seems only a matter of a few adjustments before all that will be needed is a small plug in the ear, which the runner, walker, or starer-out-the-window will be able to tune, by thought energy, to whatever soundtrack seems most appropriate. The most recent Sony Stereo FM Walkman—the SRF-201—is the size of a credit card, and it comes with a case in which the batteries can be recharged. The unit is slipped into the case for several hours, and can then be stowed in a shirt pocket; $79, including head-



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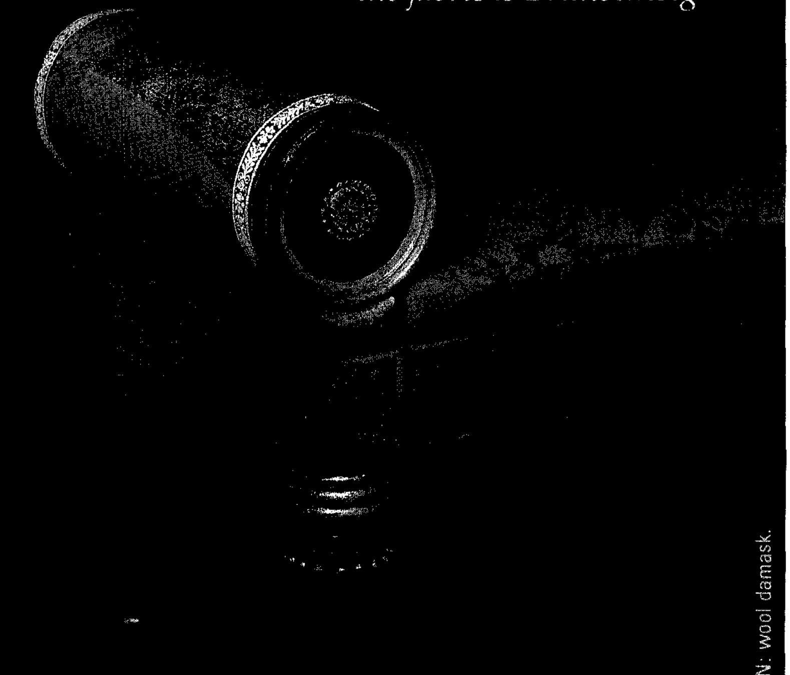

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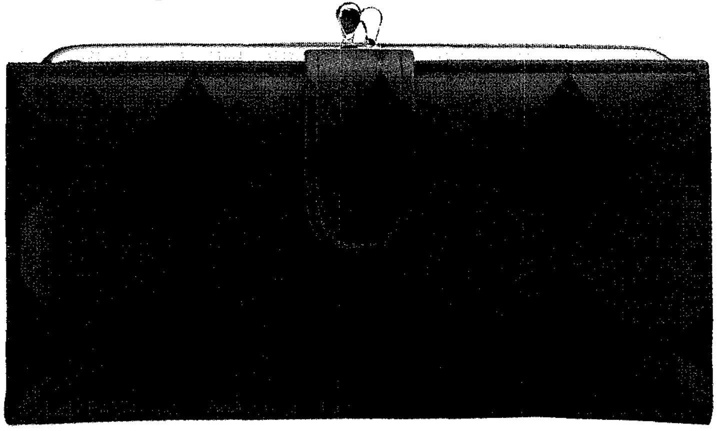

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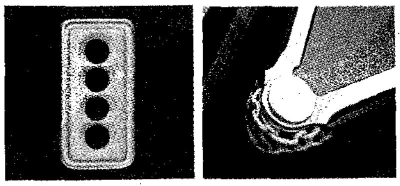

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phones. Bang & Olufsen makes an elegant black AM/FM cassette player that would not be out of place in a salon designed by Andrée Putman; $399. And the compact-disk player, so young that until recently it had to peer through the bannister and watch social comings and goings from a stationary position, can now go out as long as it remains in touch with speakers or headphones. The Sony Portable D5 compact-disk player is $249 or, with carrying case/battery pack and headphones, $349. A new item that is proving popular is a pair of self-amplified RoomMate Speakers, by Bose. (The electronics world is a kind of well-ordered contredanse; no gadget that arrives needing a partner is ever left a wallflower.) The powerful speakers, which measure six inches by nine by six, can be used in conjunction with a Walkman, the headphone jack on a television set, or a compact-disk player. They require an A.C. outlet; $229 for the pair.

According to Mark Williams, who is the manager of Grand Prix Records, an elegant, friendly store at 2327 Broadway (85th)—the selection here is smaller than at the monolithic Tower Records, but the bass is quieter—there is right now a dearth of compact disks; the industry estimated that it would sell seven hundred thousand players this year, and, instead, over a million were snapped up. Nonetheless, the store has managed to keep in stock a well-edited selection of new releases. Here, on the Oiseau-Lyre label, is Vivaldi's "L'Estro Armonico" (414554), performed by the Academy of Ancient Music, Christopher Hogwood conducting; the two-disk set is $25.96. The price of a single compact disk at Grand Prix is $12.98. The 1955 recording by Count Basie and his orchestra of "April in Paris" has now been issued on compact disk (Verve 825575). For members of the Woodstock Generation, here is Bob Dylan's "Highway 61 Revisited" (CBS CK 9189), with a reproduction of the choirboy cover. For the more up-to-date crowd, there is the soundtrack from the Talking Heads film, "Stop Making Sense" (Sire 25186). Young or old rock-and-rollers might like a subscription to the new old-style tabloid magazine *Spin* (in a recent issue, Bob Dylan replied to a question about whether it was hard to wear dark glasses after all these years by saying, "Late at night it is, when I'm driving"); the price is $20 for twelve issues, and the address is P.O. Box 46000, Bergenfield, New Jersey 07621.

THE formative years of many men and women we know were punctuated by readings of "The Little Engine That Could." Barring the option of a time machine, Madison Hardware, at 105 East 23rd Street, has a miniature depot's worth of old Lionel trains. A set of sumptuous O-gauge cars includes the McKinley Observation Car, the Garfield Pullman Car, and the Harriman Vista Dome; of gray-painted metal, the cars are $130 each. A twin pair of silver Santa Fe locomotives with orange cabs is $535. On a royal-blue Fairbanks Morse diesel locomotive, its walkway enclosed by a bright-yellow iron railing, the legend reads "Virginian;" $295. A determined red caboose manufactured in 1941 is $99.50, and one of a trio of refrigerator cars is painted teal green and emblazoned with the logo of the Oppenheimer Sausage Casings Company; two others represent the National Dairy Dispatch and the Dairymen's League. They are $24.50 each, and the cars have sliding side doors, which allow a small hobo figure to hitch a ride inside. Sets of Raisinet-size plastic people—including either a group of passengers or a group of railroad workmen—are $5.95, as are sets of three handmade brass lampposts that can be electrically illuminated. Lilliputian barns, churches, and firehouses are available; from $5.98 to $9.95.

At America Hurrah Antiques, on the second floor at 766 Madison Avenue (66th), are handsome full-scale furnishings for real rooms and houses, some of which date back to the time when the first ties for the Erie Railroad were being laid down. Graceful Amish rockers, handmade from bent ash, were revarnished every year and thus have a satiny, lustrous glow; $850. For the same price, there is a set of nineteenth-century andirons; burning logs are kept from tumbling forward by a pair of green-eyed cats, who sit erect as watchful familiars. A carved Illinois-river hollow mallard-hen decoy is $325, and a room full of antique quilts yields up patterns that include North Carolina Lily, Log Cabin, Mariner's Compass, and Drunkard's Path; prices range from $300 to $1,200. Oxidized copper weathervanes (among them silhouettes of cantering horses, a placid steer, and Uncle Sam pointing a finger) are $2,400 each.

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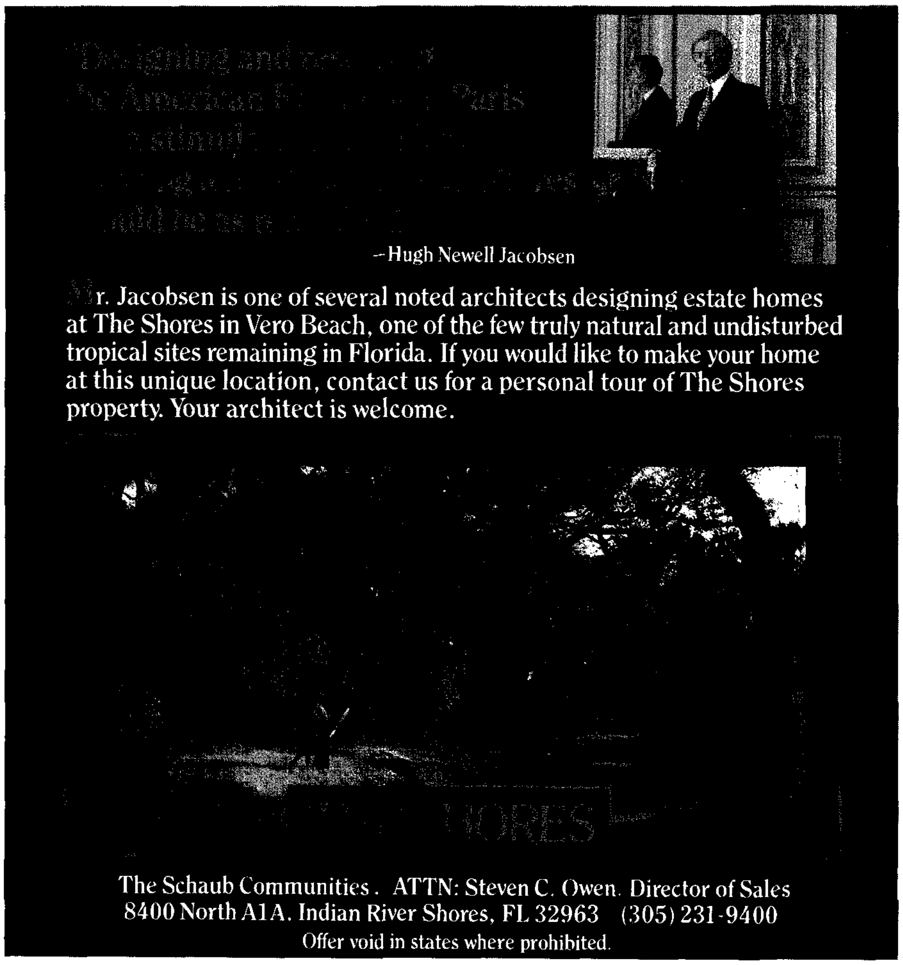
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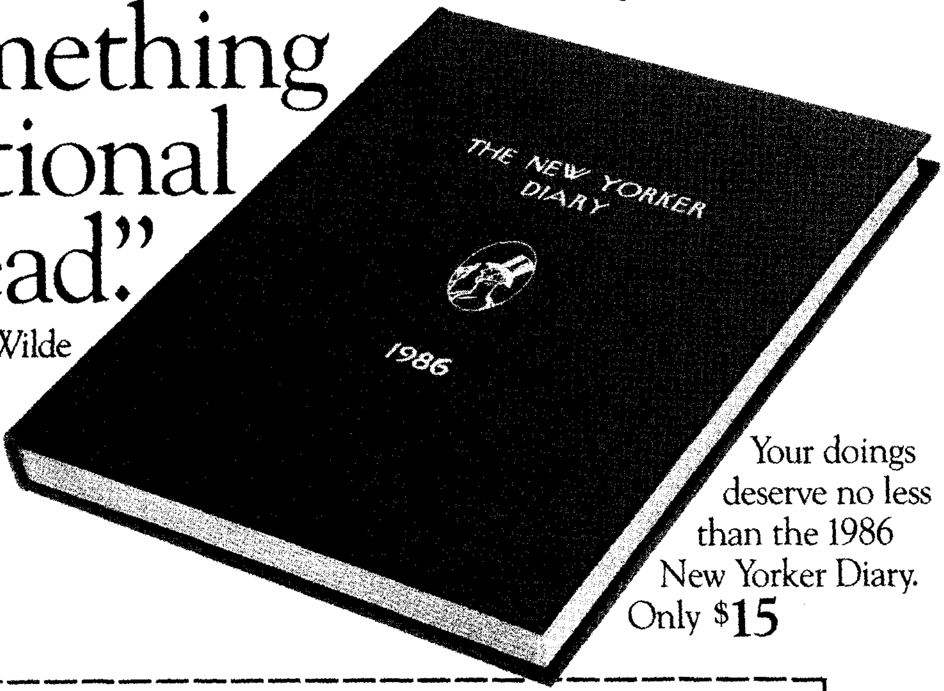
of the Weyhe Art Book Store and Gallery, which has been at 794 Lexington Avenue (62nd) since 1923, was designed by Rockwell Kent, and the façade of the shop is decorated with a checkerboard of yellow and blue ceramic tiles. Weyhe's has in stock a number of copies of the October, 1907, volume of Alfred Stieglitz's magazine *Camera Work*. The issue contains six photogravure plates by George H. Seeley, one by W. W. Renwick, and three by Stieglitz (including "Snapshot—In the New York Central Yards") and an essay by Stieglitz called "The New Color Photography—A Bit of History." The pages of each magazine are uncut, and its price is $900. Here also are several dozen whimsical ink-and-wash drawings of fish and marine animals, circa 1820. Each drawing is signed by the English artist W. Goodall, and the series includes several representations of what were designated at the time as "white-eyebrowed," "bridled," and "verticose" dolphins (the last is sketched upside down, spouting and smiling) and a "sharp-nosed whale." The creatures face right, left, or heavenward, and in the left-hand bottom corner the artist has occasionally noted their place of origin, such as the River Tweed, Concepción Bay, the Red Sea, and the Falkland Islands. The drawings are $75 each.

For men who prefer the look of fish in fresh water, the HMH fly-tying vise is considered by some anglers (who may also prefer to choose their own rods) the most elegant of its kind in existence. With a brass pedestal base and a rotating head, the vise is $210; with an additional C-clamp base, the price rises to $245. The device may be ordered from Hunter's Angling Supplies, Box 300, New Boston, New Hampshire 03070. A Wheatley aluminum-and-stainless-steel fly box, from England, is lined—cover and all—with something the company calls Etha-foam, and is recommended for streamers, small nymphs, and wet flies; $18. The box is on sale at Orvis, 355 Madison Avenue (entrance on 45th). Also at Orvis is a digit-sized fly fisherman's snip, for $9.75, which is attached to a black or silver pin-on reel, so it can't easily be mislaid. An olive-drab fisherman's duffelbag has four compartments, one of them a waterproof side pocket to keep wet gear from soaking dry clothes. The bag measures twenty-five and a half by thirteen inches by ten, and costs $59.50. "If he's a serious fisherman,

"I never travel without my diary. One should always have something sensational to read."

Oscar Wilde



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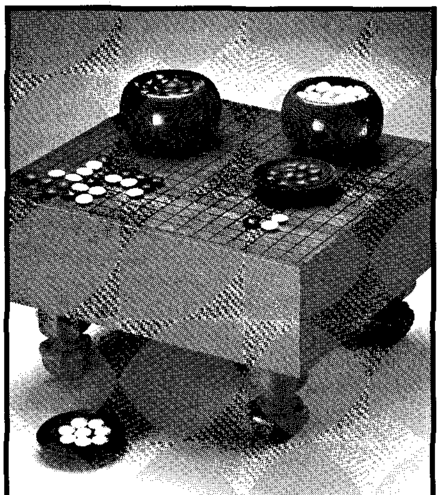

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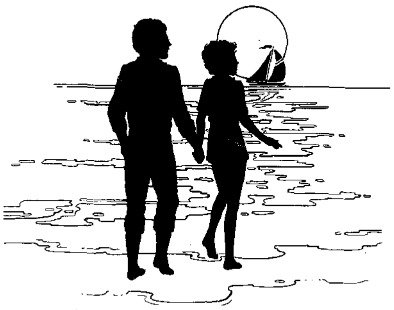

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he's already got waders. What does he need two pairs for?" a fishing friend of ours asked as we idled through the Orvis catalogue. For the one or, at most, two fishermen who might need a new pair, Orvis sells waders at prices ranging from $167 to $365 (for the Insulated Deluxe Stretch model).

Like fishing, kite-flying begins with a grip on a bit of string. At Go Fly a Kite, 1201 Lexington Avenue (81st), kite string on a two-handled spool is $3.50 for string that can withstand up to thirty pounds of pressure, and $5 for fifty-pound capacity. Nylon kites start at $12, can cost as much as $550 (for a hexagonal nylon model, from Hawaii, adorned with Tiffany-glass patterns), and average around $30. Isosceles-triangle Deltas, which the staff considers the best fliers—the Deltas can go up in any kind of wind, and are good for the variable breezes of the Sheep Meadow—come in any number of colors; from $12 to $100. Diamond-shaped Trlbys, which look like the ones we can remember making in the basement out of glue and newspaper, are $15. The Trlbys here can be used in tandem—up to six together, for stunt flying—but they are not, apparently, very good for heights. The store also has a glass globe paperweight from Austria, for $8.50. Inside, a well-dressed man, clearly on his way home from an evening of revelry, is leaning—just for a moment, one senses—against an old-fashioned street lamp. In his left hand he is holding a red balloon. When the paperweight is turned upside down and then set upright, it snows.

THE CHRISTMAS TABLE

WITH the average American eating out 3.7 times a week (a figure that has been rising steadily over the years), the chances are that fewer people than ever will be going over the river to Grandfather's house for Christmas dinner, to say nothing of staying at home. Grandfather may well decide to take everyone to the Cholmondeley Arms, where there will be a jolly plastic Christmas tree, with an assortment of wrapped empty boxes tastefully arranged under it. The following compendium is intended to encourage the fainthearted host to rise above any little sinking spell brought on during the Christmas season by the thought of feeding all those people. A peripheral benefit of home over hotel is that the children don't have to wear real shoes, and need not be constantly admonished to shape up and GET OUT from under the table. The boys and girls can stay home and play with their floppy dolls and disks.

Most of the Christmas-dinner menus that we've examined are strictly for grownups—people with children are unlikely to have an entire Christmas dinner catered. Marché St.-Pierre, 238 East 24th Street, offers a first course of gravlax or fresh foie gras on a bed of greens and—you've guessed it—radicchio, with a sauce mousseline. For an entrée, there is a choice of roast guinea hen, roast turkey, lobster thermidor, or lobster Américaine, with baked onions stuffed with wild mushrooms, and a spinach purée with pears. Dessert is a bûche de Noël or a cream-puff Christmas tree, followed by nuts and dried fruits in a basket (traditional in France). Prices range from $22.50 to $36. Sachs & Horne, 782 Lexington Avenue (61st), will deliver a Christmas dinner serving from six to eight and consisting of apple-squash soup or wild-mushroom soup ($12 a quart); roast boned leg of lamb stuffed with garlic, onions, and rosemary, accompanied by a sauce of wild mushrooms in red wine with juniper (about four pounds, $15 a pound); *or* a boned marinated venison roast, served with dried-wild-cherry sauce (five pounds, $26 a pound). For vegetables, there is a potato cake ($6 a pound), red cabbage with crème fraîche ($7 a pound)—crème fraîche is in, sour cream is out in all food circles except the corner deli—and broccoli with pine nuts and currants ($6 a pound). For dessert there is a choice of plum pudding (at $10 a pound) or plum-and-walnut cake ($30). Reheating of the meat is taken into account. We tasted only the wild-mushroom soup and can report that it's better than ambrosia. Given a week's notice, somebody from As You Like It, 120 Hudson Street (North Moore), will arrive on your doorstep with a seven-course Christmas dinner for two that includes foie gras, squab, veggies (with fresh black truffles on the spuds gratin), and Vacherin Mont d'Or—we're just touching on the high spots—for $250. The owner of the establishment, Margaret Hess, says disarmingly that she's offering this just for the hell of it—she's not expecting the phone to ring off the hook. Since the takeout department of As You Like It continues to carry a selection of care-

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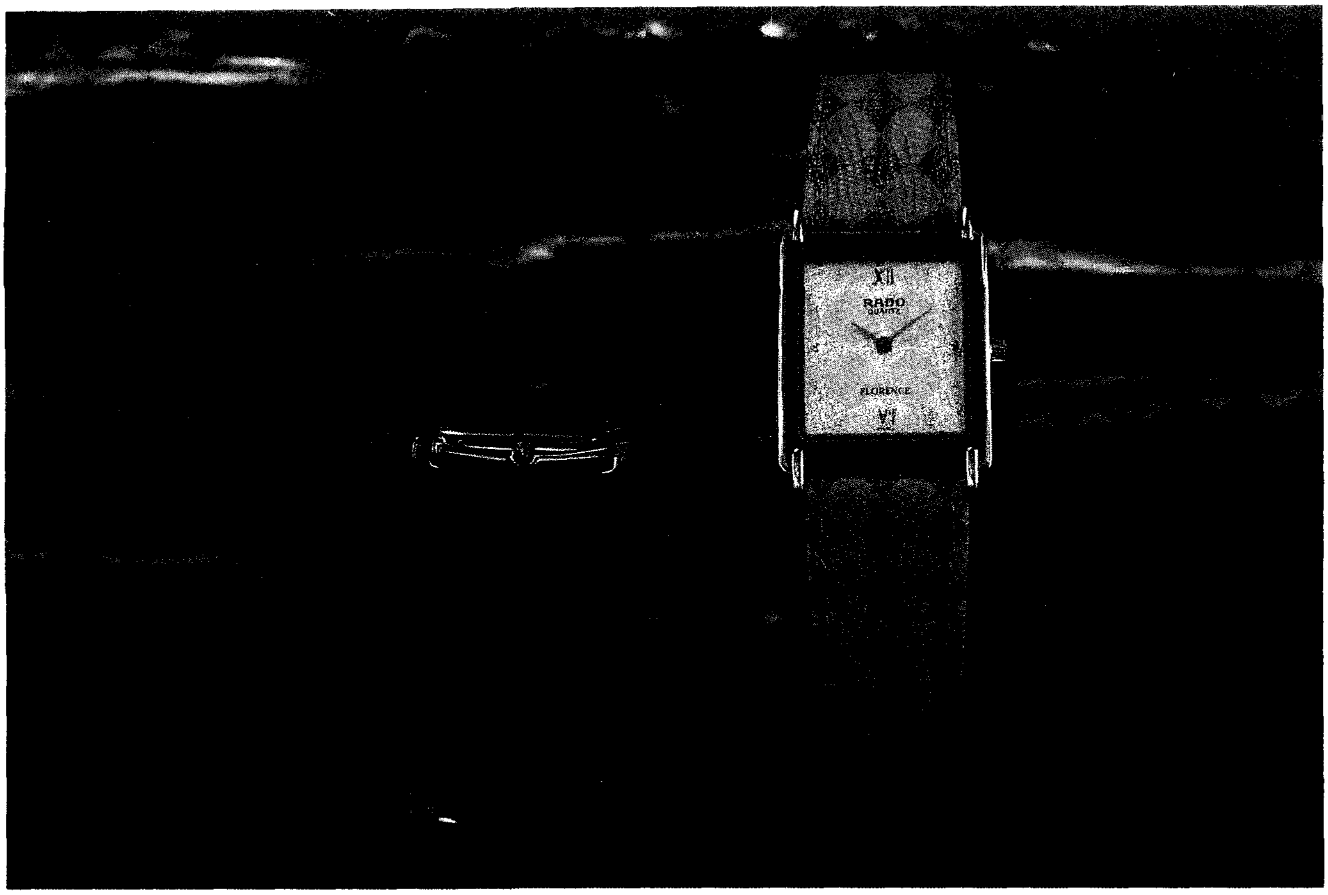

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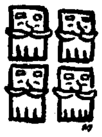
fully prepared dishes that anyone would enjoy, there is reason to believe that this Christmas feast will live up to the advance promotion.

The above are complete dinners, although Sachs & Horne will allow you to buy components. What people need most on the great day—next to a maid—is one or two prefab courses, such as some of that wild-mushroom soup, or the oyster stew or lobster bisque at Neuman & Bogdonoff, 1385 Third Avenue (79th); $6 and $7.50 a pint, respectively. The oysters are undercooked, and so don't turn to rubber when they're reheated, and there is no flour or cornstarch in the lobster bisque. (We mention these soups year after year because they're worth reminding people about.) Caviar is always a nice beginner, and is even less trouble than soup, because it can be served with drinks and the first course can be skipped. At the moment, Macy's is selling beluga caviar at $168.95 for fourteen ounces. Zabar's evidently hasn't heard about this yet; it's charging $169.95 for the same amount. Macy's also has a limited amount of *Chinese* caviar, which is less salty than Russian or Iranian caviar. It has what is called a slightly "musty" flavor. Some people think this is O.K., and others don't. We're not sure that caviar is so old hat that the trend-setting hostess has to resort to novelty caviar, but if you want to be the first on the block with Chinese caviar fourteen ounces will set you back $200. Pasta & Cheese has a new service, Caviar Direct. Here's how it works: Two days before Christmas, the harried shopper suddenly remembers that he hasn't sent a present to his old nurse. He drops into the nearest Pasta & Cheese and forks over $295 (plus shipping) for fourteen ounces of fresh premier beluga malossol caviar, which will be delivered anywhere in the United States the very next day. Caviar Direct has a home office, at 524 West 46th Street, run by Mr. Abdi Nojoumi, and we went around one morning for a caviar lecture. It's a neat, clean little showroom, furnished mainly with three enormous refrigerators. Caviar Direct deals in both Iranian and Russian caviar, and Mr. Nojoumi receives a fresh supply every two or three months. A shipment in prime condition will be good for six months, if it's properly refrigerated. Malossol is the name of the process whereby salt is added to the freshly caught roe ("malossol" means "little salt"), and it is this process that ripens the roe—called "berries" in the trade. Approximately three pounds of salt is used for every fifty pounds of roe. The reason that caviar for the European market is not salty is that Europeans prefer borax to salt. Borax has no taste, but it is toxic, and the Food and Drug Administration doesn't allow it. Borax does not ripen the roe, and so the eggs aren't as plump. Golden caviar, a name sometimes incorrectly applied to osetra, comes from a whitefish; the eggs are small, and are a crystal-clear amber in color. Caviar should not have a soupy look, and each little egg should be separate from its neighbors. Bad people sometimes try to pass off osetra as beluga; Caviar Direct's osetra is a mere $165 for fourteen ounces. Pressed caviar is made from a blend of beluga, osetra, and sevruga eggs that have got squashed around the inside of the barrels they are packed in; $49 for seven ounces. It would be excellent spread on some blini from Kalinka Café, 1067 Madison Avenue (81st). They are thin, and when they're warmed up they get crisp around the edges. Kalinka always has them on hand, for ninety cents apiece.



However, whatever it was that J. P. Morgan said about buying yachts also applies to caviar, and some smoked salmon would be easier on the pocketbook. Macy's carries eight different kinds, but they are particularly pleased with their Norwegian model, which enjoys a brisk mail-order business. The salmon comes from a farm above the Arctic Circle—the very icy water builds up a layer of fat—and is never frozen. From the time it is caught, cleaned, smoked, and sent to Macy's (within four or five days), it is refrigerated only; $15.95 a pound.

For a simple main course, Dean & DeLuca, 121 Prince Street, has birds ready to roast: quail, free-range hens (Amish free-range hens, whatever that implies), baby pheasant, adult pheasant, and partridge. The birds have been rubbed with oil and fresh herbs, inside and out, then trussed up with pancetta or bacon on top. All that the cook has to do is turn on the oven and the timer. The prices range freely from $4.50 for a quail to $13.50 for a partridge. (If little birds do not appeal, go for a roast beef at your friendly butcher's.)

The course that is the most satisfactory to import is, obviously, dessert. Heretofore, the plum puddings at

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Country Host, 1435 Lexington Avenue (94th), have reigned supreme. Unsurprisingly, this year's list is now closed, and the store is taking orders for 1986. There is, however, a rival plum pudding across town, at Soutine, 104 West 70th Street, a small, appetizing bakery run by a woman named Madge Rosenberg. In her entourage is an Englishwoman, Susan Kluger, who turns out some extraordinarily fine traditional cakes. Her plum pudding, in a white pudding bowl, costs $19. For those who don't like plum pudding—and it's hard to dislike Mrs. Kluger's—a possible substitute is a winner called a Scottish bun, which is not a bun but a fruitcake rather like what used to be called the groom's cake, only better. (In days of yore, the groom's cake was cut up and put in little silver boxes and handed out to the wedding guests. In Scotland, when the clock strikes midnight on New Year's Eve, the Scottish bun is cut and handed around with a glass of whiskey.) It's in a very thin, crisp crust, and costs $18. The plain chocolate cake here (not made by Mrs. Kluger), with confectioner's sugar on top, is packed in a red tin, and although it will hold up for several days, there is no chance that it will be put to the test. It can be frozen, and, considering its many attributes, which include flavor and consistency, it's a bargain at $12.50. (It also comes flavored with Grand Marnier.) Another little wonder is Neuman & Bogdonoff's chocolate-soufflé cake. The description is precise: it looks like a slightly listing soufflé, with a pale, meringuelike crust, and there's a dark mousse inside. It is delectable, and comes in two sizes, to feed four or six; $6 and $10. Buffet 94 ("French Pastry and Gourmet Foods"), 1460 Lexington Avenue (94th), makes a construction out of meringue that would cause the eyes of both young and old to light up. Called a coque de meringue, it has a round meringue base surrounded by a fence of oval meringues, and everything is cemented together with uncooked meringue. The case is baked, and then filled with whatever you like—cake, ice cream, fruit—and individual meringue mushrooms are piled on top. Buffet 94 will make a cake for you to put in it, but the meringue works could also be taken home and filled with vanilla ice cream, and perhaps served with a pitcher of chocolate sauce on the side. The coques come in three sizes, costing from $6.50 to $12.50 apiece. The mushrooms are forty cents each. (To order.) The Danish Palæ, 1488 Lexington Avenue (96th), is a bare-bones, sunny shop, with streamers, lots of little flags, and photographs of pastries. The chef makes authentic Danish pastries, and the Danes like marzipan, chocolate, honey, and poppy seeds. For Christmas, weddings, and other special occasions, he will make a Celebration Cake, a pyramid of graduated rings, with white thread icing. The batter is sixty-five per cent marzipan. A single ring—for a mini-celebration—is seventy-five cents, but you can order any number up to twenty-four, which is said to be enough for a hundred and eight people; $162.

Three important bulletins for anyone who is contemplating a large buffet. The Jefferson Market, 455 Sixth Avenue (10th), will cook a ten-to-fourteen-pound whole fresh Norwegian salmon, ready to serve, for $10. The salmon is $6.50 a pound; center cuts are $8.98 a pound. Pisacane Midtown, 940 First Avenue (52nd), carries five-pound bags of frozen shelled raw baby shrimp from South America, called Titi. No freezer should be without a bag; $15. And, lastly, Bierman & Carrington, a catering firm, makes a huge Dundee tube cake (twelve inches in diameter), with pecans and yellow raisins only, which is wonderful. It costs $6 a pound, weighs about five and a half pounds, and will last a long time, provided it isn't all eaten up at once. Telephone: 249-4594, and please give two days' notice.

GOOD TASTE is a new takeout store at 198 Henry Street, in Brooklyn Heights, operated by a couple of energetic housewives, Morley Bland and Eileen Morris. Not everyone will find it convenient to run over to Henry Street for takeout food, but it's worth the trip. The shop is about the size of two of those walk-in refrigerators at Caviar Direct, although cozier. (Two large Teddy bears are having tea in the window.) The food turned out by these women is what a good cook with imagination and flair might produce for family and guests in the course of a year. There is a different soup every day—cheddar corn chowder, say—for $8 a quart. All the salads taste fresh and delicate: shrimp rémoulade with homemade mayonnaise ($8.50 for half a pound); orso, ham, and artichokes in a creamy lemon dressing ($3.50 the half pound); barley, corn, tomato, and cilantro ($3.25 the half pound). The savory Italian vegetable pies are made

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on a whole-wheat crust; $1.40 a slice, or $8.50 for a whole one. Small pizza wreaths built on large split rolls (with a hole in the middle) are sprinkled with different toppings, depending on what happens to be around—generally cheese, green peppers, and ham—and they taste as good as they look; $4.50. An authentic hot chili is $3.50 a half pound. Around four o'clock, the dinner items are brought out; butterflied lamb, glazed ham, filet of beef are always on hand, for $7.50, $8, and $8.75 a half pound, respectively. Meats are undercooked to allow for reheating. The brownies are light, the macadamia squares are toothsome, and the lemon squares are nonpareil; $1 each. Probably it's just as well not to live too near Good Taste.

Slightly more *centre ville* is Myers of Keswick, 634 Hudson Street (Horatio). The Keswick referred to is in Cumberland, England, where the owner, Peter Myers, once had a store. The new one looks as though it had been brought over board by board from Keswick (or Upper Upnor, or Tooting Bec), along with the refrigerator—which has an all-wood frame with glass panes and brass handles—against the back wall. The goods, arranged sparsely on the shelves, include Marmite, Robinson's Barley Water, Heinz Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce (English version), Bird's Custard, Ribena, and McVities Digestive Biscuits, to list just a few. On one side of the store, there is a counter, a glass showcase, and a gigantic crockery mixing bowl. We first went around on a Monday morning, when the store was out of everything except one two-ounce container of potted shrimp; $1.25. Mr. Myers' aide-de-camp was up to his shoulders mixing dough in that bowl, and the management explained that after the weekend they need time to replenish the stock, and that Thursdays and Fridays are the best days to stop by. When we returned on a Thursday, things were in full swing. Regulars were coming in for their weekly supplies, strollers were parked about the floor, and Mr. Myers was handing out a sweetie to everyone. We bought a Scotch egg ($2), a lamb pie ($2.25), and a sausage roll ($1.75), and took them home to eat. They were a proper treat. Mr. Myers makes two kinds of sausages: Cumberland and chipolata. The Cumberland—the recipe comes from his grandfather—is used for the Scotch eggs and the sausage rolls, and is ninety per cent pure pork, with sage, salt, parsley, and white pepper. "The chipolata is for the South of England, where they like their sausage with more filler and less flavor," Mr. Myers told us. Both the flavor and the texture of the meat are marvellous. The lamb pie is a diced-lamb stew of character, encased in a pastry that is brown and crisp on top, less so around the sides and bottom. The Scotch egg, a hard-cooked egg surrounded by the sausage meat, rolled in bread crumbs, and then fried, is the size of a baseball but tastier. It would make a great lunch or Sunday-night supper. Mr. Myers also told us that he has been waiting over a month for his shipment of Eccles cakes. He's been missing them rather a lot—he likes them for breakfast. Apparently, a small shipment came in last month, but most of them were eaten by the staff. Anyone hankering for England should drop by 634 Hudson Street.

Christel's, 311 East 92nd Street, is a scrubbed, cheerful takeout shop presided over by Mrs. Reddi, a small woman, and her exceedingly tall son, Vikram. They specialize in individual savory pies—chicken in a cream sauce with tarragon, sausage, and vegetables ($5.95); steak pie ($6.95); and, for Christmas, the Songbird, a quail pie for six. There is one boned quail per person, and, to facilitate serving, the décor on the pastry indicates the position of each bird; $75. (To order.) The salads here are made with care and are expertly seasoned; they have character without too much of any one thing. The potato-and-cucumber salad in a dill cream dressing is refreshing rather than boring; $3.80 a half pound. Even chicken-curry salad, that old warhorse, takes on a new life; $5.25 a half pound. It may be the Scandinavian influence (Mrs. Reddi lived in Sweden for eight years) that makes the food seem special, combined with cooking talent and a feeling for good food. The butter cookies with walnuts, the pecan sticks, and the almond crescents are miniature and taste homemade—which, in effect, they are. They're $5 a half pound. These three places are small and special—corporate catering has not yet got to them.

The Silver Palate, 274 Columbus Avenue (73rd), sells peewee eggs from

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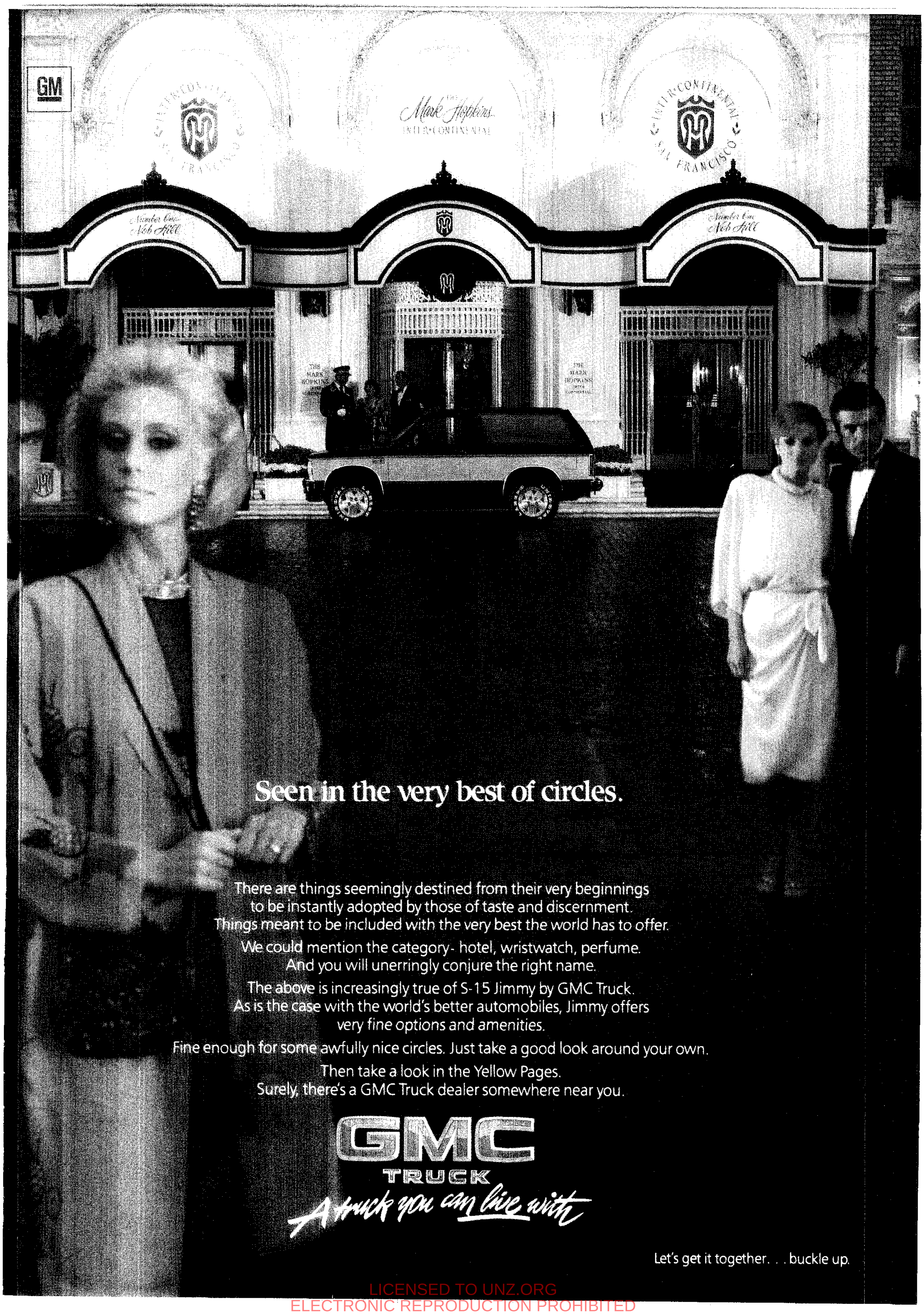
free-range chickens, delivered very fresh, twice a week. The shells may be pale blue or green as well as brown or white. They cost twenty-five cents each, and are charming. One cannot live on peewee eggs alone, so try the zucchini-and-watercress soup, even though three months ago you may have thought you never wanted to see zucchini soup again; $6 a pint, with or without cream. (The Silver Palate has always had good soup.) You may also feel that you never want to see another pasta salad, but the one they make here with yellow squash, red peppers, tomatoes, and basil, in a light dressing, is not to be sneezed at; $12.65 a pound. The three-meat meat loaf, with spinach and fennel, will in no way remind you of the school cafeteria, and the management told us that it makes a wonderful sandwich. It does; $13.70 a pound. Neuman & Bogdonoff makes a bouillabaisse and also three first-rate fish casseroles. The bouillabaisse has lobster, shrimp, clams, mussels, squid, and monkfish, yellow or red peppers, tomatoes, onions, and, of course, saffron. Never mind whether it's authentic, it's a dandy fish soup; $15 for a pint and a half. The oyster-and-scallop casserole, with mushrooms and Marsala, is $18 a pound; a casserole, with shrimp, lobster, crabmeat, and asparagus tips is $25 a pound; last and not least is the finnan-haddie casserole for $12 a pound. The fish entrées can also be served in tartlet shells as a first course; $1.25 each, for a minimum order of one dozen. Marché St.-Pierre makes its own pâtés, and it always has at least three country ones; about $4 for half a pound. It also has duck rillettes, the real McCoy—stringy and pounded, not smoothed in a food processor; $2.50 for a small mound. Chicken in a white-wine cream sauce with wild mushrooms is $7.50 a portion, and a whole poached lobster with mayonnaise or green sauce is $12.50. The excellent sauce verte, mayonnaise, and vinaigrette are each $3 a half pound. Todaro Brothers, 555 Second Avenue (30th), makes a true bollito misto (the Italians' answer to a pot-au-feu), with chicken, beef, veal, cotechino sausage, vegetables, and a good broth; $4.50 a quart, and two days' notice is required. It comes with mustard fruits, which may be traditional but will never replace a salsa verde. Piatti Pronti, a new Italian takeout place, at 34 West 56th Street, carries three dishes that we would buy in a minute for a large group of young people. The rotolo verde and the cannelloni are $3.95 a portion, and the eggplant lasagna is $4. What these three items have over the same thing elsewhere is that they do not rest heavily on the stomach.

Eli Zabar, of E.A.T., 1064 Madison Avenue (81st), has moved out of the 72nd Street shop and consolidated operations in the old store, where he can be found every day dodging among the tables, keeping an eye on the help and a finger in the food. He gets quite worked up over his Christmas-tree pizzas, made of very, very thin, crisp dough cut in the shape of a Christmas tree, with a choice of toppings: onion, black olives, and fresh sage, or tomato with olives and capers. They come in three sizes. The smallest is enough for a one-adult snack, and the largest is a snack for two children, but, at $9, $15, and $30, these delightful, very special pizzas are not for kids (unless they're delightful and very special). This year, Eli is going in for bâtons (very narrow ficelles). Some are twisted into Christmas-tree shapes, seven inches high. They come plain and in various flavors, such as onion; $3. You can also order a name written in bread, for a dollar a letter. (The Dupree boy would have set his mother back $47.) Eli's hearty soups come out of his head rather than a cookbook. They are all good, because the ingredients and the broth are; $7 for a generous serving. The Harvest Soup, which contains cabbage, squash, and potatoes, can be ordered with a large hollowed-out squash, from which to serve eight—a presentation that Priscilla Alden may have hit upon back in 1632. When it comes to salads, Eli again pretty much sticks to seasonal vegetables—mushrooms with grilled-leek sauce, a winter salad made of braised lettuces and chard, artichoke bottoms sliced with grilled shallots and fresh sage, ratatouille (with each vegetable cooked separately and presented that way). A pound of any one is about $20. His sweets are better than ever, because he now adds a pinch of salt to the batter. He has alphabet sablés (sand cookies); "MERRY CHRISTMAS" would cost $7. A round of twenty cheese Danish or schnecken is $15. Small, rich apple-tart squares are $2.50 apiece. A chocolate pie with a chocolate graham-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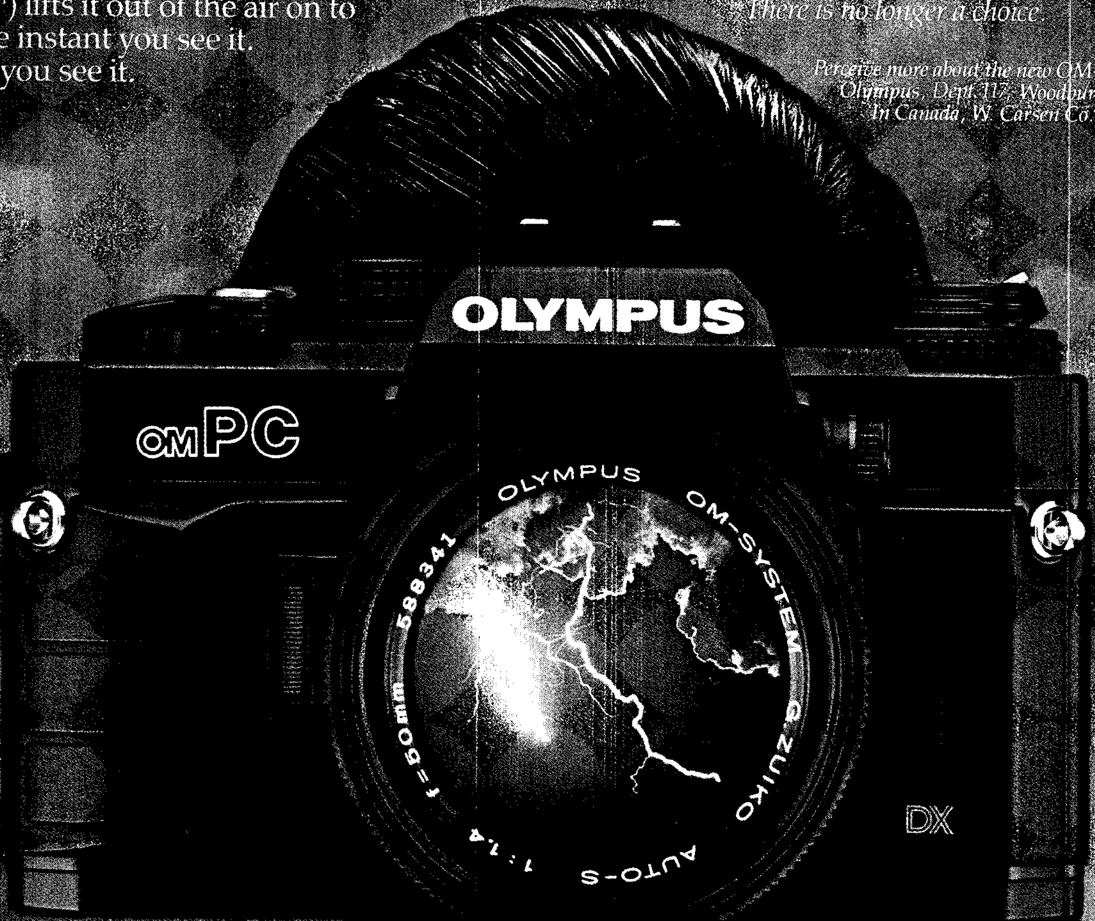

cracker crust, served with crème fraîche (what else?), is $25, or it can be bought by the slice for $16 a pound. Everything at E.A.T. has a homemade look and taste.

Bloomingdale's food department, under the watchful eye of Bill Hyde, has succeeded in pulling its socks up higher every year. Mr. Hyde has edited and added and organized, and both the staff and the goods make a visit to this department a pleasure rather than merely a convenience. The most startling change is the metamorphosis of the Michel Guérard boutique into the Gérard boutique. (Some may find the new name confusing, but Gérard is certainly less difficult to pronounce than Grangien, as in Patrick Grangien, the chef.) Gérard Rubaud was a member of the French ski team and, by a somewhat circuitous route, has ended up handling the business side of this operation. Mr. Grangien trained under Michel Guérard, and now does the cooking—in Vermont. After the food is cooked, it is vacuum-sealed in plastic pouches and delivered to Bloomingdale's by refrigerated truck twice a week. To reheat it, the customer simply puts the bags in simmering water for a few minutes. The food is not frozen and can be kept in the icebox for ten days, although each day that passes detracts from the taste. Everything we tried was excellent: a classy mussel-and-saffron soup ($3.25 a serving); a navarin of lamb ($6.90); a sea-scallop terrine ($7.90). Local produce is used whenever possible, and everything looks appetizing. The terrines, pâtés, and desserts are not sealed, but accompanying sauces are. The shop is supposed to hand out fresh chives or parsley or chervil to sprinkle on the appropriate foods, but it sometimes has to be reminded. Each pouch has an expiration date, and the reheating instructions are included. The only problem is in the dishing up. The plates *have* to be hot, because by the time four to six little bags have been removed from the water with tongs and slit open, and the contents arranged presentably on each plate, the food has cooled off. Speed is essential, and the closer the eaters are to the stove, the better. Gérard is thinking of doing bags for four, to eliminate some of the slicing open of plastic. Whether or not these pouches will revolutionize the takeout-food industry is up in the air, but they are a more than satisfactory answer for the working couple with unexpected guests, or just the working couple alone.

Elsewhere in Bloomingdale's, there are three kinds of prosciutto—one the real thing, but made across the border in Switzerland; $15 a pound. The domestic prosciutto is $12 a pound, and the Tyrolean Speck, air-smoked and air-cured, is $9.50 a pound. We prefer the Speck, but this is a matter of taste. In the wake of its Ecco l'Italia hoopla, Bloomingdale's has gone in heavily for Gorgonzola, all of it from the same farm in Italy: Dolce, which is young and very creamy, for those who aren't sure whether or not they like blue cheese, and Naturale, which is aged. They are in perfect condition, and they cost $9 and $10 a pound, respectively. Mr. Hyde is happy to report that Bloomingdale's now carries some of William Greenberg's pastries: stollen, schnecken, poundcake, angel-food cake—the assortment varies from day to day. The chocolate section in this store, as in most, requires a guided tour, but what it is pushing hardest is its own Chocolat de Luxe, made of Valrhona chocolate. (Over the years, we've gathered that any chocolate concoction not made with Valrhona is to be viewed with suspicion.) There are twenty varieties, from recipes by Robert Linxe, bonbon-maker extraordinaire of Paris. The customer can pick and choose; a pound costs around $22. We were also enthusiastic about Dalloyau's chocolate truffles, the size of small marbles and dusted with cocoa, until we saw the price: $40 a pound.

Only someone who has been in outer space for the last month could not know that Grace Balducci's Marketplace has opened, at 1237 Third Avenue (71st). Shopping here is more like attending a happening than going to market. It looks very much like the downtown Balducci's, except that everything is spanking new and the aisles are wider. This is not to say that there's more room in the aisles; from the first day, they have been jammed with customers and rubberneckers. Grace Balducci and her husband, Joe Doria, run the store together, helped by all six of their cheerful children. The Marketplace has everything the heart could desire, except fresh meat and fish (possibly because Leonard's is next door). Fans of Della Palma's wonderful ice cream will be able to

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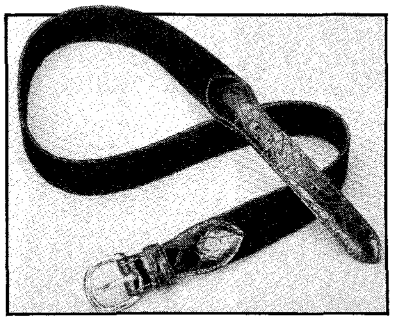

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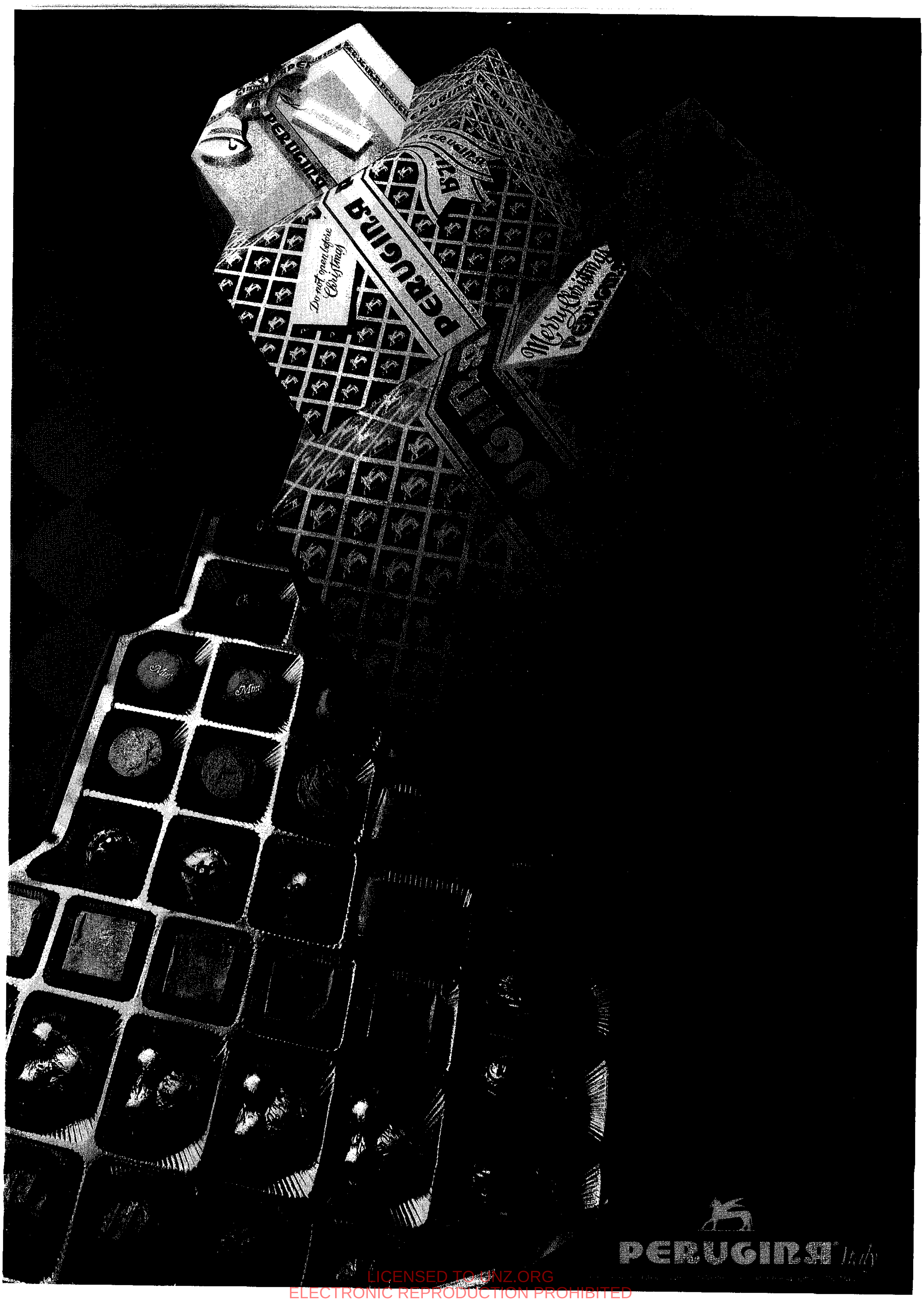
buy it here—not all flavors, but at least five or six; $4.50 a pint. We had great difficulty getting beyond the produce section, with its stunning array of wild mushrooms (including cappelloni, big enough for little people to sit on), tiny squash with their flowers, green cauliflower, purple beans, yellow beets, white carrots, exotic fruits. We were given a tour of the magnificent kitchens downstairs, during which we sighted gallon jars of Hellman's mayonnaise and litres of extra-virgin olive oil, all of which filled us with confidence in the takeout food upstairs. G.B.'s M. is the best thing that's happened to the upper East Side in years.

AN in-depth study of the canapé situation this season has revealed that there are too many things encased in pastry. This is because they are easy to heat up, and for some reason hot canapés are supposed to be fancier than cold. We think that the single most important contribution to the cocktail-party circuit is the tea sandwiches from Mortimer's, 1057 Lexington Avenue (75th). Anyone giving a cocktail party of sufficient size to preclude getting away with a bowl of nuts should call up Mr. Bernbaum at Mortimer's (telephone: 861-2481), and order, some sandwiches. Fillings include egg-and-anchovy, cucumber-and-cress, chicken breast with cress, and smoked Irish salmon. The bread is sliced thin, the sandwiches come arranged with a bunch of watercress in the middle, and they look and taste like tea sandwiches made in the houses of the affluent, way back when. Each sandwich can be cut into four large bite-size pieces; $50 for the minimum order of five dozen. Mr. Bernbaum needs two days' notice. We would like to have two or three of these sandwiches for lunch every day.

Anyone wishing to put on the dog should order canapés from Charlotte's, 146 Chambers Street. They are exquisite, both in appearance and in taste: rosettes of thin-sliced smoked salmon, or prosciutto, or reindeer meat with horseradish cream, and chopped Norwegian shrimp with five or six dots of Swedish golden caviar on top—all on rounds of bread the size of fifty-cent pieces. Each costs around $1.10, and they should be considered only for a small drinks party, because they will be Hoovered up by the guests, and there's no way of having enough. If hot canapés are in order, the mother-daughter team at Le Baklava, 325 East 48th Street, is still making spinach triangles of phyllo dough, as light as snowflakes; sixty-nine cents each. The shop's "ladyfingers" are stuffed with Bulgarian feta, a mixture of cheeses, or lamb, onion, and pine nuts. All three are delicious, and can be cut in half for cocktails; ninety-nine cents apiece. Le Baklava has climbed on the pizza wagon with a Lebanese version, made with very thin dough and topped with beef, tomato, parsley, red and green peppers, garlic, and onions. The pizzas are seven inches in diameter and can be frozen. They're pizzas for adults, and they're peppery hot. One of them with a glass of beer would make a nice lunch; $6.99 a dozen, and ideal emergency food in the freezer.

Down in the meat-packing district, there's a new bakery called Dufour Pastry Kitchens, 808 Washington Street (Horatio), run by two hard-working women, Carla Krasner and Judi Arnold. The building used to be a refrigerated warehouse, with a train running overhead. It's now a pastry kitchen specializing in puff pastry with a variety of fillings. Our favorite is a Niçoise pizza, a thin pâte brisée covered with an olive-onion-and-tomato mixture. It's over a foot long and three inches wide, and is sold only prebaked and frozen; $4.80. The logs come with various savory fillings, such as mushroom duxelles, fennel purée, chèvre, and artichoke; $6.50 baked, $5.50 frozen and ready to bake. The Anytime Snacks are the size of small rolls, and are stuffed with similar fillings; $1.25 baked, $1 frozen and ready to bake. For Christmas, Dufour has a package containing four frozen Anytime Snacks; $4.24. A supply of these pastries in the freezer would be a boon to any household, and particularly one with children.

ONE has to keep a firm grip on oneself when touring Dean & DeLuca with Giorgio DeLuca, or one finds oneself agreeing with him when he waxes ecstatic over some burnt-sugar mustard for $6.95. (Anyone who can't apply mustard and brown sugar to a ham had better stay out of the kitchen.) Giorgio thinks everything in D. & D. is the greatest, and he's got a point. He whizzes by the ornamental kale and the sugarplums, and heads for the meat counter, pausing only to extoll a bag of Ross's Blue Heaven Pancake & Waffle Mix, which makes blue pancakes; $4.75. A smooth duck-rillettes terrine is sold by weight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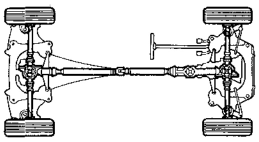

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or by the slice, and is preferred by many to the classic coarse version; $15 a pound. A layered veal terrine wrapped in bacon, with thyme, is pink rather than gray. It's a cross between a meat loaf and a pâté, and it's superlative; $21 a pound. A duck confit is $10. Bottarga, which is fresh-pressed tuna roe, is meant to be grated very thin and put on bread with oil, or in pasta. It's a Sicilian specialty, but Giorgio says that his comes from Sardinia, and is far superior in taste and quality to the Sicilian product. Those who like anchovy paste would like this; it's $3.90 an ounce, and a little goes a long way. His bresaola is a dry cured beef made on Ninth Avenue, without preservatives. Some thin-sliced bresaola would liven up the cold cuts, and would also go nicely with bread and cheese; $20 a pound. An authoritative puttanesca sauce is $4.50 a half pint. Giorgio has no mind-blowing new cheeses (nor has anyone else), but we can recommend D'Artavaggio, a washed-rind cheese that has been around for several years without our being aware of it. It has a fairly strong flavor and a smooth texture; $7.50 a pound. A small round goat cheese, Chèvre Fermier Pico, also tasted particularly good, but perhaps that's because it wasn't terribly strong and had a real maple leaf on top; $5 for about five ounces. A twelve-ounce crock of Stilton, without booze, is $12. The pastry counter sells very small vanilla or chocolate cupcakes, with shiny icing to match, for eighty-five cents each, but the prize of the pastry case is Rigó Jancsi, a Hungarian chocolate dessert cake named for a Gypsy violinist. A thin layer of chocolate cake is topped with an inch of chocolate mousse, and then a half inch of chocolate ganache. It melts in the mouth; $2 a small square, and a small square is enough. If you're looking for presents, a pound of buttery foie gras from domestic duck, in a white terrine, is $124. A litre of l'Olionovo Castellare Siena comes in a beautiful square green bottle, with a wide neck, corked, and sealed with red wax, and a spout is attached. Though everyone knows that packaging is not important, it would make a handsome present; $27.75. (We didn't get to taste the olive oil.) Giorgio was also pushing some wildly expensive preserves, which were exceptionally good: tayberry, made by American Spoon, is $7.15 for ten ounces, and wild-blackberry jam from Italy is $7.20 for the same amount. We are in a position to recommend Lady Bustle's Lemon Curd; $3.20 for half a pound.

Pasta & Cheese has some new offerings—Italian, unsurprisingly. A rotolo of spinach, cheese, and prosciutto, wrapped in a sheet of pasta and sliced like a jelly roll, is $9 a pound. The lasagna here consists of ten *very* thin layers of pasta, with meat in tomato sauce, and Mornay sauce. It's very light as lasagna goes, and costs $5 for a generous helping. There are also cold cuts—smoked turkey, sliced smoked filet of beef, corned beef, and pastrami. A huge gold tin of DiCamillo Panis Angelicus would make a cheerful present. On the outside, there are clouds, and an angel leaning on a lute. Inside are biscotti, Italian bread sticks, and focacce, each category wrapped separately; $25. A jar of Elizabeth Steel's Old Fashioned Fudge Sauce is $4.50 for eight ounces, and would be handy to have in reserve. Macy's has a large tin of Florentine fan wafers, the kind that restaurants sometimes stick upright in a scoop of ice cream; $17.50 for nearly two pounds—a lot of fan wafers. Given to a family, this present could not miss. A kilo of dried porcini alti is $58.95; a pound is $29.95. Given to a good cook, this present could not miss. One of the things we like best about Macy's food department is that it smells like Harrods Food Halls.

Bloomingdale's has weighed in with a gift item consisting of sixteen ponies of special vinegars—including kiwi—packed in two layers in a beautiful black box; $75. (We're only reporting what's out there.) On a more practical note, its oatmeal-raisin, chocolate-chip, and chocolate-walnut cookies taste like what mothers used to make,

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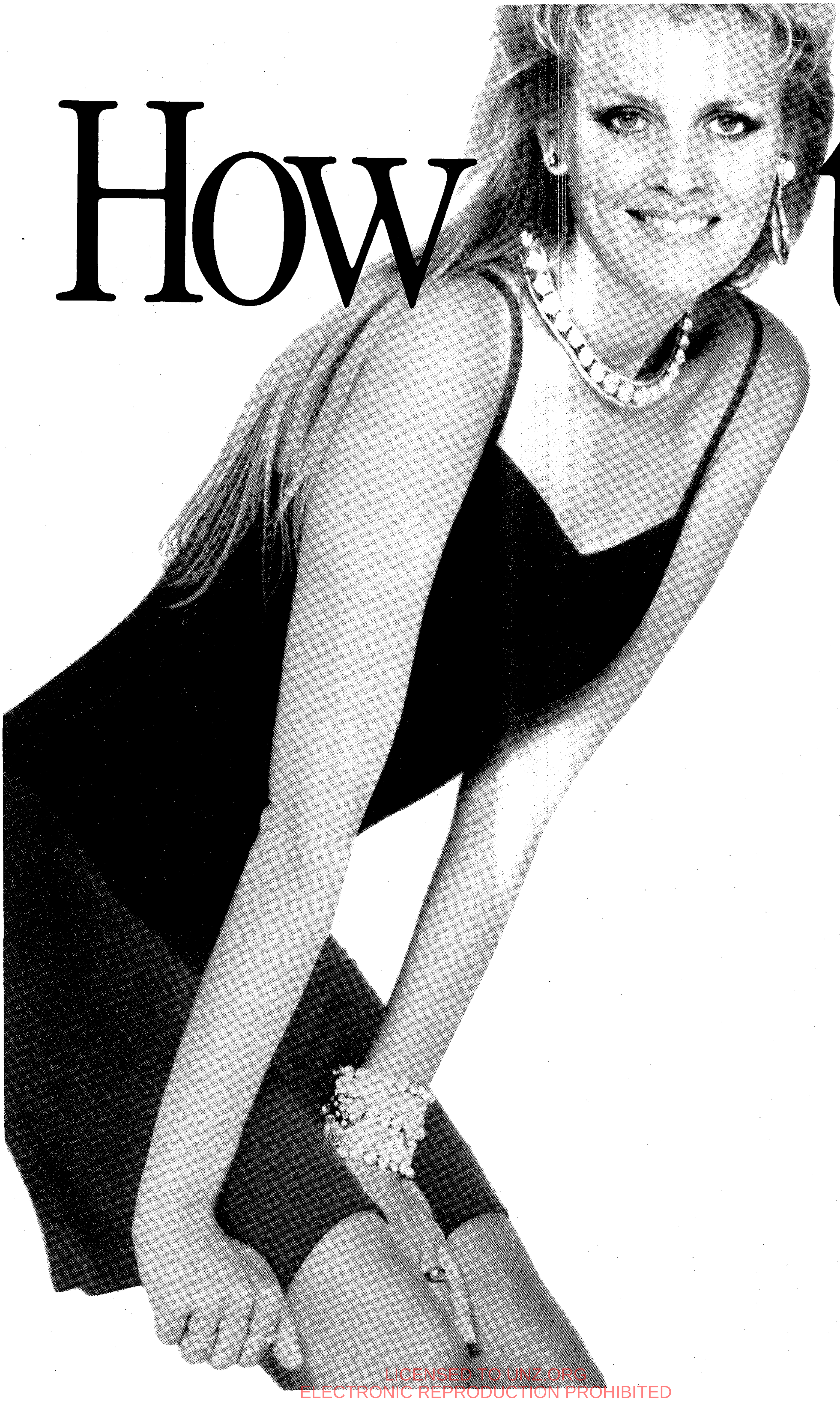

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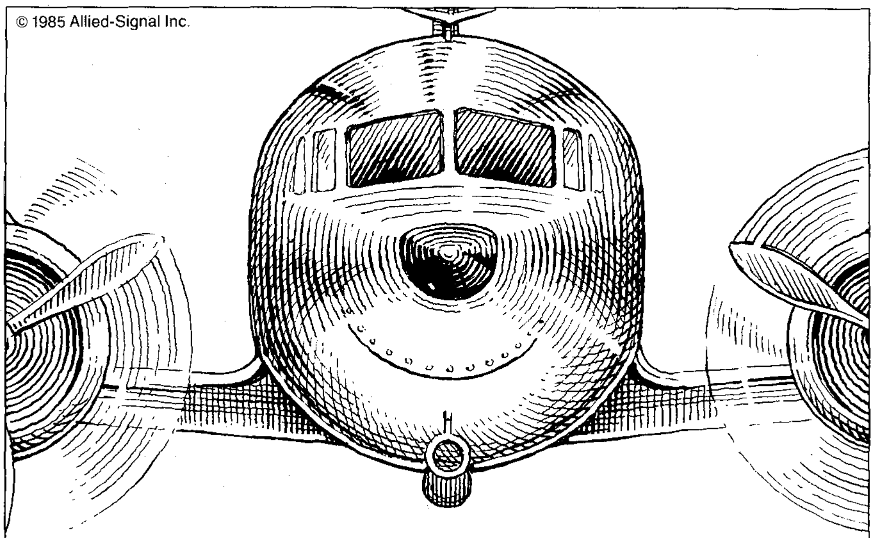
and aren't too big; $5.95 a pound. The Lee Bailey shop at Henri Bendel has tiny fruitcake cookies in a round white tin. They are extremely good (better than most fruitcakes, we thought), and the price for a little over a pound is $22. Chewy Toffee Turtles, in a round wooden box, are made of double-dipped chocolate and almond-pecan crunch, and do not resemble turtles in any way; $22 a pound. For serious food presents, one can now skip the middleman and go directly either to Marcel Akselrod, 530 West 25th Street, or to Flying Foods International, 43-43 Ninth Street, in Long Island City. Akselrod supplies restaurants and stores but is open to the public on Fridays from twelve to five. The warehouse is on the third floor, and what it lacks in ambience is made up for in savings. There are jars of sorrel purée, eleven kinds of Valrhona chocolate bars, one-pound-ten-ounce jars of Bonne Maman strawberry jam, olive oil, vinegars, sides of Scotch smoked salmon (Allen & Dey, presliced and unsliced). Take a list. Flying Foods is open to the public on Fridays and Saturdays, from ten to three. Besides fresh produce, it has truffle-scented olive oil (which should perhaps be diluted with ordinary olive oil, because it is very strongly scented); half a litre is $60, and sample bottles are $4.75. Thirty quail eggs on a tray are $4.50. A bottle of squid ink, for the cook who has everything, is $3.50 for three ounces. (We were told that this is used to achieve black pasta.) Coffee is on draft, and Bloody Marys are served if their maker has not overslept.

Sarabeth's Kitchen, 412 Amsterdam Avenue (79th) and 1295 Madison Avenue (92nd), has a mouth-watering cookie called a Chocolate Chubbie, made of three kinds of chocolate and nuts ($9 a pound), and for Christmas Sarabeth is packing them in a tin covered with Teddy bears ($13). A half pound of assorted miniature cookies in a black Victorian tin with flowers costs $10.50. A red-white-and-green Provençal-print paper bag filled with assorted large cookies (Chubbies, sugar cookies, chocolate-chip) is $10 a pound. Her gingerbread cookies, five inches tall, are shaped like Christmas trees, with white fondant icing drizzled on to resemble snow; $1.50 each. Country Host's sugar cookies, in various Christmas shapes, with green, red, and white decorations, are $10 a pound. Country Host also makes gingerbread people, dusted with confec-



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tioner's sugar, with a hole so that they can be hung on the tree. They are four inches high, and we mention them only because Mr. Deme, the son of the owner, reported that the store made some for a party at Tiffany's last year and they were all eaten before they ever got on the tree; $1.25 each. This is unusual. Christmas cookies to hang on trees are generally decorative but inedible—although not poisonous—and should be thought of only as ornaments. Patti Paige, of Baked Ideas, has cornered the market this year with her carefully wrought gingerbread Santas, animals, toys, people; you could trim an entire tree with them. Some are frosted all over, some are outlined in color. They cost anywhere from $1.50 to $6, and are to be found at Dean & DeLuca's and Bloomingdale's, among many other places. Christel's will make a gingerbread brownstone, roughly ten inches high and seven inches deep, decorated with wreaths and shopping bags, and with paper panes in the windows. It can be lit from inside; $65. A gingerbread farmhouse decorated with cookies and chocolate is also $65. (Both to order.)

The chocolate scene is daunting. Rémy Gautier has opened a shop, ChocoRem, at 303 East 81st Street, devoted entirely to the chocolates he makes. It's very French, with a great many satin-covered bonbon boxes as well as paper ones. At the moment, he has only six different kinds of truffles—he's waiting for the molds to make nine other kinds. All the truffles are $22 a pound, and can be bought in small quantities, boxed. Two in a box are $1.50. Huwyler, 510 Madison Avenue (53rd), which makes fine Swiss chocolate, has one-inch-square boxes to hold one truffle, in red, gold, silver, or green, with a ribbon; $1.50 each. And as if all this candy weren't bad enough for adults Eli Zabar has just opened an annex next door to E.A.T., called the E.A.T. Shop. There are games and some books, plus a few sops for parents, such as teas, but most children would view it as a candy supermarket. The shopping carts are bassinets on wheels. (We're not sure how little boys will feel about these.) The shop is divided into sections. Up front is a shelf of painted tin boxes, in the shapes of cars or trains. There is a Rolls, a Nash, a taxi, a police car, a hot rod, and many other models, and each is filled with small chocolate cars wrapped in colored tinsel paper; $12 a tin. Bags of tiny chocolate footballs, in foil, are $8. A porcelain airplane bank filled with chocolate coins is $12. An old-fashioned lunchbox filled with chocolate Santas is $18. Myers of Keswick has imported a six-inch blue-and-yellow McVities delivery van, with wheels that go round, filled with milk-chocolate fingers; $7.95. A Hershey bar, without nuts, is forty-five cents at the newspaper stand. Merry Christmas!

• •

THE MOMENT

Standing by the parking-ramp elevator
a week ago, sunk, stupid with sadness.
Black slush puddled on the cement floor,
the place painted a killer-pastel
as in an asylum.
A numeral 1, big as a person,
was stencilled on the cinder block:
Remember your level.
The toneless bell sounded.
Doors opened, nobody inside.
Then, who knows why, a rod of light
at the base of my skull flashed
to every outpost of my far-flung body—
I've got my life back.
It was nothing, just the present moment
occurring for the first time in months.
My head translated light,
my eyes spiked with tears.
The awful green walls, I could have stroked them.
The dirt, the moving cube I stepped into—
it was all beautiful,
everything that took me up.

—Patricia Hampl

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Nightingales and Eagles

IN the three days after Thanksgiving, the Fires of London, conducted by Peter Maxwell Davies, gave five concerts—well, five music-theatre performances—in Alice Tully Hall. I'll wait to write about them till after Davies' latest opera, "The No. 11 Bus," has had its American première (in Stamford, Connecticut, the next stop on the Fires' American tour). Meanwhile, let me worry at a question put to me by a young American composer at one of the Fires events: "Why do we not have in America a group that plays as well as the Fires?" The question, I think, is fair. The simple retort "But we do, and more than one: Speculum Musicae and the Da Capo Chamber Players, for a start" covers the plain fact that, player for player, America's best instrumentalists are not less able than Britain's. I've heard peerless performances from those ensembles. But there is a difference.

Had the question been "Why do we have nothing like the Fires (or, for that matter, the London Sinfonietta, or IRCAM's Ensemble InterContemporain, or the BBC Symphony, or the Proms)?" answers would have to be sought in the economics of the music business, the level of music education in public schools, the extent of government support for the nation's creators and their interpreters, and the lack of a national, coördinated radio system providing employment, enjoyment, and education in a systematic, not a haphazard, way. Reasons for a difference in the kind of playing are more simply found. For one thing, the Fires work together constantly, giving about fifty concerts a year. (Speculum has only six New York concerts this season and four or five outside New York; Da Capo has four in New York and six elsewhere. The Fires have played Elliott Carter's Triple Duo in public about twenty times; Speculum has played it four times.) So, of course, they become an ensemble finely tuned one to another, bringing music to life in the light of full familiarity with it and in the knowledge of what happens during performances. That's different from giving just one or two accounts of a difficult new work, however careful the rehearsals may have been.

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Second—and as a consequence—being a member of the Fires is likely to be a musician's main occupation, whatever his or her other engagements. Being a member of one of New York's contemporary-music ensembles, on the other hand, can hardly be a first occupation. These ensembles (among them the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, Da Capo, the Group for Contemporary Music, the League/ISCM Chamber Players, Merkin Hall's Music Today ensemble, Musical Elements, the New Music Consort, the New York New Music Ensemble, Parnassus, and Speculum) draw largely from the same pool of Manhattan freelance instrumentalists—marvellous players—who must be here today, somewhere else tomorrow. I see and hear them night after night under different banners, in orchestras and in ensembles. Their work is always proficient. Sometimes it is eloquent, dedicated, and thoroughly rehearsed. But sometimes the result is kin to American opera performance as Sarah Caldwell described it recently: Opera performers in this country, she said, "never really have enough time anywhere—*anywhere*—to rehearse, and they become facile. They learn how to learn music rapidly, and they learn how to sometimes look like they're acting in a production—how to adapt quickly when there isn't time. And so, because you're the sum product of your experiences, you develop a kind of artistry that is a product of this. And we are all capable of a much higher level of artistry."

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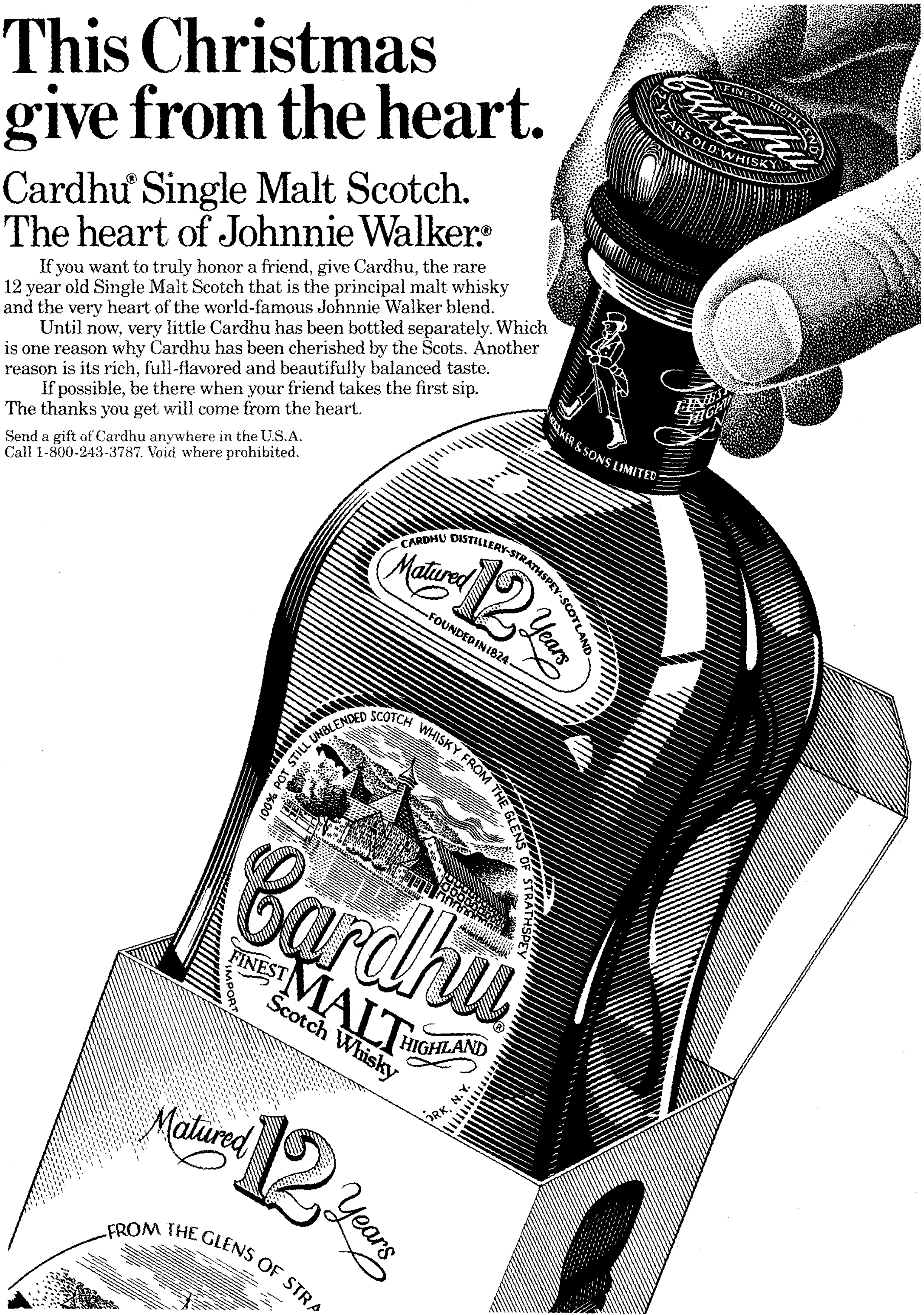
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composer, one who provides them with a large part—though by no means all—of their repertory, who writes for their special strengths, who lives with them in a relationship of mutual inspiration, learning from their work and moving them to new achievement. Haydn had this accord with his Esterházy players and singers, and Rossini and Donizetti with their Neapolitan companies. Britten had it with the English Opera Group, and Stockhausen has it with his performing "family" of daughter, sons, and companions. The nearest New York equivalent is probably the Group for Contemporary Music, founded by Charles Wuorinen and Harvey Sollberger, but those composers don't have year-round day-to-day contact with their interpreters. (My arguing is, inevitably, Manhattan-based; I don't know the work of, for example, the Chicago Contemporary Chamber Players, founded and directed by the composer Ralph Shapey, well enough to take it into account.) The relationship is not necessary for great composition—neither Mozart nor Schubert directed a regular company or ensemble; Elliott Carter doesn't—but a company or ensemble thus directed is privileged.

MUSICAL ELEMENTS, directed by Daniel Asia and Robert Beaser, is giving three concerts this season, in the Great Hall at Cooper Union. The sound there is bright and immediate, but occasionally some piece of machinery joins in with a soft low boom. I try not to miss Elements concerts. Contemporary-music events are sometimes solemn, gritty affairs; Mr. Asia and Mr. Beaser have a gift for choosing works that combine charm and grace with challenge. They are composers in their own right but bill their own works seldom. Their programs usually combine music from abroad (I recall with pleasure works by Henze, Hans Abrahamsen, Robert Saxton, Jonathan Lloyd first met at Cooper Union), new American works, and works from the recent past worth hearing again. The first concert of the season, last month, began with Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's Chamber Symphony (1979), scored for the "Pierrot" quintet and a viola; Mr. Beaser conducted a tense, passionate, and moving performance. There followed Stephen Albert's Joyce song cycle "To Wake the Dead" (1978), for soprano and the "Pierrot" quintet, plus an "assistant" who helps to stop or pluck piano strings and, in the last song, holds sustained chords on a harmonium. (Elements used a small synthesizer.) The piece has become fairly well known. There are two recordings, on CRI and in the Smithsonian Collection series, and the score is published by Carl Fischer. This performance was sung by Carmen Pelton in a limpid, beautiful soprano and was conducted by Mr. Asia. The concert ended—I pass over, here and later, pieces that left no strong impression—with the American première of Hans Abrahamsen's "Märchenbilder," for a chamber orchestra of fourteen players. Everything of Abrahamsen's I've heard has proved captivating. "Märchenbilder," which he composed last year for the London Sinfonietta, is a twelve-minute work of flickering enchantment, tiny pastorals, sudden alarming or blissful visions. It's busily but exquisitely written, with the lightest of touches, and the forms are cunningly shaped. Mr. Beaser conducted.

Elements sometimes tackles works that, it proves, there has not been rehearsal time enough to bring to fully polished and precise performance, but I've not heard the ensemble give a sloppy, uncaring, or dry performance, or misrepresent the spirit of a composition. The playing is warm, eager, and communicative, and the individual instrumentalists are expert. The next concert is on January 8th.

PARNASSUS, directed by Anthony Korf, has two Merkin Hall concerts this season; and the Winds of Parnassus blow in Tully Hall in February. I've sometimes teased the group in print for its earnestness, for its appearing to regard music-making as a grimly serious matter, without a playful side. Unlike Wilde's Algernon, it can seem to rate accuracy above "wonderful expression." But I have thrilled to Parnassus performances of Varèse, Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Stefan Wolpe, Wuorinen that were both fervent and precise. The first concert of the season, last month, began with an unrelaxed, unwinning account of Copland's Duo for flute (Keith Underwood) and piano (Edmund Niemann). But it also brought the American première of Abrahamsen's Six Pieces, for violin, horn, and piano, lightly and wittily played by Cyrus Stevens, David Wakefield, and Mr. Niemann. The six sharply characterized miniatures are entitled "Serenade," "Arabesque," "Blues," "Marcia Funebre," "Scherzo Misterioso," and "For the Children." It was pleasing to find merry

Abrahamsen granted admission to Parnassus' bracing heights. His work was commissioned (by the Danish Radio) to be done on a program with Ligeti's Horn Trio, and is drawn, with sharpened contours, from his Ten Studies for Piano.

The concert included a strongly colored, thoughtful, and full-toned account of Carter's "Canon for 4," played by Mr. Underwood, Anand Devendra (bass clarinet), Mr. Stevens, and Chris Finckel (cello), and it ended with Stockhausen's early "Kontra-Punkte" (1953), for piano (Mr. Niemann) with nine other instruments. "Kontra-Punkte" is a fiendish piece to play—a metrical maze in which almost every note has its own dynamic indication. I think it was pretty accurately done. (That's only an impression, strengthened by trust in Parnassian punctiliousness.) But it didn't take off. The tempo keeps changing; "Kontra-Punkte" needs elegant, careful conducting. Mr. Korf, beating out a conscientious three (occasionally five) to a bar through five hundred and thirty bars of 3/8, at tempos ranging from an indicated eighth-note=120 to eighth-note=200, controlled the heady dance of contrapuntal lines, and the work lasted a third as long again as the duration suggested in the score.

I MISSED Speculum's first concert of the season, given in Merkin Hall in October, but have caught up with it on tape—a tape clear and vivid enough to show that Berg's Chamber Concerto, for violin, piano, and thirteen winds, had a stunning performance. A quarter century ago, the work seemed problematical, difficult to balance, even graceless. (More so, no doubt, in 1927, when it had its first performance.) The epithets will surprise young people who learn it in performances as confident, as graceful, as romantic as Speculum's—or the Group for Contemporary Music's in 1981, with Benjamin Hudson the violinist, Robert Black the pianist, and Mr. Sollberger the conductor. For Speculum, Mr. Hudson was again the violinist, Aleck Karis was the pianist, and Mr. Black conducted. The program was historical: before the Berg, two early works of Stockhausen, "Kreuzspiel" (1951) and "Zeitmasze" (1956), divided by one of his "intuitive" compositions from the sixties—"Interval," from the "For Times to Come" series. "Kreuzspiel," for piano (here Mr. Karis) with oboe,

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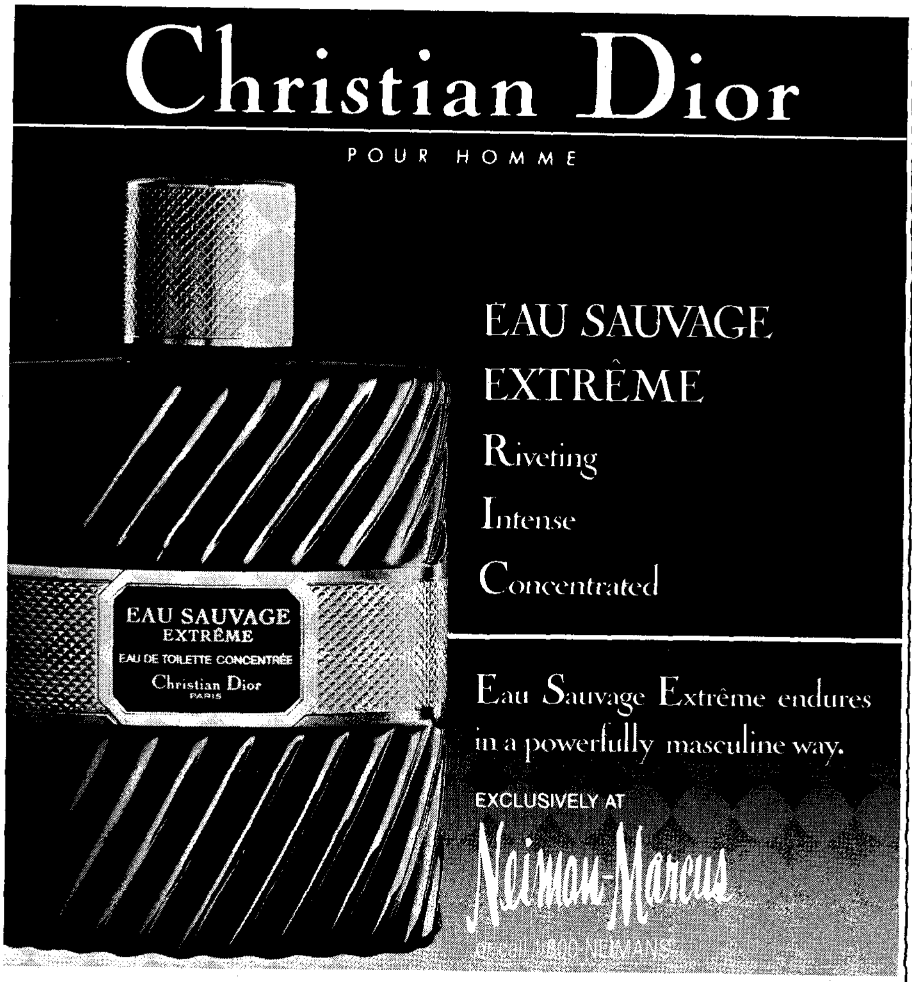
bass clarinet, and three percussionists, caused an uproar at its first performance; it has become a classic. Again, I remember early, anxious accounts in which the "line" of the piece was hard to follow. Not so here. "Zeitmasze," a woodwind quintet, needs to be seen as well as heard: it is plotted partly by measured pulses, partly by "subjective" ones ("as fast/slow as possible"), and the composer wants the players' demeanor to mirror the plot. "Interval," for two pianists, has six strophes of verbal instruction as its score and is more interesting to perform than it is to listen to.

Changes of personnel and of typical repertory have made Speculum hard to characterize, but the ensemble seems to be in buoyant form. In a fifteenth-anniversary tribute, Wuorinen hails musicians who bring to contemporary music the flair of virtuosi and love that goes "beyond the requirements of the merely professional." The tribute appears in a Speculum booklet (obtainable at Tully and Merkin Halls or from 88 Central Park West, New York 10023) planned to be at once a companion to the season's programs and "a forum for debate." The first issue contains an essay by David Schiff, "Toward Virtuosity," urging listeners to play a "heroic role" as "we compose the pieces we hear along with the composer" and "perform them along with the performers." The next concert, on February 24th, in Merkin Hall, consists of Henze's "El Cimarrón." A fifteenth-birthday concert in May promises what one thinks of as distinctive Speculum fare: Wuorinen, Carter, Mario Davidovsky, and Milton Babbitt.

Da Capo might be called the poets of the contemporary-music scene. The basic ensemble is a "Pierrot" quintet: Patricia Spencer (flute), Laura Flax (clarinet), Joel Lester (violin), André Emelianoff (cello), and, new this season, Sarah Rothenberg (piano). Assemblage for rehearsals must be easier and less costly than with the larger groups. In the musical-chairs melee of bringing new music to performance, rehearsal time can be—and often is—saved by employing a conductor to lay out a work that the instrumentalists have not yet learned so well as to be able to play it as chamber music. (The Fires do Carter's Triple Duo, Davies' "Ave Maris Stella" and "Image, Reflection, Shadow" as chamber music; American performances I've heard of those



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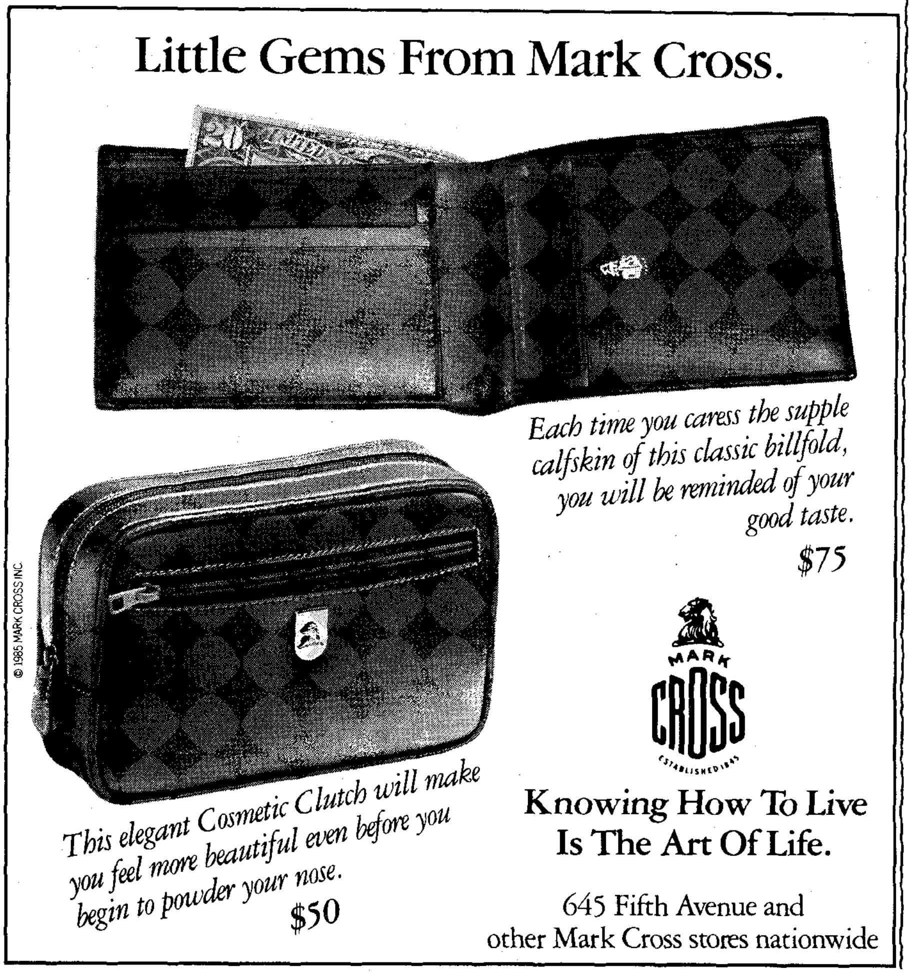
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works have used a conductor.) Da Capo, a week after the Elements' conducted performance of Albert's "To Wake the Dead," gave a chamber-music account of the cycle, in Symphony Space. It had the intentness, delicacy of balance, and fineness of detail that result from each player's knowing the whole piece intimately, not just his or her own line. I had admired the work before, but now felt I was hearing it fully for the first time. Lucy Shelton, as on the Smithsonian recording, was the soprano, and she was in beautiful voice. At the heart of the cycle lies the magical Humpty-Dumpty song from the page of "Finnegans Wake" that breaks into musical notation. Albert raises Joyce's tune at its first appearance, by a tenth; Miss Shelton sang it with high, crystalline purity and shaped every word clearly. The concert began with James Greeson's Fantasy for Five Players (1984), written for Da Capo. It seemed to be a piece both intelligent and imaginative, but not concise. There were two lively, lyrical performances of Carter's "Canon for 4," one before and one after a trenchant, sharp-cut account of Wolpe's exuberant Trio in Two Parts (1963), for flute, cello, and piano.

By calling the Da Capo players "poets" I mean to suggest that their virtuosity is of a thoughtful, satisfying kind, that there is no "automatic" glitter—dazzle for dazzle's sake—in their playing (although there is swift, sure brilliance whenever the music calls for it), that their phrasing is warmly eloquent, that their performances excite the imagination as well as admiration. ("That's a great deal to make one word mean," as Alice said to Humpty-Dumpty.) The next Da Capo Concert is on January 31st, in Carnegie Recital Hall: a mainly "da-capo" program—new hearings of works composed for the group over the years. —ANDREW PORTER

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By the year 2000, there will be a global population of 6.2 billion, four billion of whom will have arrived in this century alone.—*Robert L. Schiffer in the Times.*

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Contrary to common belief, it is the American interpreter who speaks to Mr. Gorbachev, while the Russian translates from Reagan.—*London Times.*

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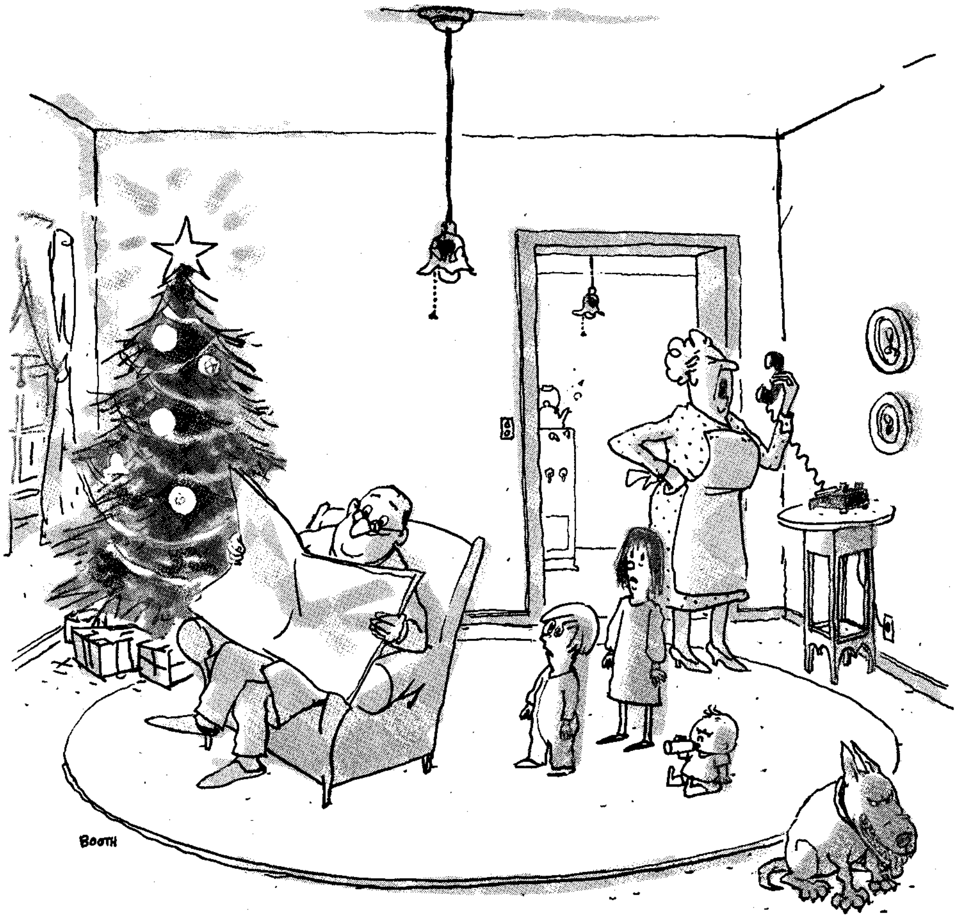
Insoluble Riddle

“The Mystery of Edwin Drood,” at the Imperial, is gorgeous nonsense, intended to make us happy by no matter what preposterous means. And because it succeeds in doing so our gratitude in this parched season on Broadway tempts us to employ similarly preposterous means in praising it. If I resist the temptation, it is for a reason: A few years ago, Mickey Rooney’s inspired performance in “Sugar Babies” led me to describe him as one of the three greatest men of the twentieth century, the others being Einstein and Freud. Some nettled readers wrote in to complain that Rooney wasn’t *really* in the same class as Einstein and Freud. Having learned my lesson, I will content myself with saying that “Drood” offers an evening full of innocent merriment but that George Rose, who plays the leading role, bears very little resemblance to either Einstein or Freud or, for that matter, Rooney. A seedy, high-spirited nineteenth-century music-hall troupe is engaged in putting on its version of the novel that Dickens left unfinished at the time of his unexpected death; as the ever-smiling, ever-resourceful impresario of this troupe, Mr. Rose leads us almost literally by the hand through a series of exuberantly overacted scenes. His is but one of a dozen juicy roles in “Drood,” and a susurrus of lip-smacking by the cast inoffensively accompanies Rupert Holmes’ charming music and lyrics.

Mr. Holmes is also the author of the book of “Drood,” which, though “suggested” by Dickens’ novel, appears to contain a number of notions that drifted across Holmes’ mind and that of the director, Wilford Leach, as they prepared the production. The first act supplies a veritable kitchen midden of clues inside a ramshackle plot; in the second act, the plot breaks off as abruptly as Dickens’ manuscript does, and the audience is thereupon invited to participate in a mystery-within-a-mystery: How was Dickens planning to complete the novel? Was young Drood murdered, or did he vanish of his own accord? Who is the elaborately disguised sleuth Dick Datchery? Descending into the aisles, the cast solicits our assistance in the resolution of these questions; we vote on Datchery’s true identity, and from one performance to the next nobody can be sure who will win the vote. Everything is on a level of simple fun not much above that of a TV show on which giving one’s name correctly entitles one to receive a twenty-cubic-foot refrigerator. No matter! It is irresistible.

Howard McGillin makes a superbly malevolent villain, and Patti Cohenour is his touchingly virginal prey; their singing is of the highest quality. So is that of Cleo Laine as the Princess Puffer; of Betty Buckley as Drood (though why Drood should be played by a woman is a mystery-within-a-mystery-within-a-mystery); and of Joe Grifasi as Bazzard. Nor dare I omit from my praise Jerome Dempsey, John Herrera, George N. Martin, and Jana Schneider, who plays a snarling, seductive Ceylonese vampire with what I assume to be flawless authenticity. The pretty Victorian scenery is by Bob Shaw, the equally pretty Victorian costumes are by Lindsay W. Davis, and the lighting is by Paul Gallo. The show, which first saw the light (or, rather, the dark) at the Delacorte Theatre in Central Park last summer, has come indoors in triumph.



“Uncle Walter won’t be celebrating Christmas with the rest of the family this year. He tells us he plans to go to Salonika and ride a donkey to Jordan.”

“The Boys of Winter,” by John Pielmeier, arriving at the Biltmore, departed after nine performances, and no wonder. It was a play about a platoon of marines trapped on a hillside in South Vietnam in the year 1968. The subject matter of the play was harsh, depicting the deaths of all but one of the characters (who, we learn, subsequently “wasted” in cold blood all the members of a Vietnamese family to which he was devoted), but the theme of the play was almost as sickening in its sentimentality as the action onstage was sickening in its verisimilitude. The message that the playwright kept urging us to accept, through the interstices of his characters’ loutish language and bloody mutilations, was that all Americans everywhere were equally guilty of every crime committed in Vietnam in the

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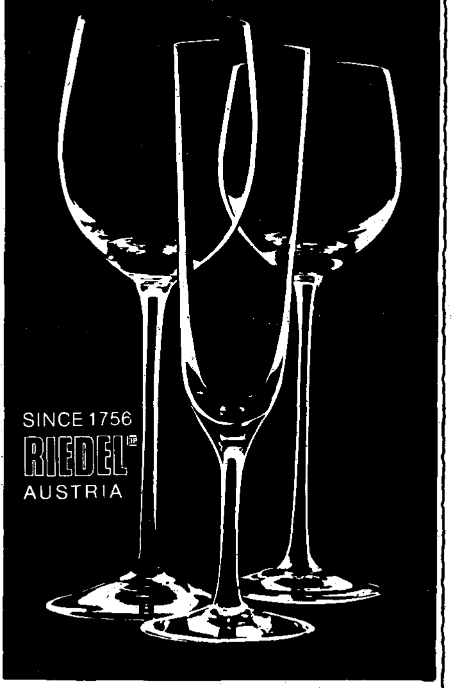

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name of war. "Black Beauty" is less sentimental and has more intellectual merit than a message of that kind. The excellent cast, directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg, included Matt Dillon, D. W. Moffett, Ving Rhames, Brian Tarantina, and Thomas Ikeda. The scenery was by David Mitchell, the costumes were by Carrie Robins, and the lighting was by Pat Collins. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Happy Families

SO much has been written about Sam Shepard lately that it may be hard to remember that he is not only major but good—original and witty and daring, capable of inventing indelible characters and scenes and of writing lines that twist, soar, and surprise. His "A Lie of the Mind," at the Promenade, runs just under four hours, and although there are a few soft spots that might have been cut it is never boring. Dealing as it does with serious, perhaps tragic matters, it is seldom without humor or style, or those pre-mythic Shepard touches that his admirers value. In the opening scene, we see a desperate man named Jake, in a roadside phone booth somewhere in California, telling his brother Frankie, over long-distance, that he has just beaten up and probably killed his wife, Beth. The action moves to a hospital room, where Beth, her head bandaged, shouts gibberish from her bed at her brother Mike, who has been summoned from the family's home in Montana. The play becomes a tale of two families tied together by a dreadful marriage, and the action shifts back and forth between Jake's bedroom, at stage right, and the living room of Beth's family's ranch house, at stage left. Jake is out of his mind and hysterical, and loyal, protective Frankie keeps trying to get him into bed, while their sympathetic sister Sally looks on and their nutty, possessive mother insists on spoon-feeding Jake cream-of-broccoli soup to calm his nerves. (That broccoli soup, by the way, serves the same comic function as the artichokes in "Curse of the Starving Class" and the popping toast in "True West.") Meanwhile, Beth improves slowly under the care of her loving, bubble-headed mother, her irritable, detached father, and Mike. Frankie, on a pilgrimage to Beth's house to seek forgiveness for his brother, is accidentally shot in the leg by her father, who mistakes him for a

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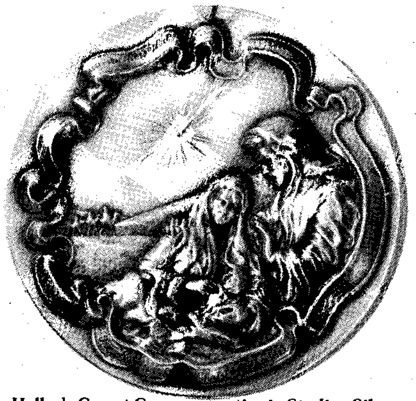

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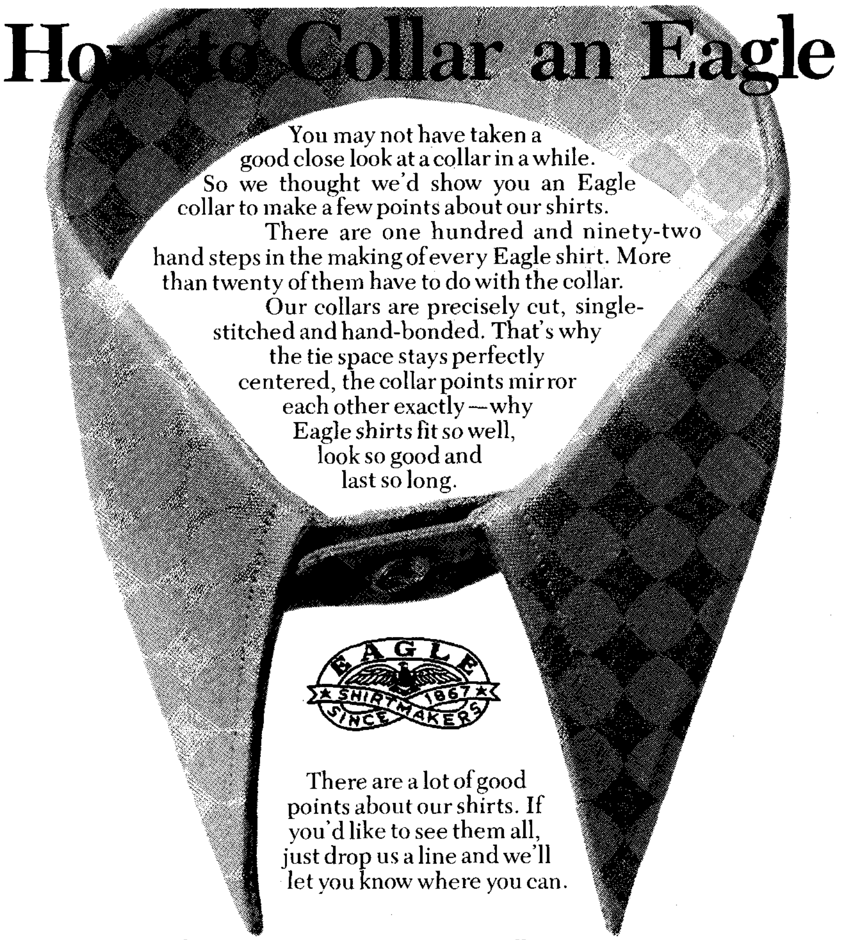
deer, and is forced to remain there. He falls in love with the still blurry Beth, who is also attracted to him. Jake, murderously crazy (we learn that he has already been responsible for his father's death), is determined to escape and go to his wife; his mother, who has hung toy airplanes over his bed, is just as determined to keep him with her forever. Synopsis gets us nowhere, but there is, God knows, plenty of plot. At the end, Jake's mother casually sets her house afire, and she and Sally set off for Sligo, a destination she has picked out on a map of Ireland. Jake, alone, is left standing in the middle of nowhere, wearing a bemedalled Army jacket.

"A Lie of the Mind" doesn't seem to me as masterly or enduring as "Curse of the Starving Class" or as strong and compact as "The Unseen Hand" or "Fool for Love," but so what? Sam Shepard is surely the only dramatist alive who could tell a story as sad and frightening as this one and make such a funny play of it without ever skimping on its emotional depth. It is even foolish to complain about the play's length if one is riveted by scene after marvellous scene, if one is constantly surprised by the turn of one line after another. Mr. Shepard himself directed, and the acting, under his guidance, could not be better. Amanda Plummer is nothing short of inspired as hurt, confused, spunky Beth; Harvey Keitel is fine as crazy Jake; his mother's eccentricities become a true comic creation in the hands of Geraldine Page; Ann Wedgeworth is lovely as Beth's foolish, occasionally inspired mother; and the others—Karen Young as Sally, James Gammon as Beth's father, Aidan Quinn as Frankie, and Will Patton as Mike—are very good, too. The atmosphere of the play is sustained throughout by the country music of the Red Clay Ramblers, the settings of Andy Stacklin, the lighting of Anne E. Militello, and the costumes of Rita Ryack.

A JAUNTY little revue called "Personals," which opened a couple of weeks ago at the Minetta, is about people in need of company and, more specifically, sexual diversion, and who express their yearnings in those classified ads that appear in such publications as the *Village Voice* and the *New York Review of Books*. The text and the lyrics—to get this roll call over with at once—were written by David Crane, Seth Friedman, and Marta Kauffman; the music, in a va-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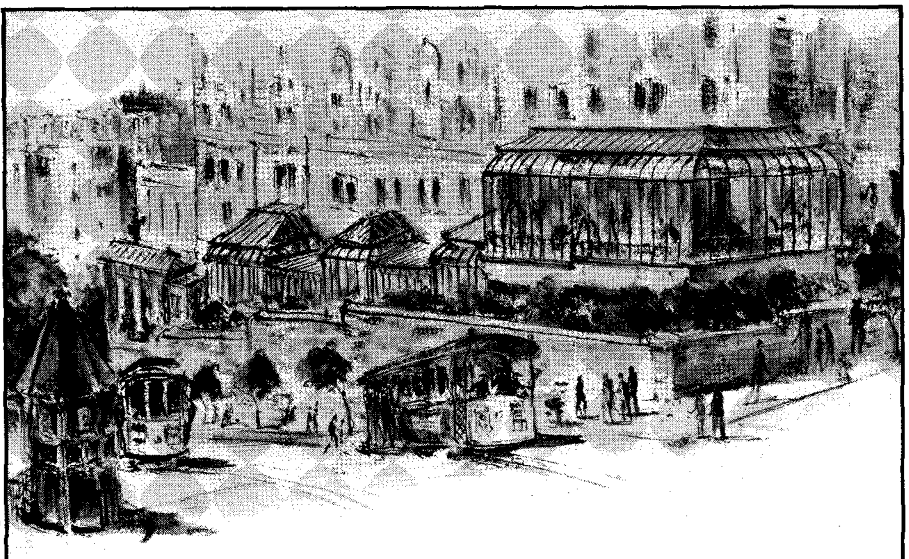
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riety of styles and rhythms, was composed by William Dreskin, Joel Phillip Friedman, Seth Friedman, Alan Menken, Stephen Schwartz, and Michael Skloff, many of whose separate credentials should be familiar. Each of the numbers takes off from a printed ad that is spotlighted on the amusing curtain. Some of the sketches are entertaining and ingenious (imagine Mr. Potato Head as the hero of a revue skit), some are less so, but what carries the show is the high spirits and skill of the refreshing company. They apparently delight in their work, and all of them plug their material in a manner that we seldom see Off Broadway. They are—another roll call—Dee Hoty, Jeff Keller, Nancy Opel, Trey Wilson, and, particularly, Jason Alexander and Laura Dean. The production whips along under the direction of Paul Lazarus. D. J. Giagni was the admirable choreographer, and the attractive scenery, costumes, and lighting are by Loren Sherman, Ann Hould-Ward, and Richard Nelson, respectively. It should also be said that the theatre itself is new and charming, and exactly the right size for this sort of show.

FOR the record: Kevin Wade's comedy "Cruise Control," as presented by the invaluable WPA, closed after a much too abbreviated Off Off Broadway run. It is set on a small island off the Middle Atlantic coast, where two couples arrive for vacation, each of them seeking privacy. Rick is a young rock singer with big dreams, and Suze is his nineteen-year-old girlfriend, who is about to leave him to live in Houston. These kids seem to have a built-in sense of impermanence and a loose hold on each other; by the time the play is over, they have bounced back. Billy runs a bar-and-grill, and Linda is his wife; they are about ten years older than Rick and Suze, and their malaise takes much longer to surface and is doubtless more difficult, if not impossible, to shake. Mr. Wade tells his story humorously, making these everyday characters poignant and worth listening to. "Cruise Control" seemed to me many steps forward from Mr. Wade's "Key Exchange," of several years ago. The acting, under the impeccable direction of Norman René, was right in each instance. John Getz was Billy, Patricia Richardson was Linda, Derek D. Smith was Rick, and Elizabeth Berridge was Suze.

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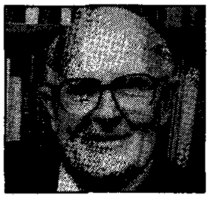

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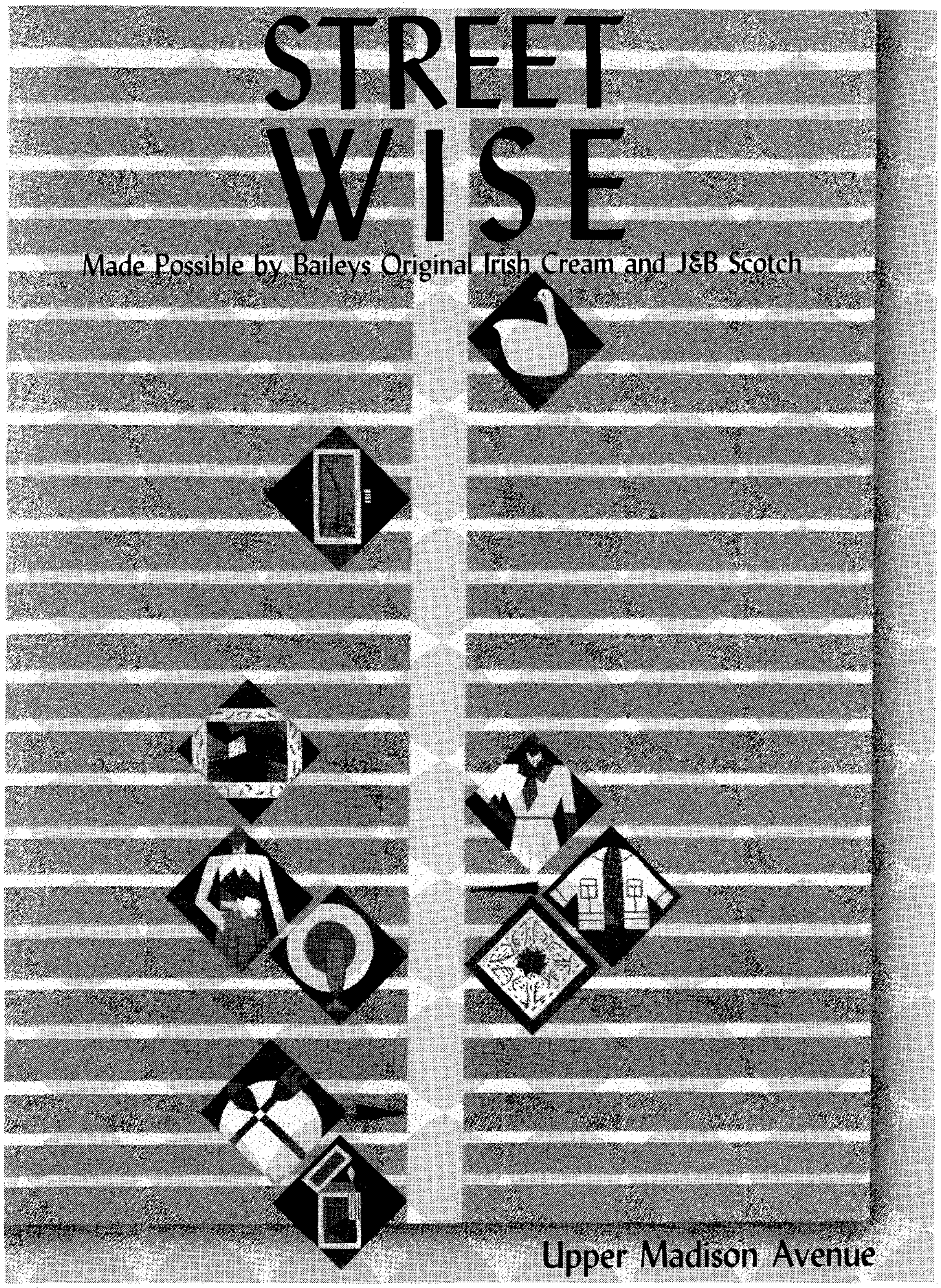

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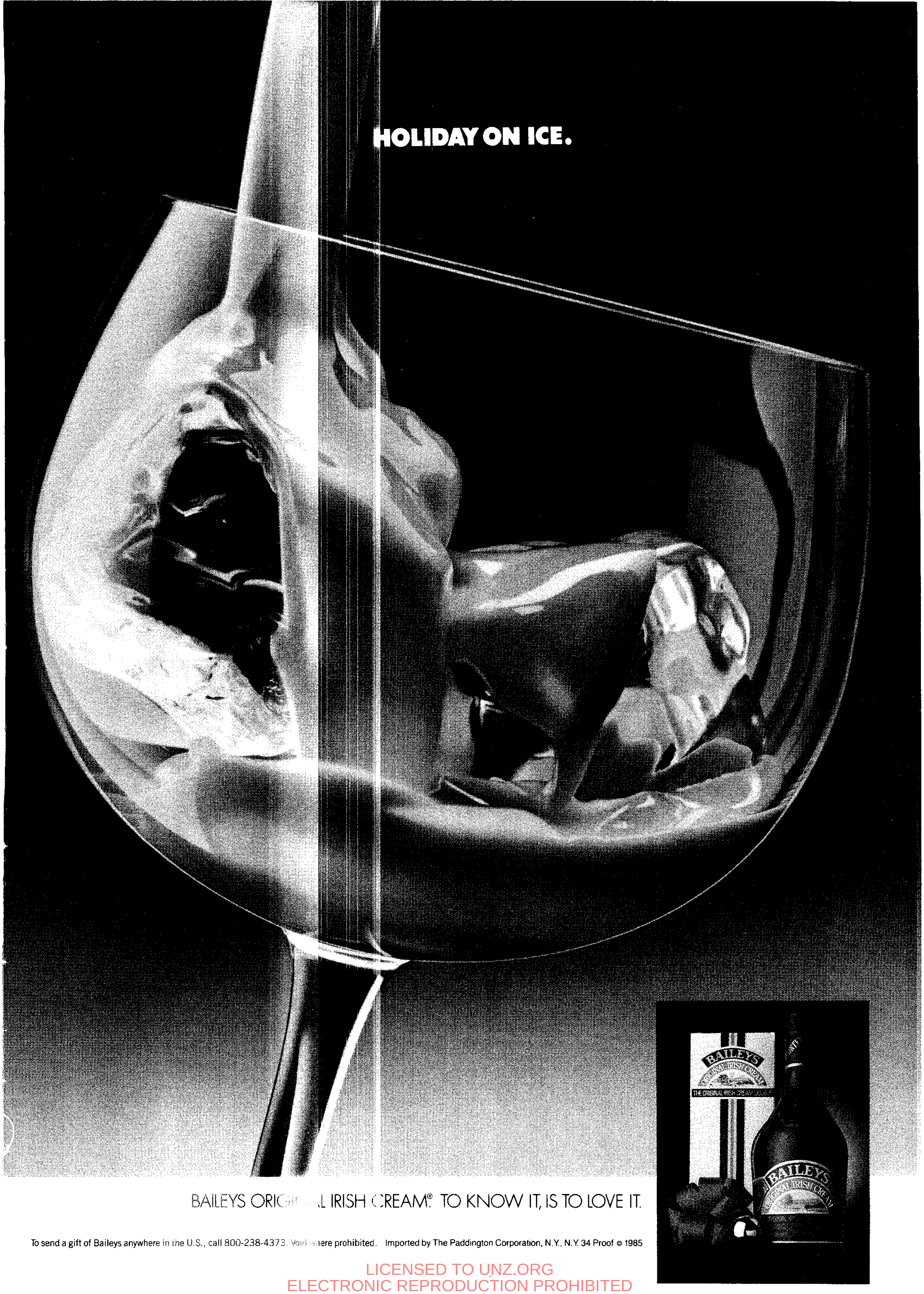
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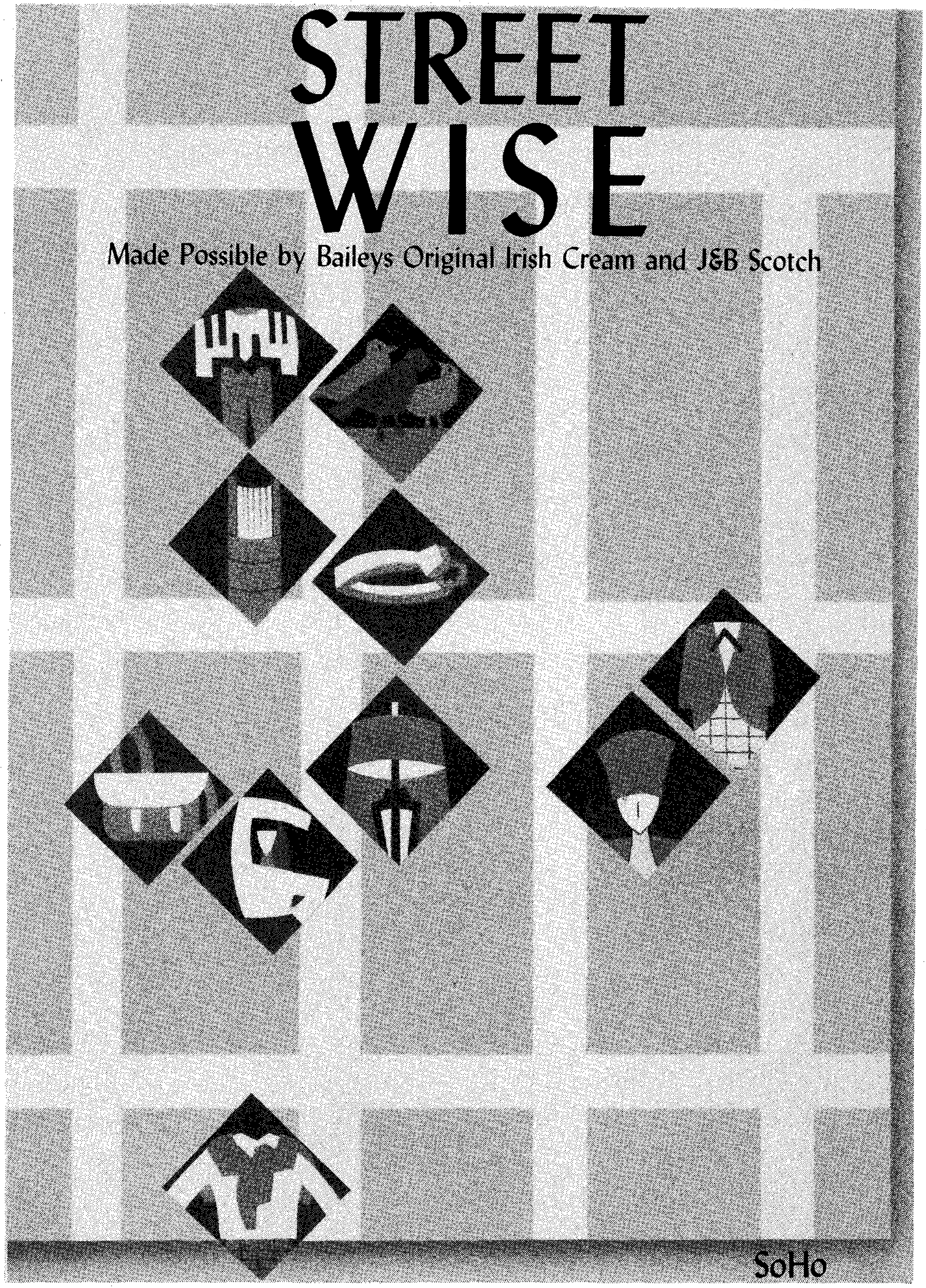

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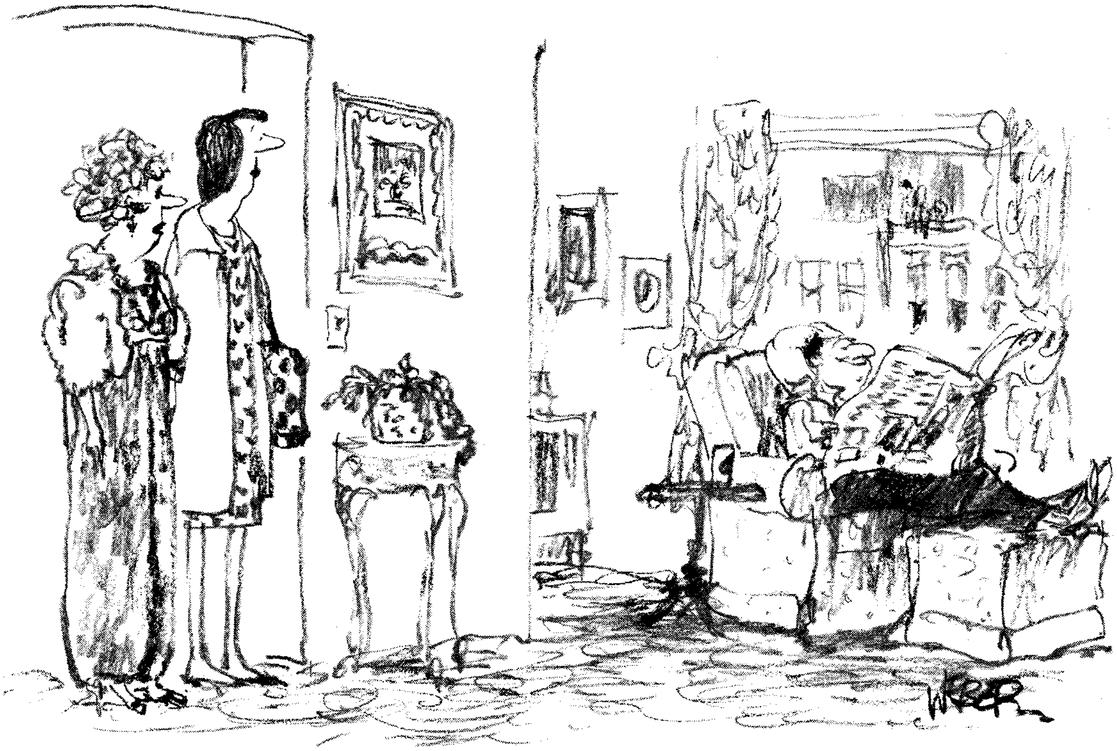
JAZZ

Little Jazz

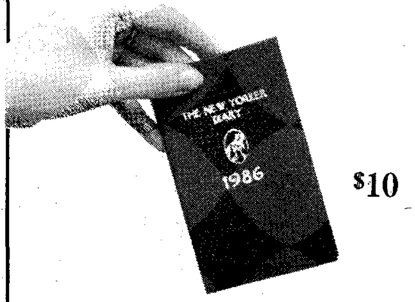
SLOWED by various ailments and by the deep fatigue that sooner or later afflicts all brass players, the trumpeter Roy Eldridge, now seventy-four, gave up playing in public six years ago, thereby diminishing American musical life. For the last ten years of his career, he had been on almost constant view at Jimmy Ryan's, on West Fifty-fourth Street, leading a small swing band and proving, night after night, that his great engines still worked very well. Joe Muranyi, his longtime clarinettist at Ryan's, said recently of him, "Roy is complex, but he's very much in touch with his feelings, and out they'd all come in his music. They came out when he wasn't playing, too. He liked to act out the same dramas every day. He fought his battles with race, with his playing, with managers over and over. And he and I would have terrible arguments. He'd make me mad as hell by telling me that I didn't sound like a Hungarian clarinet player, that I must be Polish. And when I'd make him mad it was Mt. Vesuvius to the fifth power. A few years ago, he had a heart attack. We had done a gig up in Connecticut not long before that, and after we had set up and were going out for food Roy just sat there on the stand and said to bring him a cheeseburger. Then he said, 'I'm sick and tired of this. What do I need it for?' But even toward the end there was no notable loss in his playing. He could still be fiery. He would start slowly every evening, pacing himself until he got it all together."

Eldridge had a restless career. He played in every size and kind of band from jam groups to Boyd Raeburn's forward-looking big band. He played for the best black bands (McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Fletcher Henderson, Count Basie) and for the best white bands (Gene Krupa, Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman). He led his first band, Roy Elliott and his Palais Royal Orchestra, in Pittsburgh, where he was born, before he was twenty. Then he joined Horace Henderson's Dixie Stompers, and in 1929 and 1930 he was with the Nighthawks, Zach Whyte, and Speed Webb. He also worked in Milwaukee with Johnny Neal's Midnite Ramblers. He moved to New York in 1930, and he went from Cecil Scott to a famous Elmer Snowden band that included Dicky Wells, Al Sears, Otto Hardwicke, and Sidney Catlett and that made a high-jinks short film, "Smash Your Baggage." Hollywood still disguised the few blacks it showed, and everyone in the band was dressed as a Pullman porter. He passed through Charlie Johnson, Teddy Hill, and McKinney's Cotton Pickers, and in 1936 joined Fletcher Henderson. He formed his own band the same year and held forth for a long spell at the Three Deuces, in Chicago. Angry over racism, he quit music in 1938 and studied radio engineering. By 1939, though, he had put together a new band, which played mostly mild dance music at the Arcadia Ballroom, on Broadway. In 1941, after stints at the Apollo Theatre, Kelly's Stable, on Fifty-second Street, and the Capital Lounge, in Chicago, he went with Gene Krupa, forcing that mundane band to play with joy and fervor. Krupa broke up the band in 1943, and Eldridge gigged around New York, and joined Artie Shaw in 1944.

Shaw talked about him not long ago: "He was a cute little stocky, chunky guy, a feisty guy, in many ways a tragic guy. It was very tough for him racially in my band, just as it had been for Billie Holiday when she was with me in the thirties. With Hot Lips Page, who was in the band in 1941, it was different, because he had the attitude of 'I can't change it, so I'll put up with it'—maybe because he came from the South. When I hired Roy, I told him he would be treated like everyone else in the band, and that he would be paid very well, because he was the best. I told him that I could handle racial matters when we were on the stand, but that there was very little I could do when we were off. Droves of people would ask him for his autograph at the end of the night, but later, on the bus, he wouldn't be able to get off and buy a hamburger with the guys in the band. He used to carry a gun, and I'd try and discourage him, and he'd tell me that he'd rather take his chances with the police than run up against some crazy unarmed. He saw himself as travelling



"I told him I've decided to leave him, but he doesn't seem able to take it in."



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through a hostile land, and he was right. Things came to a head at the San Francisco Auditorium when he arrived late and they wouldn't let him in the main entrance. He was a bitch of a player, and everybody in the band loved him."

Eldridge stayed with Shaw a year, had another band of his own, rejoined Krupa for a short time, and, in 1950, went to Europe with Benny Goodman. He stayed on in Paris after Goodman had gone home, returning to New York in 1951 to make a sensational appearance at the old Stuyvesant Casino, down on Second Avenue. He spent much of the fifties in Norman Granz's Jazz at the Philharmonic. Then he accompanied Ella Fitzgerald for two years. He was with Count Basie in 1966, and he led his own groups and appeared at festivals until he moved into Jimmy Ryan's. He was on the CBS television show "The Sound of Jazz" in 1957. Not long before he became ill, he played at the miniature jazz festival that President Jimmy Carter held on the south lawn of the White House—a gracious and enduring affair that included many of Eldridge's peers and descendants.

Eldridge's style was incandescent, lyrical, melancholy, indelible, and erratic. He learned the hard way, as he told John Chilton for the liner notes of a Columbia album called "Roy Eldridge—The Early Years": "When I was young I used to go out and look for every jam session going. I used to stand out on the sidewalk smoking, listening to the band inside, summing up the opposition. Eventually I'd walk in and try to cut them. All my life, I've loved to battle. And if they didn't like the look of me and wouldn't invite me up on the bandstand, I'd get my trumpet out by the side of the stand and blow at them from there." He also told Chilton, "The cats in New York were a hard bunch, guys were coming in from all over the country trying to prove themselves, and those who had got there first elected themselves as the judges. The rule seemed to be that you told newcomers the things you didn't like about their playing, and not the things you liked. So, Hot Lips Page heard me, and said, 'Why are you playing like an ofay?' Well, he knew his stuff, so I took note of that. And Chick Webb, who was guaranteed to speak his mind, said, 'Yeah, you're fast, but you're not telling me any story,' and those words sunk right into me. At that time I had this thing about playing as fast as I could all the

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time. I double-timed every ballad I did, and never held a long note. I was able to run the changes on any song, and do nice turn-arounds at the end of each eight bars, but I wasn't developing my solos." His phrasing and way of building a climax resembled Louis Armstrong's, and he has said that he learned from Rex Stewart and the white cornettist Red Nichols. He has said, too, that he learned much from saxophonists like Coleman Hawkins and Benny Carter, which helps explain the flow and momentum of his playing. He spent time with the flashing, mercurial Jabbo Smith in the late twenties, and Smith's speed and quirkiness must have affected him. And he heard the strange notes and dark sound and laid-back attack that Red Allen used with Fletcher Henderson in 1933 and 1934. All this coalesced into a stunning and original style, which in due course brought forth Dizzy Gillespie. Eldridge's style comes in two parts. The most celebrated is his up-tempo, upper-register attack, as heard on Gene Krupa's hair-raising 1941 recording of "After You've Gone." Following some introductory clowning (cheers from the band and quotes by Eldridge from a Sousa march and from "Yankee Doodle"), Eldridge hurtles through three choruses of the song. He does the first more or less straight, and he improvises the next two. Along the way, he plays five exhilarating four-bar breaks. In the first, he falls through three registers, his fingers and lips releasing notes the way a dog shakes off water; he rockets up and down his horn in the second and third, producing avalanches of notes somewhere between arpeggios and glissandos; in the fourth, he mixes giant intervals and teeming arpeggios; and in the fifth he connects descending steplike notes with racing staccato passages. The record is dazzling, frenzied showing off; it moves on the rim of chaos. Eldridge settles serenely to earth in his slow and medium-tempo ballads and blues. His gruff, dense tone expands, his improvisational skills blossom, his delicate vibrato comes into view, and the emotion always present in his playing pours out unashamed. There is a strong melancholy strain in Eldridge, and it imbues all his ballads and blues. His blues are monumental, and his ballads (consider the 1953 Verve recording of "The Man I Love") are full of yearning. But sometimes his emotions engulfed him. His sporadic stagefright would cause this, and so would situations—a roomful of listening peers, say—that he could not control. At such times, he would work so hard and grow so excited that he would end up caroming around his highest register and sounding almost mad. But even then he was majestic. Eldridge is a fine, scampish jazz singer, with a light, hoarse voice and a highly rhythmic attack. He sings the blues much in the manner of Hot Lips Page, and his nonsense vocals ("Saturday Night Fish Fry," "Knock Me a Kiss") rock. Although he doesn't play anymore, he still takes an occasional gig as a singer.

ELDRIDGE lives with his wife, Vi, and his only child, Carole, in a small two-story house in Hollis, at the back of Queens, not far from Belmont Park and Nassau County. His house is in a sea of small houses, each afloat on its patch of green, each moored to several trees. Eldridge is not much over five feet. Compact, bristling, cheerful, beamy, he still fits the nickname—Little Jazz—given him long ago by Otto Hardwicke. His hair is graying, he wears Harry Truman glasses, and his teeth remain the most beautiful in the business. Eldridge's living room has a thick greenish rug, a fireplace with a mirror over it, a television set, a sofa, two wide-shouldered leather chairs, a picture window that looks out on the street, and a stairway to the second floor. A kitchen is visible beyond the stairway, and to its left is a dining room. In a small alcove-den between the dining room and the front door are some of Eldridge's trophies—a *down beat* award for placing first in the 1946 trumpet poll, an Esky statuette from *Esquire* in 1945, a certificate of appreciation from Mayor John Lindsay, a letter of appreciation from President Carter for playing at the White House. On a table covered with family photographs is a card that Vi gave him. Headed "How to Know You're Growing Older," it lists these hints:

> You get winded playing chess.
> You join a health club and don't go.
> You look forward to a dull evening.
> Your back goes out more than you do.

One afternoon not long ago, Eldridge sat on a low stool in front of his picture window and talked about the present and the past. He does not particularly relish being interviewed, partly because, like most of the survivors of his generation, he is interviewed-out, and partly because he is a proud man who does not like

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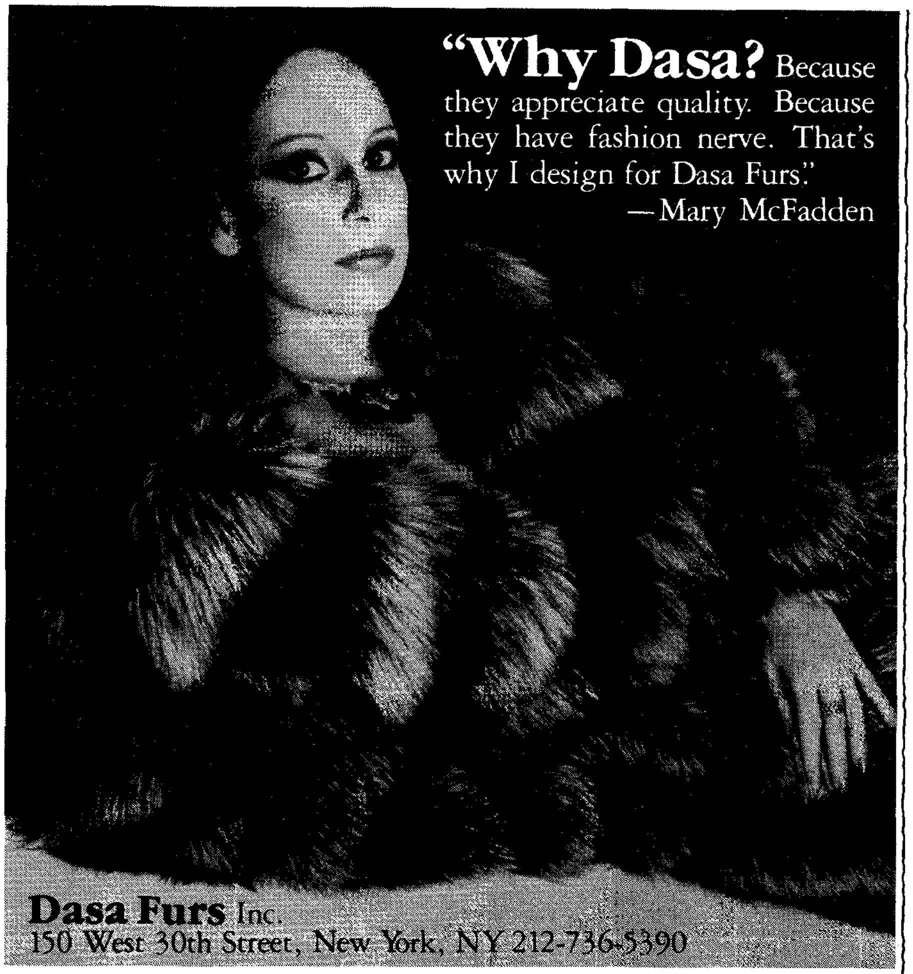

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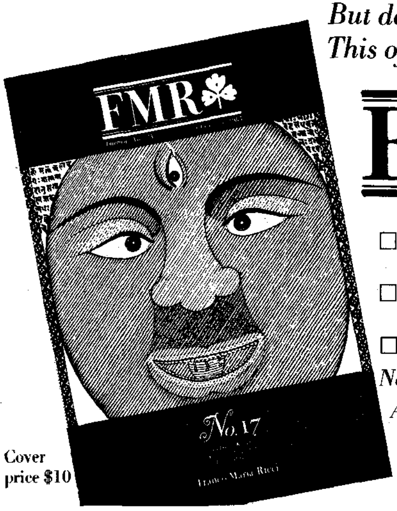

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giving away things of value unless he is sure they will be treated the right way. He looked steadily out the window as he talked, registering each car and truck and human being that passed, and occasionally commenting ("Man, look at that old cat all bent over! At least I can walk standing up straight"). He speaks the way he sings, and he laughs a lot. There were long pauses between some of the things he said, and he jumped all around the landscape of his life.

"New York is mean," he said, "but I wouldn't live anywhere else. When I was on the road, I searched Europe and South America for the perfect place to live. No place had the right feel—not even Copenhagen, which is my favorite European city. Of course, Europe has changed. They met you with flowers in Scandinavia in the fifties. Now it's like going to Newark. Vi and I have been married since 1936. Her maiden name was Viola Lee. Her father was Chinese. She was a hostess at the Savoy Ballroom. I carried both Vi and Carole, who's a legal secretary, over to Europe one year on tour, and were they glad to get back! Doing one-nighters, you see the airport, the road to the hotel, the place where the concert is, the place you eat at after the concert, the hotel, and, the next morning, the road back to the airport. Near the end, I'd hear them saying in the next room, 'Only four days to Christmas,' then 'Only two days to Christmas'—Christmas being the day we were scheduled to fly home. We've been in this house twenty-seven years. It was nicer around here when we first moved out from New York. There was a butcher, a drugstore, a theatre. I've had two or three heart attacks in the past six years, and I've quit playing. I've also got some kind of emphysema. I don't miss the music anymore. I've had enough fun and praise and ovations to keep me. I played fifty years, and that was long enough. Anyway, I found out the main doors were always locked. The color thing. I also found out I'd never get rich. At first, after I got sick, I'd play along with the television commercials all evening, but I don't do that anymore. I used to play piano and drums, but I gave my piano away, because it got wet down in the cellar, and I still haven't gotten around to putting the drums Gene Krupa gave me back in shape. When I stopped playing, I fell into another slot. I didn't have to wear a watch, I didn't have to break my back. There's so much to do around here I don't have the time to do it.

"Playing was my life. Before I went onstage, I would sit in my dressing room and run over in my mind what I was going to do. But when I got out there I didn't try and make the B-flat or whatever I was thinking of, because I'd go right into a void where there was no memory—nothing but me. I knew the chords and I knew the melody, and I never thought about them. I'd just be in this blank place, and out the music would come. It wasn't always easy. Riding up on that stage at the Paramount Theatre with the Krupa band scared me to death. When the stage stopped and we started to play, I'd fall to pieces. The first three or four bars of my first solo, I'd shake like a leaf, and you could hear it. Then this light would surround me, and it would seem as if there wasn't any band there, and I'd go right through and be all right. It was something I never understood.

"I'd go all over from the late twenties to the forties looking for people to challenge on trumpet. One occasion broke my heart. It happened in 1930. I already knew Rex Stewart, and he came into Small's Paradise, where I was with Elmer Snowden's band, and said he'd meet me later at Greasy's, an after-hours place. Gus Aiken and Red Allen showed up, and a lot of guys from the Henderson band. They were great agitators at cutting sessions. At these sessions, we used to stomp. That means that eight bars before your solo started you'd stomp your foot to let the cat who was finishing his solo know that you were going to come in. Rex and I got to battling and exchanging choruses at Greasy's, and after he finished a chorus I stomped him and screamed a G. At the end of my chorus, he stomped me back and screamed a B-flat. I'd never heard the note he hit, and he had played something I couldn't play. I brooded all the next day. He had hit that note, but he hadn't played up to it or come down from it. I found the note and worked on it until I could play up to it and down from it, and the next time we met I showed it to him. A couple of years before that, I had a run-in with Jabbo Smith in Milwaukee. We met at a place called Rails, and Jabbo used my horn. We played fast and slow. I could play fast all over, but when the tempo got down it wasn't my stick. The crowd thought I had cut Jabbo, and he didn't talk to me for two weeks, but I didn't fool myself. I knew he had cut me. A session I enjoyed a lot more around the same time took place in Detroit. When I went into this club to sit in, the band was off and the stand was empty except for a girl sitting there. I asked her where the trumpet player was, and she said, 'I'm the trumpet player.' Her name was Doll Jones. The next set, she started out and my mouth gapped. I couldn't believe it. We jammed together until three o'clock in the afternoon.

"Coleman Hawkins and I were very tight and very good together. I dug him, and he dug me. He told me that he first heard me on records when he was in Europe in the late thirties, and that he'd never heard anyone play the trumpet like that. He was used to the best of everything. If a new camera came out, he had to have it. The same with binoculars or a watch. Coleman had class.

"I first met Lester Young in Baltimore in the mid-thirties when he was with Fletcher Henderson. I met him jamming. I used to pick him and Jo Jones up in Chicago when they were with Basie and had finished work. Les-

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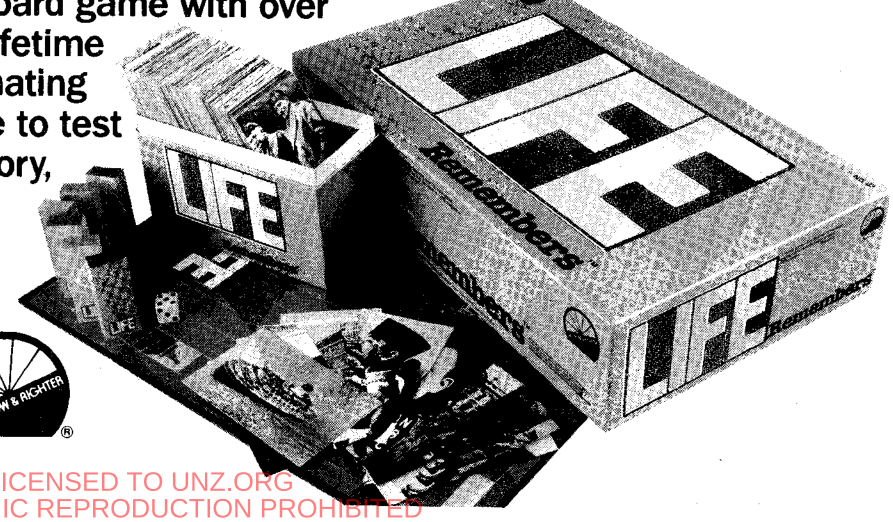

ter loved to jam, and that was where we hit it.

"I loved Big Sid Catlett. He was so smooth. He had that weight without being noisy. But Chick Webb was the best drum soloist I ever heard.

"When Ben Webster was sober, he was the nicest cat you ever met, but when he was drinking he'd turn rough. Sometimes he'd slap me or something like that, and I'd end up chasing him down the street, big as he was."

ELDRIDGE stopped talking, reared back, and shouted at the ceiling, "Vi! Hey, Vi! You want the heat up? It's cold in here." He lowered his voice. "I have to watch the cold now, with this emphysema. I listen to all the medical shows in the morning, and they say don't eat chicken, don't eat veal, don't eat this, don't eat that. They say look at the dinosaurs—they ate nothing but greens. And I say, 'Where are they now?' "

Vi Eldridge came down the stairs. She is pretty and medium-sized. Eldridge asked her again if she wanted more heat, and she said, "How can you tell?" She turned up the heat and asked Eldridge if he wanted anything to eat or drink. He said no, and she went upstairs.

Eldridge looked sharp left out his window. "I wonder if those cats are stripping that car or fixing it," he said. "They've stripped the tires off of my station wagon, nothing else. You have to have a car out here, or you're smothered. Sometimes I drive over into Nassau, but I don't go into New York much anymore. It's expensive going places now, and they don't always know who you are. Anyway, all my old clothes are too big.

"I grew up on the north side of Pittsburgh. My brother Joe was two and a half years older. My mother played some piano, and had the kind of ear where after she came home from the movies she could repeat exactly what she'd heard the pianist in the pit do. And I'd accompany her on my little drum, which I took up at six. She was a nice-looking woman. She was from somewhere around Winston-Salem. My father was from Petersburg, Virginia. He was my height, but heavier built, and darker. He had a lot of brothers. He was a contractor, and he was good with horses. He didn't drink or smoke. He was religious. I'd fight at the drop of a hat, and somebody was always coming to the house and telling him, 'Your son hit my boy aside the

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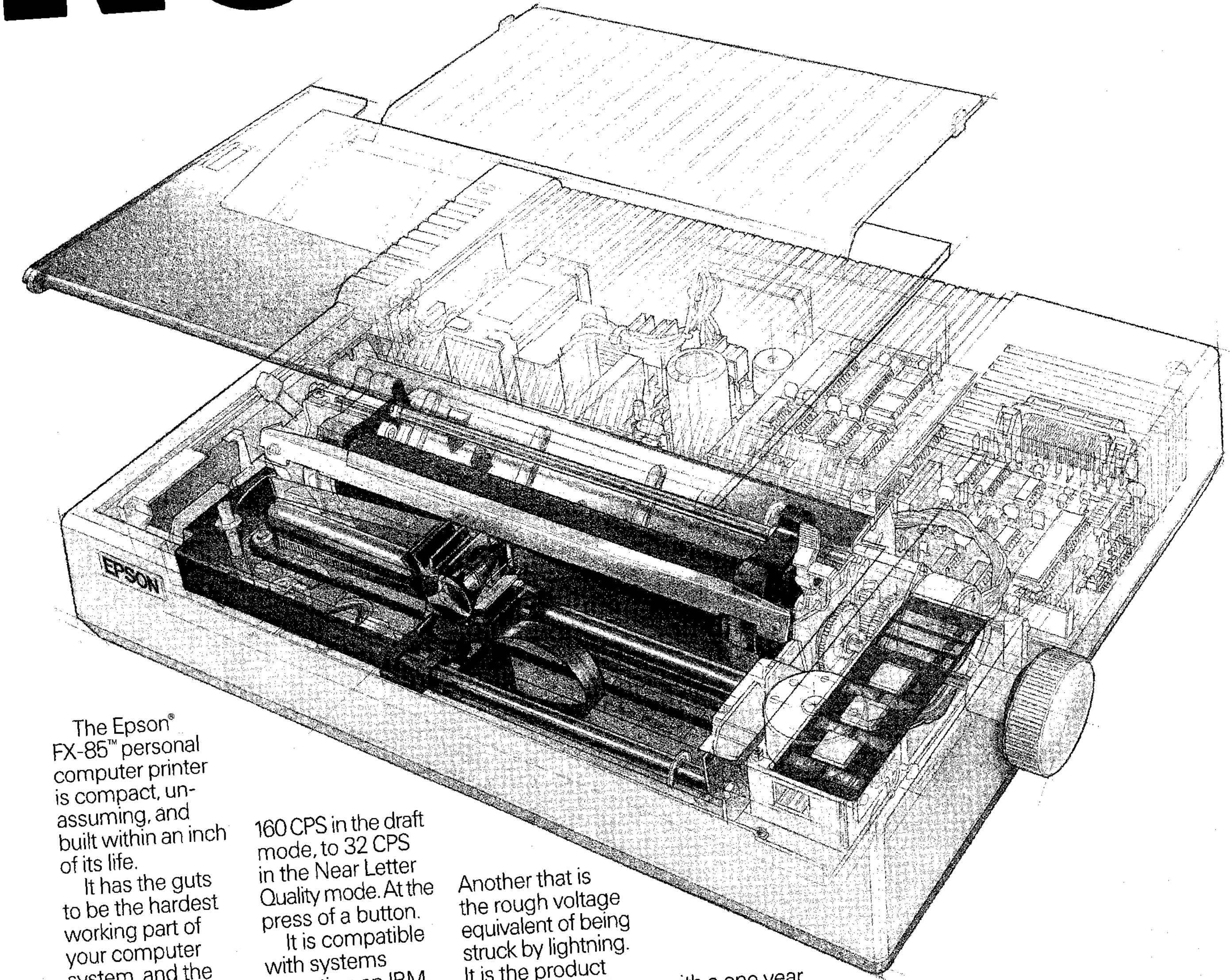

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head with a rock.' After the man had gone, my father would say, 'What's the matter with you, boy? You act like a savage.' We lived near the Pennsylvania Railroad, and he made the top of our house into a dormitory where the railroad men could pay and stay. He also set up a shoeshine stand for my brother and me. And he had a restaurant downstairs that my mother and a cousin from North Carolina ran. My father was a good businessman. Then we moved up to Irwin Avenue. The house was on a hill, and you could look over the north side. My father ended up leaving me about six houses, but I was always travelling, and, what with bad tenants and the like, I lost them. After grammar school, I went to David B. Oliver High. Pittsburgh was a funny place. We had to sit in the peanut gallery at the movies, but the schools weren't segregated. I played drums in the local drum-and-bugle corps. The day of a parade, I'd be up at six waiting for the sun to come up and give me enough heat so I could get my snare head tuned right. I started on trumpet because one day when we were out at the cemetery they handed me a bugle and told me to play 'Taps.' I was shaking like this. My brother got my parents to give me a trumpet. I had a good ear, and anything I heard I could play. My brother taught me to read in 1928, when I was with Horace Henderson, and by the time I was with Fletcher Henderson, in 1936, I was able to handle all those difficult keys Fletcher wrote his arrangements in. My mother died when I was about eleven. I got kicked out of the ninth grade. I wasn't interested in schoolwork, and I refused to play in the band. I'd tap out drum riffs all day on my desk. I was supposed to go back to school the next fall, but I got a gig with a touring company and took off. I had memorized Coleman Hawkins' solo on Fletcher Henderson's 'Stampede,' and that got me the job. But I didn't know hardly anything else—how to work the spit valve, how to care for the horn. I didn't tell my father I got the job, and I didn't take any clothes. I just went."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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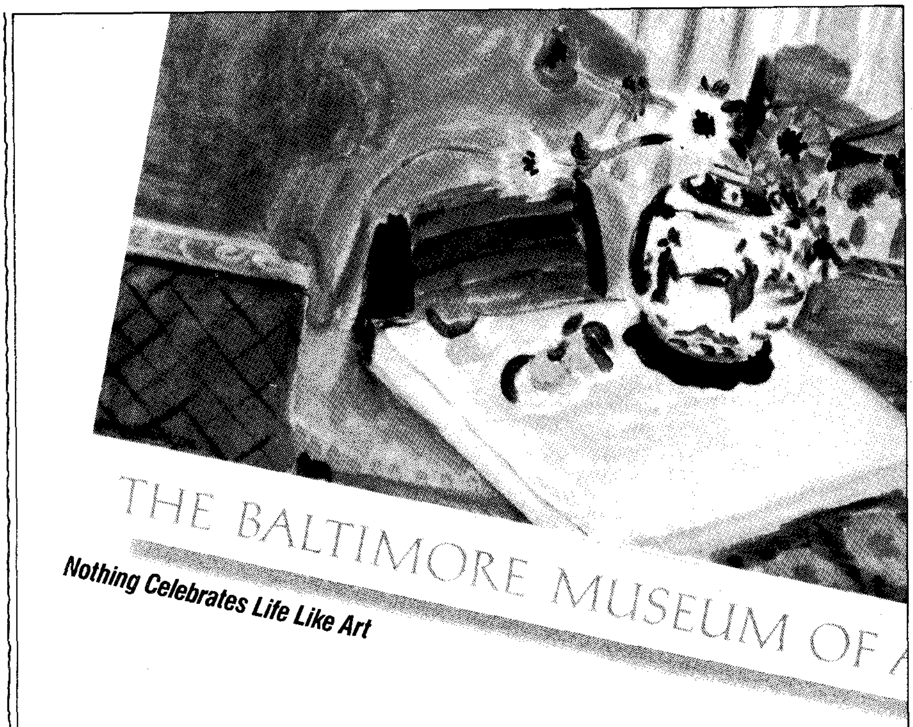
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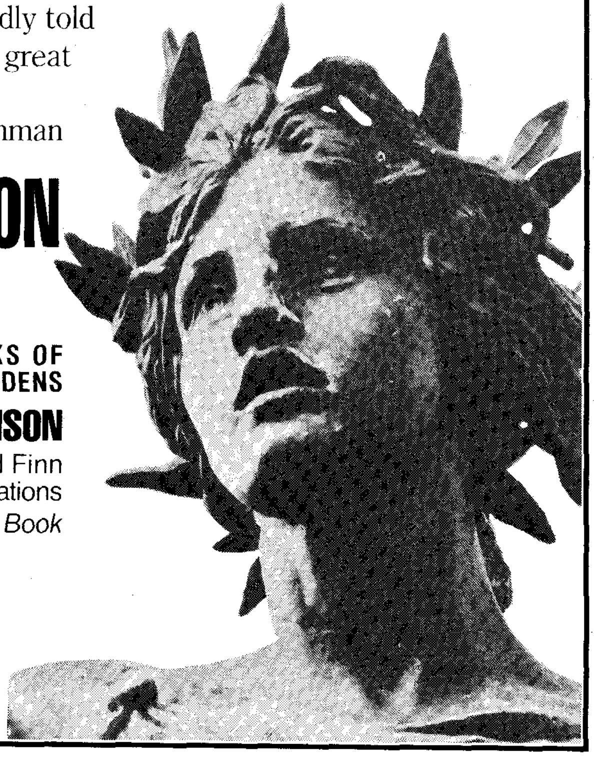

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Night Calls

IN the history and clandestine mythology of Stalinism—the two are closely interwoven—the motif of the phone call plays a fascinating role. The phone call comes from *him*. From Joseph Vissarionovich himself—from Comrade Stalin. The moment of that call is overwhelming to body and soul. The call can bring living death or resurrection, doom or the vertigo of hope. There is always the hideous possibility of a practical joke: the voice at the end of the line is not Stalin's but that of some sadistic jester, drunken intimate, or professional Judas. But it just *might* be that of the Master, out of his unsleeping night. God almighty, can it really be he? In which case the recipient of the call shakes in hope and terror, stutters the words he has always dreamed of saying to Stalin, is struck fatally speechless, breaks down in abject supplication or gratitude, passes out. (Each of these reactions figures in Soviet memoirs, poems, novels, and oral remembrance.)

The theme has its grotesque demonology. Informed that Stalin is trying to ring him, a writer whose phone has been torn from the wall by the K.G.B. seeks one of the rare working public telephones in midnight Moscow. He gets through at last. He waits in quivering anguish. Stalin's voice comes on at the exact instant the coins run out. Our writer is found dead in the phone booth; his heart, too, has run out. Or the call comes at the height of a dinner party. It is the lady of the house who takes it, in her kitchen. Her face dead white with disbelief, she hands the receiver to her husband. The words "Joseph Vissarionovich," mouthed by the trembling host, are heard by the guests. When husband and wife return to their table, all the guests are gone. Their fearful footsteps echo in the street below. If the call has been one of mercy, the poet, the composer, the actor, the ex-Trotskyite or Old Bolshevik awaiting arrest, the woman without news of her tortured husband or son rushes into the corridor, races down the stairwell, crying out the miracle, the annunciation of sudden grace. Voices crowd around in felicitation. But also in secret terror. *He* knows of this apartment house; his agenda, his doomsday book, contains its phone numbers. And then there are the reveries or rumors of crazed defiance: the call *to* Stalin, telling him of the horrors he is visiting upon Russia, of the inhumanities perpetrated in his name, and demanding that he give account of his Hunnish stewardship, that X be released from the Gulag, that Y be given back the right to work (without which he and his family are starving to slow death), that Z's application to go abroad be approved lest he commit suicide. The daydream and the night dream of making such a call, of getting through to the tiger's lair, haunt Soviet lives and writing during the Stalin era. Some who made the call are thought to have survived.

The New Apartment

Two calls by Stalin reached into the heart of Russian literature. One was made in July, 1934, and a whole literature of witness and interpretation has sprung up around it. Osip Mandelstam had been arrested, and efforts were being made on his behalf in high quarters. Stalin phoned Pasternak and asked what he thought of Mandelstam's work. In what may have been a reflex of bewildered terror or candid uncertainty—the genius and style of the two poets differed—Pasternak voiced a cautious, possibly lukewarm reply. Stalin's exact rejoinder is still a matter of controversy. It seems that he spun full circle, that some sadistic or troubled intuition set him for an instant on the side of humane courage and fidelity: "Had Mandelstam been my friend, I would have had more to say for him." End of call. Mandelstam's doom and his own possible weakness at a fatal minute weighed on Pasternak for the rest of his inspiring life. He repeated the story of that phone call over and over. Would a freer response have saved Osip Mandelstam? Precisely what unfathomable cat-and-mouse game was the "Kremlin mountaineer" (Mandelstam's transparent sobriquet for Stalin) playing when he lifted his receiver?

The other call was made on April 18, 1930. It was to the playwright and novelist Mikhail Bulgakov. Ellendea Proffer's monumental biography and critical study, "Bulgakov: Life and Work" (Ardis; $45), sets the scene. His writings censored out of performance and publication, his name buried or reviled, Bulgakov had written to Stalin. Exile was preferable to slow strangulation. If the U.S.S.R. could allow him no work, it should let him emigrate into the bleak freedom of banishment. We do not know which of several remaining and composite drafts Bulgakov actually mailed. But the unmistakable breath of suicide lay in his appeal. Other masters of the language had chosen that solution: Yesenin, in 1925; Sobol, in 1926; and now, most dramatically, in the very moment of Bulgakov's desperate plea, Mayakovsky, the sometime minstrel of the Revolution. The journal of Lyubov Belozerskaya, Bulgakov's second wife, records the fantastic happening:

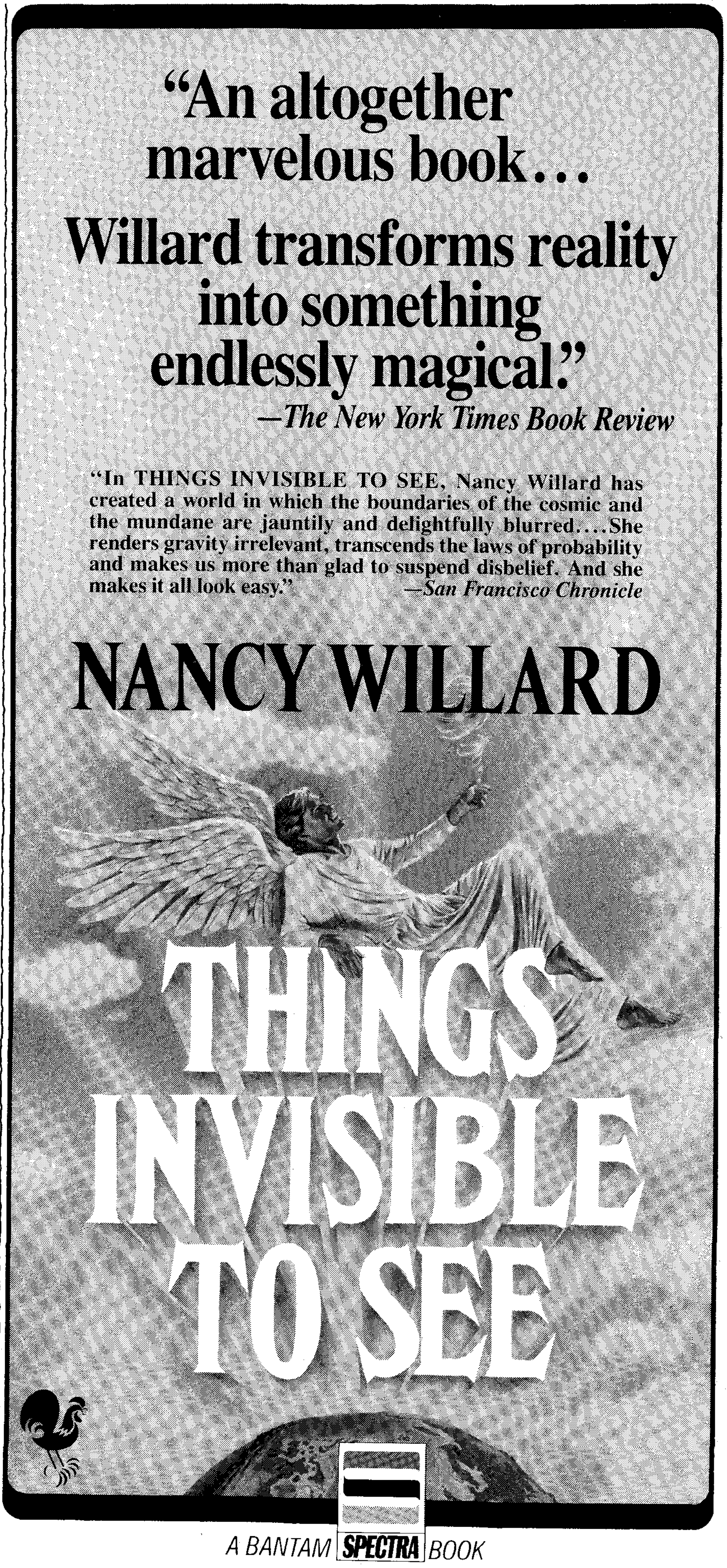
> It was Stalin's secretary Tovstukha, calling from the Central Party Committee. I answered the telephone and called M.A. [Bulgakov's initials], and then I busied myself with housework. M.A. took the receiver and shortly thereafter he shouted "Lyubasha" [her nickname] so loudly and nervously that I rushed to the telephone (we had an extension).
>
> It was Stalin on the line. He spoke in a muffled voice, with a noticeable Georgian accent, and referred to himself in the third person: "Stalin received, Stalin read . . ." He made this suggestion to Bulgakov: "Perhaps you would like to go abroad?" . . . But M.A. preferred to remain in the Soviet Union.

The exchange went on, according to Elena Sergeevna, Bulgakov's third wife:

> "We have received your letter. And read it with our comrades. You will have a pleasing answer. Perhaps we really should let you go abroad. What is it, have we bored you so very much?"
>
> "I have thought very much recently about whether a Russian writer can live outside his motherland, and it seems to me that he cannot."
>
> "You're right. I don't think so either. Where do you want to work? At the Art Theatre?"
>
> "Yes, I would like to. But I asked about it—they refused me."
>
> "Well you submit a request there. It seems to me that they will agree."

They did. Stalin's call signified a reprieve in the long death sentence that hung over Bulgakov. The ten last years, decisive in point of creation, had been granted.

There had been a previous intervention by Stalin. In 1926, Bulgakov had turned his first major fiction, the novel "White Guard," only two-thirds of which had been published, into a play, called "Days of the Turbins," for the Moscow Art Theatre. The novel is almost wholly autobiographical. It closely mirrors the destinies of Bulgakov's family in Kiev during the horrors of the Bolshevik Revolution and the ensuing civil wars. It tells of occupation and counter-occupation by the Germans, by Ukrainian separatists, by apocalyptic anarchists of diverse colors, and of the victorious return of the Red Army. The scenes of starvation and torture, of typhus and political corruption are among the most graphic in modern literature. But it is the Turbins who matter, the family



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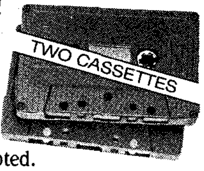

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that Bulgakov modelled on his own. There is the magic of resilience, of loyalty, of proud merriment in the Kiev household. Some of the Turbins choose the wrong side and are forced into emigration. Some are tainted by political opportunism and cowardice. All come to realize that the Bolshevik regime will prevail, that it represents some tragic logic and fatality in the longer tragedy that is Russian life. But this realization makes the Turbins' adherence to old values the more lucid, the more stylish.

It was this ascription of lucidity and stylishness to the survivors of the czarist persuasion, to the clairvoyant custodians of a condemned heritage—for this is the true meaning of "White Guard"—that infuriated the officious hacks of Soviet criticism. One of them wrote:

> *White Guard* is the *Cherry Orchard* of the White movement. What interest has the Soviet viewer in the suffering of landowner Ranevskaya, whose cherry orchard is mercilessly being cut down? What interest has the Soviet viewer in the sufferings of internal and external emigres for their destroyed White movement? No interest at all. We don't need this.

Lunacharsky, the powerful, often subtle commissar for culture, who was an admirer of Bulgakov, saw in the play an attempt at the moral and psychological rehabilitation of the loathed, fallen enemy. Imminent closing, if not worse, threatened.

Despite Dr. Proffer's exhaustive scholarship, the exact circumstances of what happened next remain opaque. It seems that Stalin saw "Days of the Turbins" incognito, and opined that the very fibre of the Turbin family, their defeat by the Bolshevik regime, and, above all, their acceptance of the historical inevitability of that defeat were an affirmation of the Leninist-Stalinist version of history. This shrewd insight was bruited among lesser mortals. Despite intermittent interdictions and periods out of the repertoire, "Days of the Turbins" became the greatest single hit in the history of the Soviet stage, and a rival to Chekhov's "Seagull" (the perennial standby of the Moscow Art Theatre). There were almost a thousand performances between 1932 and 1941. New stagings have followed since 1967, both in the Soviet Union and in the Eastern bloc. "Days of the Turbins" brought Bulgakov immediate celebrity and a major part of the precarious earnings he received from his literary works. It kept alive his relations with the theatrical establishment of Moscow and Leningrad. Performance and revival meant that the author's name could not be altogether obliterated from the notice of the Soviet cultural bureaucracy or that of the literate public. But, as Proffer shows, the ideological ambivalence of the drama, the envy it aroused in other writers and in the literati and the sycophantic critics of the Stalin era made of Bulgakov a marked man:

> He became too famous, and was a visible target for all kinds of abuse, his name almost shorthand for a certain attitude to "Soviet reality," that of the internal emigre or the fellow traveler. A thin-skinned person at the best of times, Bulgakov took the criticism seriously, cutting out each bad review and gluing it in a special album. He had much to work with: according to his own count, by 1930 there had been 301 reviews of his work, three of which were favorable, leaving 298 negative ones.

(This last explanatory, subtractive phrase is, alas, all too characteristic of Dr. Proffer's style.)

There followed on the success of "Days of the Turbins" the decades of living burial. In 1929, the full Russian text of "White Guard" was published in Paris. This was the only novel by Bulgakov published in his lifetime, and sales in Russia were, of course, prohibited. Play after play, such as the surrealist "Flight" or "The Crimson Island," with its satiric use of a play within a play, was either halted before public production or swept from the stage by vigilant criticism. Bulgakov thrashed about like a speared fish. He labored as a reviser and doctor of other men's scripts; he wrote opera librettos; he produced an inspired, if historically wayward and unsettling, biography and dramatization of the career of Molière—of Molière's accommodations with royal autocracy and his struggles against repressive religious hypocrisy. In tandem with a respectable scholar, Bulgakov proposed to write a historical-fictional drama on the last days of Pushkin. (An anniversary was looming.) Urged on by Elena Sergeevna, a practical spirit and a woman determined to win some minimal respite for Bulgakov and his writings, M.A. agreed to compose a play about the early years of Stalin. Though the project aborted, it might well not have been one of despairing opportunism. Bulgakov's inward relations with Stalin were, like Pasternak's, of extreme complexity and mesmerized interest.

Gasping for air, Bulgakov begged

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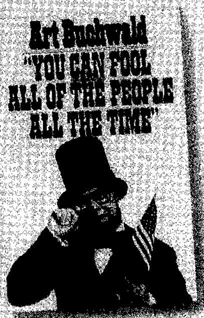
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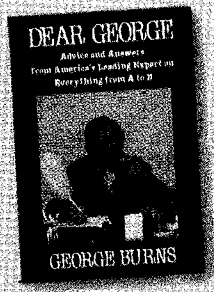
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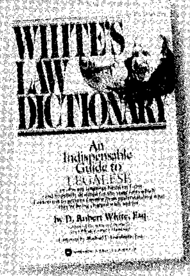
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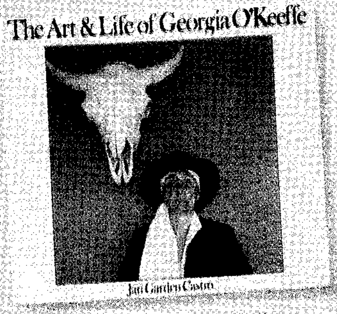
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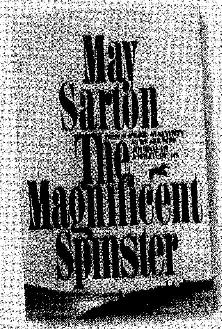
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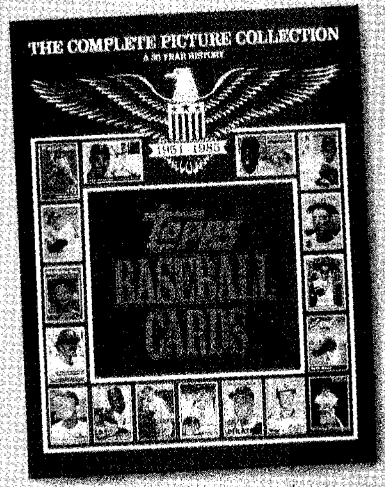
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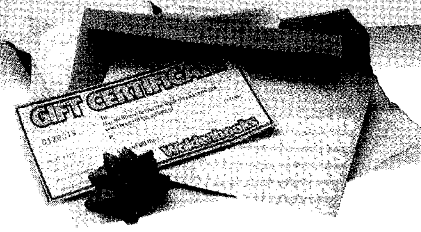
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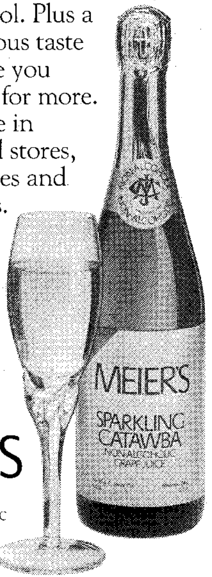
the Kremlin for the right to have his fiction and plays published, acted. He asked for the bare privilege of a working subsistence. Repeatedly, he urged that he be granted leave to travel abroad. In vain. Bulgakov was consigned to slow extinction in a bizarre twilit zone. He was neither enfranchised nor tried and sent to a Siberian camp or exile. More or less illusory commissions and crumbs of comfort were dropped in his path, while he was at the same time classified as a counter-revolutionary fossil. Not, in Orwellian parlance, altogether a "non-person," Bulgakov sickened to his death as a kind of "half" or "quarter person" on the purgatorial edges of Stalinist society.

Dr. Proffer's chronicle is unsparing. Together with the matchless memoirs of Nadezhda Mandelstam (one of the few unquestionable classics in our century) and the Chukovskaya-Akhmatova recollections and conversations (notably on the fate of Pasternak), this biography of Bulgakov documents, beyond forgiving, the humiliation of the free writer, the systematic pollution of independent sensibility in the long winter of Stalinism (a winter almost eternal throughout the enigma of Russian history, be it czarist or current). But it documents equally the mystery of rebound, the craftsmanship of resurrection in Russian literature. "Censorship," teaches Borges, is "the mother of metaphor." The links between tyrannical censorship and major imagining look to be symbiotic. From Pushkin to Brodsky, the splendor, the humane urgency of Russian poetry is unbroken. Russian fiction, be it that of Tolstoy, Dostoyevski, and Turgenev or that of Pasternak and Solzhenitsyn, diminishes to gratuitousness much of its Western counterpart. As the silent stones of his immurement rose gradually around him, Bulgakov wrote and rewrote and wrote again "The Master and Margarita," the novel that constitutes his claim to major status. His one classic act of invention sprang directly out of the absurdity and pain of Stalin's Byzantium.

The earliest suggestions toward "The Master and Margarita" go back to the mid-nineteen-twenties. Bulgakov destroyed a first draft in 1930. Successive versions and more or less completed sections followed. The novel became the talismanic center of Bulgakov's being; he came home to its composition time and again out of the uncertainties and humiliations of his public career. Chapters were, on occasions of great emotional charge, read to intimates. "The Master and Margarita" seems to have gone through at least seven principal drafts. Bulgakov continued to polish and revise almost to the month of his death, in 1940. It was not until 1973 that a complete text was allowed to be printed and issued in the U.S.S.R. It was from abroad, and via translations, that the book had established itself in the modern canon.

Dr. Proffer is undoubtedly the foremost authority on Bulgakov, and on "The Master and Margarita" in particular. The great tome of this critical biography is accompanied by a bilingual English-Russian "Pictorial Biography" (Ardis; $35), and Proffer is general editor of the Ardis ten-volume collected edition of Bulgakov (in Russian) now in progress. Such almost sacerdotal devotion to the life and works of a single literary figure—of striking but, when all is said and done, secondary stature—has its drawbacks. Proffer's learning provides what will presumably be the definitive account of the genesis and the publication of "The Master and Margarita." She is magisterial on the intricate local color, on the cat's cradle of literary-political allusions and parodies that throng the novel. She is an erudite guide to its essential levels of provenance and symbolism. (The errors and imperceptions of preceding analysts are severely marked in an extensive, often fascinating corpus of footnotes.) Though Proffer's style is not always felicitous ("feasible" is repeatedly misused; plays are said "to première"), it is workmanlike throughout. The problem is one of critical distance; a monotone of adulation inhabits the monumentality of the scholarship.

"The Master and Margarita" is a highly inventive, teasing, at moments poignant fiction. It is, together with works produced by Valéry, by Thomas Mann, among the finest twentieth-century variants on the overarching theme of Faust. The novel inside the novel—that written by the Master on Pontius Pilate—is a powerful and eloquent device. Taking up motifs present in the novels of Dostoyevski and in the poetry of Blok, Bulgakov dramatizes allegorical and historical analogies between the revolution that was Christ's ministry and that of Russian prophetic radicalism. The depiction of Moscow literary-theatrical life sug-



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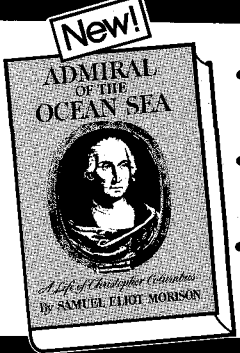

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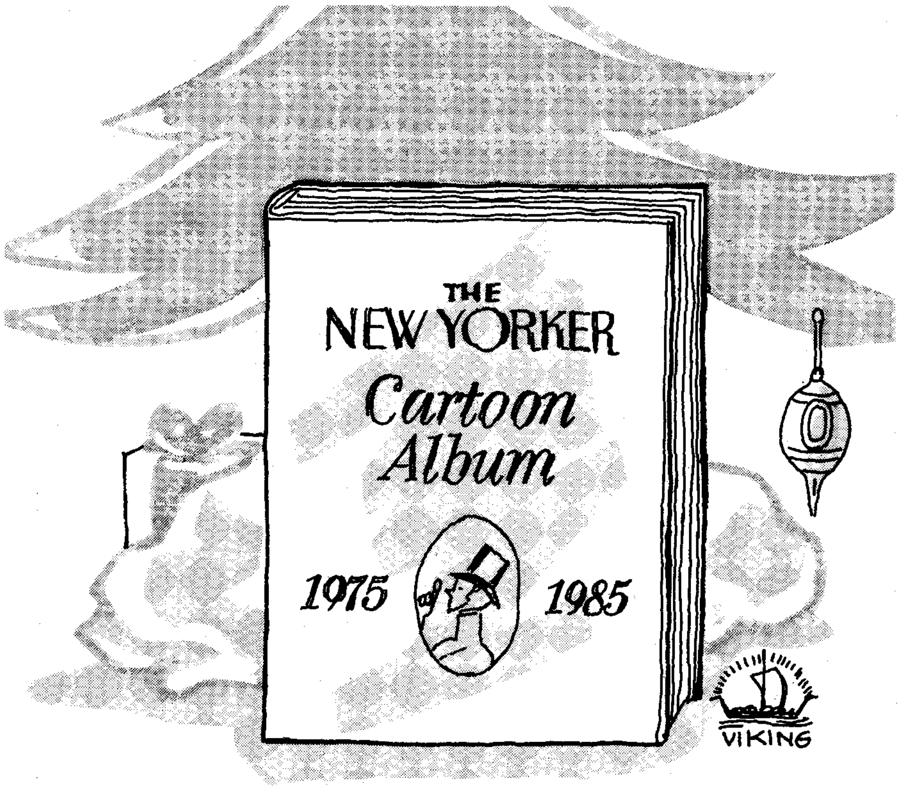
gests something of the hallucinatory satire of Pope's "Dunciad." A ferocious disgust animates Bulgakov's presentation of the fauna of Soviet poetasters, impresarios, canting pedants. The Master's nervous breakdown and the account of his days in the sanitarium are premonitory, in a manner both harrowing and hilarious, of present-day practices in Soviet psychiatric institutions. At least three main plot lines and temporal schemes are harmonized and counterpointed with consummate virtuosity. Margarita's love for the Master, the Devil's pact she enters into in order to bring release to him are rendered with a lyric vehemence, with a poetry of eros, rare in Bulgakov. Yeshua's crucifixion is uncompromisingly seen and narrated. In short, "The Master and Margarita" is a philosophic and satiric fable to be read and reread.

It is also a very uneven work. The falling away of later chapters, in regard to organization and narrative pressure, is unmistakable. (Bulgakov worked in deepening isolation of spirit and under stress of mortal illness.) The satanic tomfooleries, slapstick, and fantastications that drive the tale forward and bring on its whirlwind close are often jejune. They remind one of the farcical grossness of the underplot in Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus." Much of the satire and allusion is esoteric to all but the learned connoisseur of literary intrigue, mendacity, and self-prostitution in the Moscow of the nineteen-twenties and thirties. The machinery of astronomical-astrological influences and emblematic portents obtrudes. The essential religiosity of Bulgakov's novel is evident. Central propositions are being implied, as always in Russian literature, concerning the precarious drama of man's soul, concerning those transcendent absolutes of charity and justice which will not be stilled within us and which we ignore or compromise at mortal peril. But the final impetus and intended meaning of this scenario of temptation and rebirth remain confused. Hilarity and melodrama take over.

Lacking Russian (as I do), one makes such reservations hesitantly. "The Master and Margarita" belongs most emphatically to that tradition of spectral fun, of surrealist high comedy, in Russian poetry and fiction which may translate poorly and with which the non-Russian reader is least familiar. Bulgakov's art and technique in the book derive from the lineage of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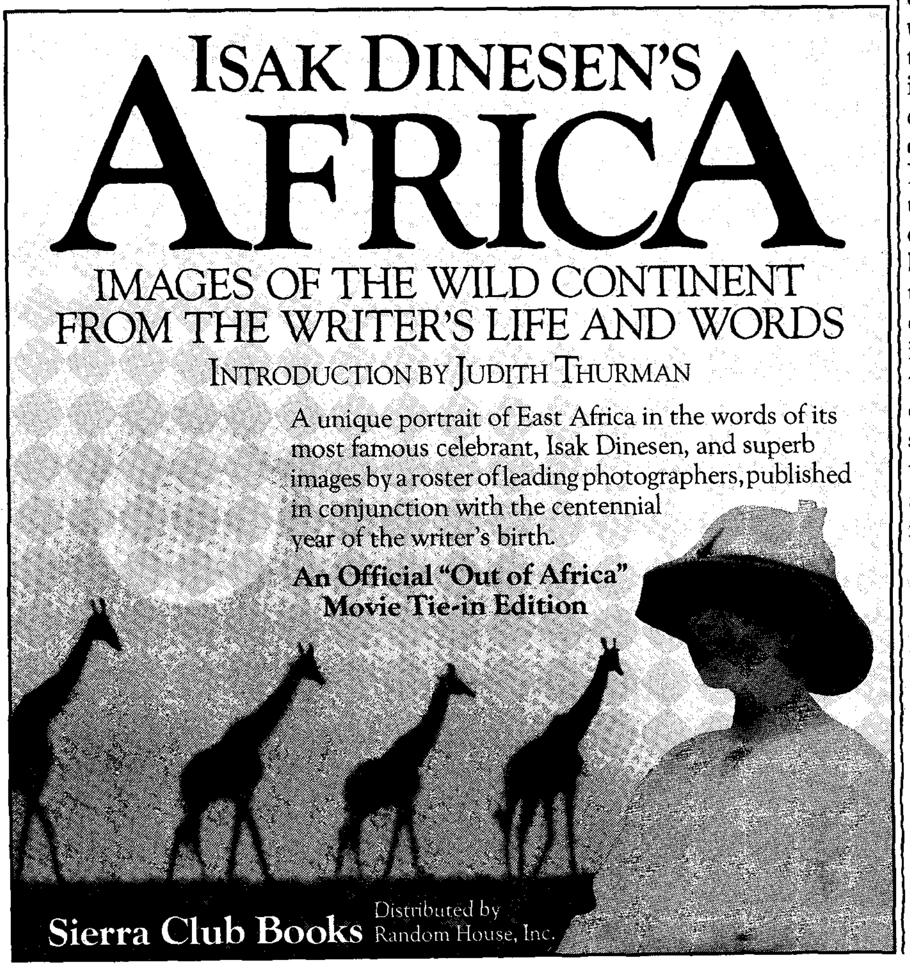
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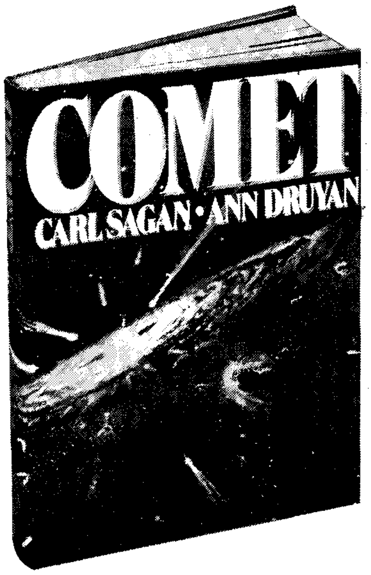
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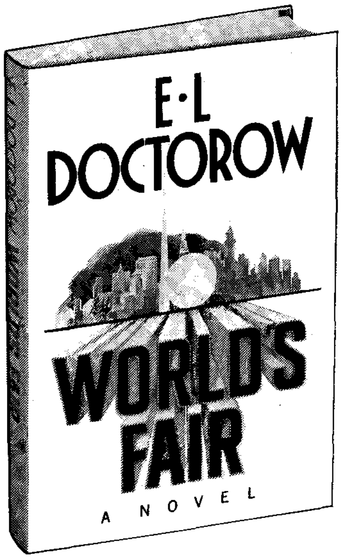
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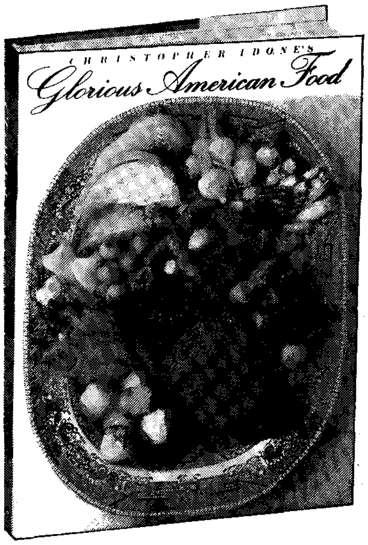
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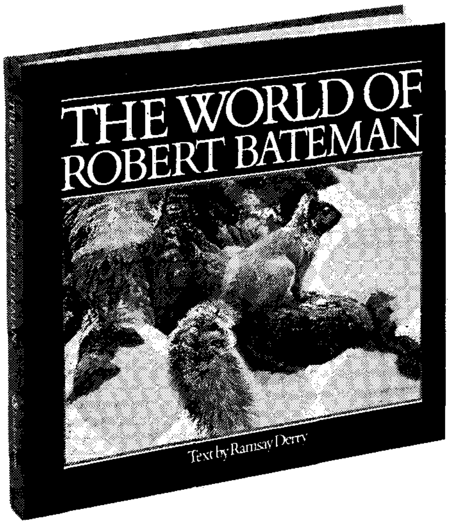
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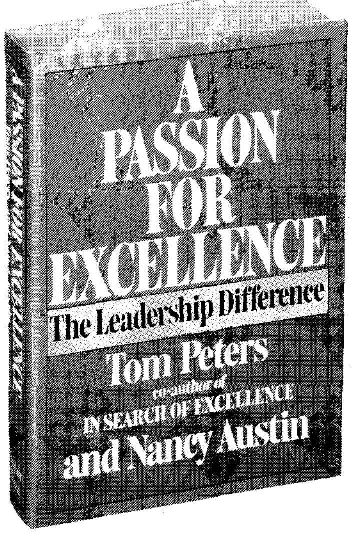
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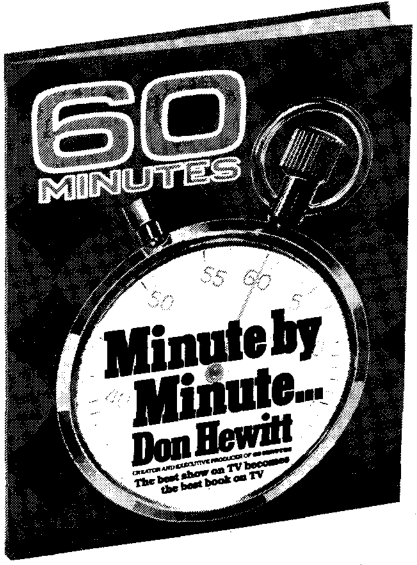
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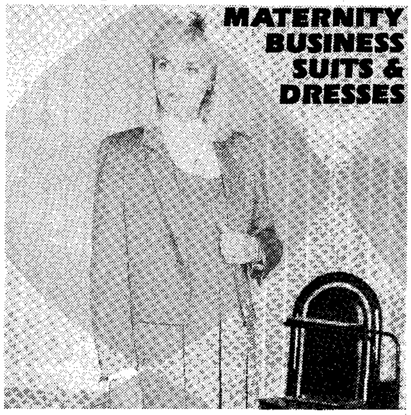

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Gogol, Bely, Sologub, and Saltykov-Shchedrin (whom he always pointed to as his true precedent). Black laughter stays deep-rooted in a language and a locale. Nonetheless, a more critical reading than Dr. Proffer's would have been of help.

The question of what Mikhail Bulgakov would make of Dr. Proffer's grave edifice—he the most mercurial, impish, and thin-as-air of ironists—is unsettling. No matter. It is the untiring love and devotion of Western Slavists, such as Ellendea Proffer and her colleagues in the Ardis catalogue, that are rescuing and keeping from oblivion the anarchic, resistant genius of Russian literature. Theirs is the mind's Kaddish, the remembrance in action, against which censorship and the vulgar amnesia of despotism will not prevail. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

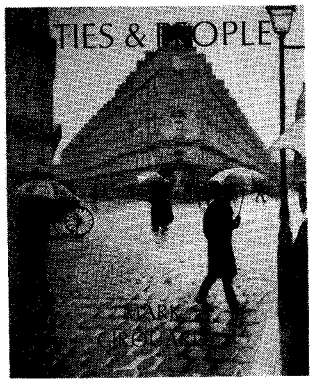
THE ELEVENTH SUMMER, by Carlo Gébler (Dutton; $13.95). That St. Patrick rid Ireland of snakes comes as good news to Paul, a squeamish child who hopes to stay forever on his Irish grandparents' farm, if only because he fears his father, who lives in London. Deep down, though, he knows that real snakes are not the cause of his chronic nausea and fear in this first summer after his mother's death. The epilogue, which, like the prologue, is set some twenty years later, shortly after his father has died, resolves some secondary mysteries, involving a cousin and a will, but what makes this little novel memorable is Carlo Gébler's portrayal of Paul's intricate, irrational notion of power and guilt, in which a mouse's broken neck becomes as dreadful as the broken neck of his grandfather's favorite race horse, because Paul set the mousetrap.

A GLIMPSE OF SION'S GLORY, by Isabel Colegate (Viking; $14.95). Miss Colegate, the English writer who made herself known and deservedly much admired in this country with her novel "The Shooting Party," offers us here three long stories. One, "Distant Cousins," is a sort of science fiction, a rambling account of the discovery in a remote Siberian valley of a race of human beings much like but also much different from us. Another, "The Girl Who Had Lived Among Artists," is set in England in the thirties and reads like a thirties story: a young woman, beautiful but uninhibited and irresponsible, stuns two simple working-class men and casually destroys one of them. The title story tells about a rather passive woman, her sheltered country childhood, her marriage to a striving diplomat, her friendship with a man of great promise who fritters away his life. There are stirring moments in all of them, but all of them lack vigor and direction.

THE OBEDIENT WIFE, by Julia O'Faolain (Carroll & Graf; $17.95). "Who's taking who for a walk?" some wag says on seeing the heroine and a giant puppy, fresh from a Los Angeles pound, yank each other toward a Los Angeles beach. Before she knows it, a clergyman who has recently slipped his collar wants her to adopt him, too. Meanwhile, her husband, a bully on a business trip in their native Italy, fires off one too many fiats bidding her to act less obedient, and their disobedient teen-age son makes one too many roundabout attempts to get them to adopt the endangered nymphet from next door. Julia O'Faolain, a Booker Prize nominee in 1980, for "No Country for Young Men," teaches her characters new tricks as she walks them along the narrow strip between tragedy and farce, where they prove again and again that when men and women let each other off the leash they tend to run full circle.

GENERAL

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN REGIONAL ENGLISH, VOLUME I, edited by Frederic G. Cassidy (Harvard; $49.95 until December 31st, $60 thereafter). In an introduction, the editor calls the dictionary whose A-B-C volume this is "a scholarly project." But while it contains entries from the files of its sponsor, the American Dialect Society, that date from 1890, and words and expressions before and since then from other printed sources, the major scholarship took place when field workers went across the country in the late nineteen-sixties and sat down over a standardized questionnaire with speakers of English in a thousand and two communities. They got people talking about everything from the weather to "joking names for the people who are, or think they are, the best society of a community," and they took note of



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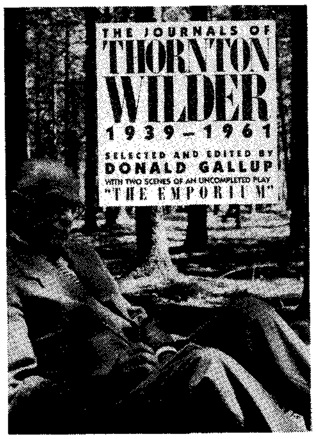

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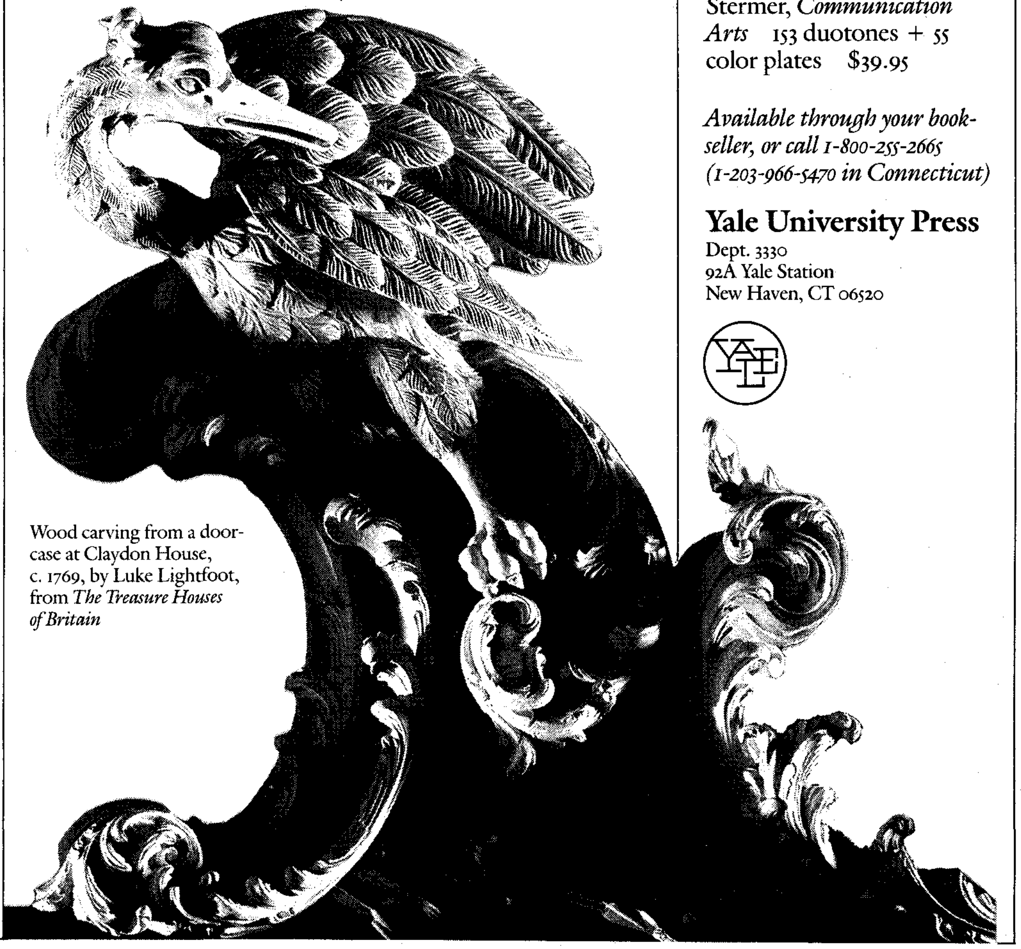
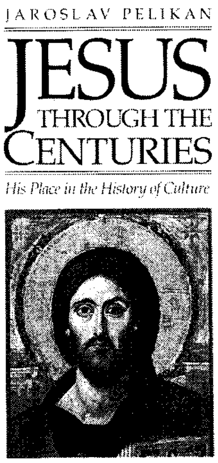


Wood carving from a door-case at Claydon House, c. 1769, by Luke Lightfoot, from *The Treasure Houses of Britain*



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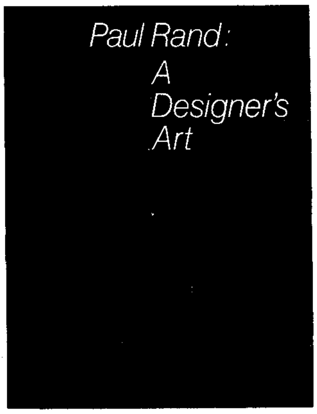

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every turn of phrase, including second thoughts: "I shouldn't have said *snuck; sneaked* is the right word." The result is an alphabetized, highly detailed implied history of the United States. The layout of the entries is, in fact, scholarly; annotated and cross-referenced to a fare-thee-well, it takes some getting used to. But, referring to the decoding help in the front matter, a browser can go on to contemplate daily life, past and present—with "Astorbilt" (an answer in the South, Southwest, and Midwest to the "best society" question); "black blizzard" ("a dust storm" in the Plains states); or "can't-hardlies" (impatience, as in "He's got the can't-hardlies"). Children's games are well represented, as are wildflowers, roots, and home remedies, and what goes on in kitchens, parlors, bedrooms, barns, churches, city streets, and logging camps. In the South, "Your cotton is below the price" means your slip is showing. There is, unavoidably, some scholarly suspense; at "all the tea in China," for instance, the reader is told to "See *tea in China*," in a volume to be published later in the decade.

DARLINGHISSIMA: LETTERS TO A FRIEND, by Janet Flanner, edited by Natalia Danesi Murray (Random House; $24.95). In 1940, soon after returning to the United States from her post as Paris correspondent for *The New Yorker*, Janet Flanner met the editor of this book, an Italian-born woman then broadcasting anti-Fascist propaganda to Italy. The two formed an intimate friendship, which lasted until Miss Flanner's death, in 1978. When Miss Flanner returned to Europe as a correspondent, in 1944, this flow of letters began; collected here, with Mrs. Murray's explanatory text and comments, they make a remarkable book. Miss Flanner writes (usually at length) about the war in Europe; the transition, after the fighting stopped, from hot to cold war; her work as a reporter; Charles de Gaulle; the reawakening of the arts in Europe; and friends, among whom were Tennessee Williams, Ernest Hemingway, Carson McCullers, Alice B. Toklas, Anna Magnani, Colette, and Djuna Barnes. Miss Flanner liked good gossip, and passed on the latest to her friend. She was an ardent democrat (big and small "d"), and her disgust and eloquent rage at the

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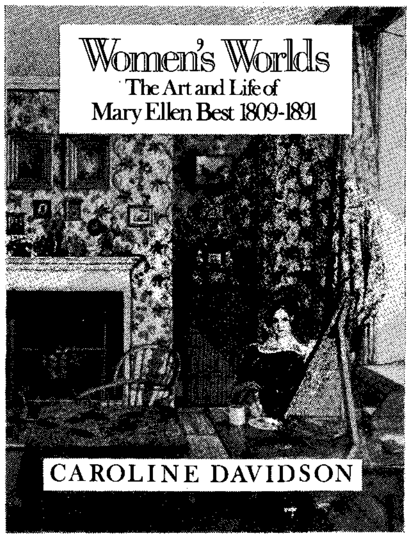
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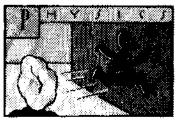

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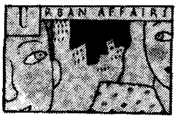
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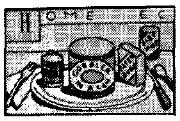

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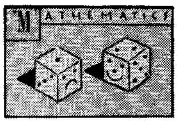
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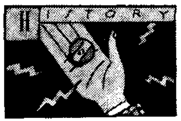

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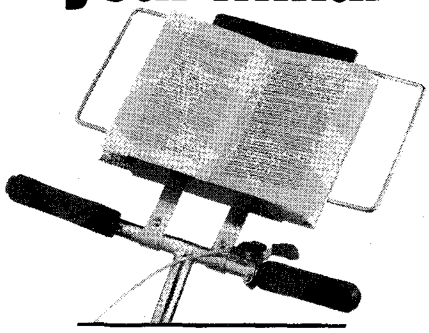

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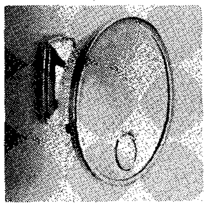

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shabby politicians of Europe who “misbeget the future” for us, and at Senator McCarthy, are something to marvel at. Along with their testament to a great love, these letters stand as a self-portrait of a wonderful person, and of a restless, brilliant mind. They are an important fragment of the autobiography Janet Flanner never wrote. Photographs.

NOTE: “State of the Art,” a collection of Pauline Kael’s movie reviews for *The New Yorker* from the last two years, has been published by Dutton ($22.50 cloth, $12.95 paper).... “Outrageous Misconduct: The Asbestos Industry on Trial,” by Paul Brodeur, has been published by Pantheon ($19.95). Nearly all the contents first appeared here.... “Unshaken Friend,” Malcolm Cowley’s Profile of Maxwell Perkins, which originally appeared in these pages in 1944, has been published by Roberts Rinehart (Box 3161, Boulder, Colorado 80303; $12.50).

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE ELBERG COLLECTION, by Anthony Oliver (Doubleday; $12.95). John Webber, a retired police inspector, is engaged by the wife of a rich industrialist to investigate the deaths of her parents, who seemingly burned to death spontaneously on a lonely beach of a small French resort on the Channel coast. The dead man was a master potter; the industrialist son-in-law is a collector of English antique pottery; there is a writer of learned articles on pottery; there is a cheerful alcoholic woman who runs an antique store (and who once had an affair with the dead couple’s son); there is Webber’s special friend, a Welsh woman fluent in French and fine cookery. There are more violent deaths and much sneaky carrying on. The tone is mild, the tempo is moderate, and, what is most impressive, Mr. Oliver has both the artistry and the patience to give even the least of his characters a personality all his or her own. This is high-class, intelligent entertainment.

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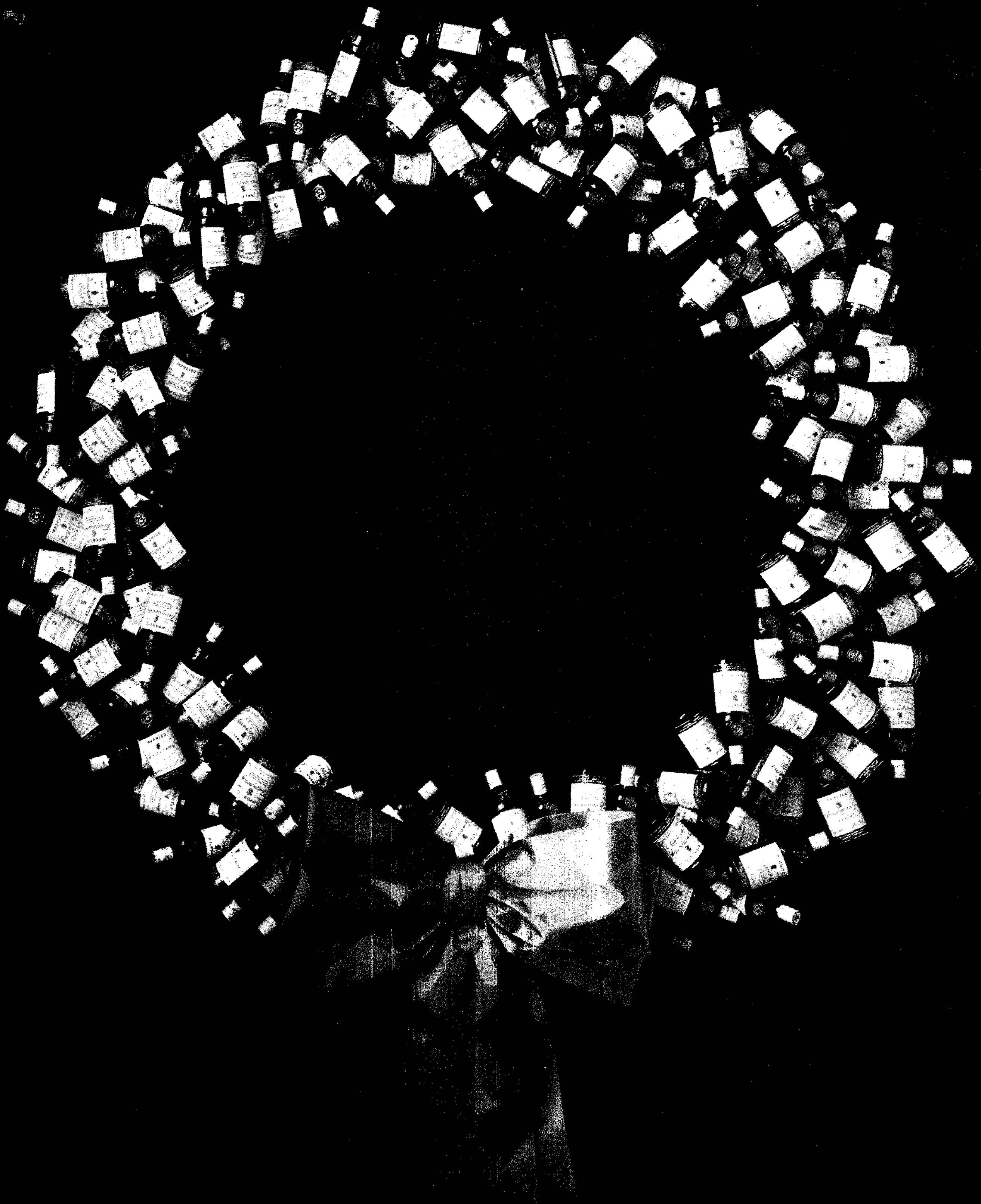

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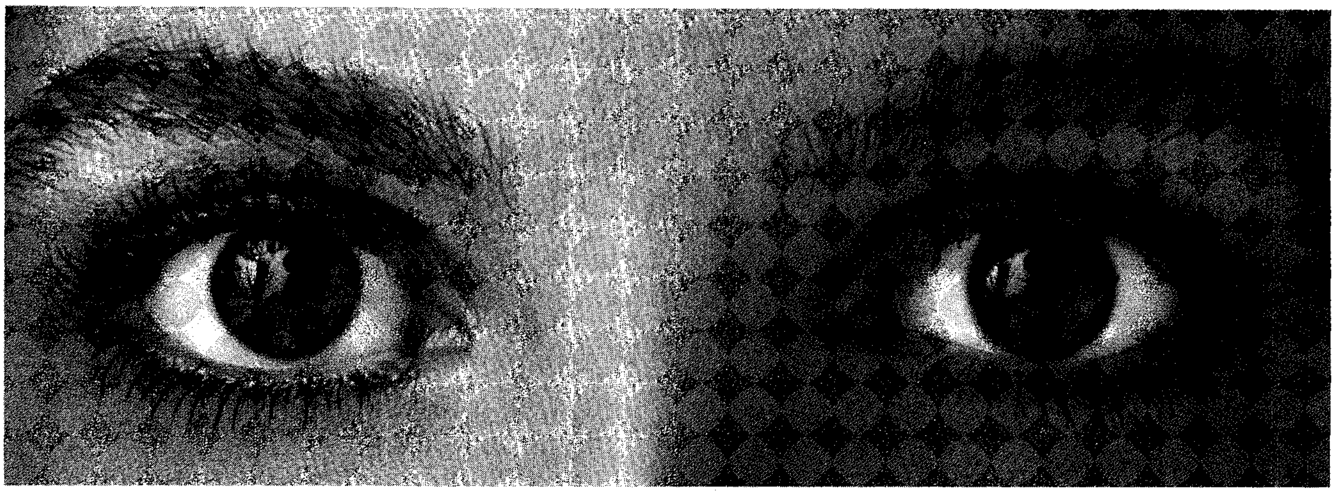

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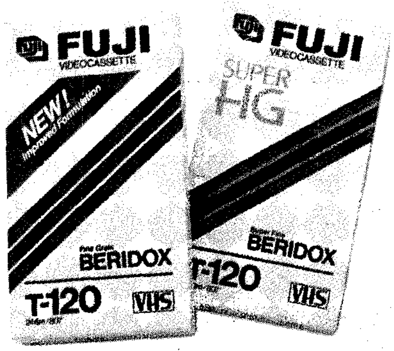
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